

The Rambler,

A JOURNAL AND REVIEW OF HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE,
POLITICS, SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER 1848.

PART XI.

PANTHEISM, COMMUNISM, AND CHRISTIANITY.

EVERY age has its vagaries, its follies, its cant, its hypocrisies, and its self-deceptions. At the same time, every age—or almost every age—has its unquestionably sincere yearnings and strugglings after what is eternally true, pure, and divine. The soul, fallen though it be by nature, and still further corrupted and blinded by the controlling power of a vitiated state of society; and helpless though it be to attain to truth, or, when attained, to love it and embrace it; still, by the very law of its creation, ever strives and tends towards a solution of the mysteries of its being, and pants for a conquest over the ills which afflict mortality.

Thus the world's history, taken apart from the Church of God, presents a series of the ever-varying workings of this heavenward principle of humanity. Wherever such a degree of civilisation has been attained as to permit the soul to exert her natural powers of thought, and to assert her rights as a spiritual being, the ceaseless operation of these longings for perfect truth are plainly visible. Amid a host of modifications and variations, both in the points especially sought after and in the modes of thought by which they are investigated, still we see man ever striving to know himself, to know the world in which he is placed, and to know the God who made it all.

The great characteristic of the mind of Europe in our own day is its restless, earnest striving after a knowledge of the *relationship* of man to the visible universe and to his fellow-men. Other ages have seen the cultivated world toiling, with more or less success, for a perception of its relationship to the great Creator; in others again, generations have devoted themselves to the comprehension of the problem of human existence, and of the essential nature, attributes, and destinies of man, as an individual; or, again, to the fathoming of the depths of the Divine nature itself, and of the manifestations thereof which God has vouchsafed to his creatures. These now are for the time comparatively passed away, and the intellectual energy of the world, so far as it is lifted above the grovelling pursuits of

the day and hour, is devoted to the contemplation of man, not as he is in himself, but as he stands in connexion with his brother-man, and with the vast material creation around him. This is the one, deep, fervent longing of our race,—not so much to penetrate beyond the veil which wraps the invisible world in darkness, as to solve the problem of the relationship existing between man himself and those other things which, like his own bodily form, are tangible to the apprehension of the senses.

This peculiar struggle of the times, when severed from the guidance of religion, takes necessarily a twofold form of error. In its effort to discern the relationship of man to man, it devises the plausible dreams of Communism and Socialism; in its theorising upon the connexion between man and the visible universe, it develops the system of Pantheism. Communism, in all its hydra-headed modifications, is but the result of human theories of brotherhood; Pantheism is but the refuge of the same spirit, when it seeks to know how man stands towards the world which is his dwelling-place. In either case, the error is the simple consequence of the horror which man now feels at the thought of personal isolation in the midst of a boundless creation. God once said, "It is not good for man to be alone;" man, now ignorant or heedless of the system which has been called into existence by his Creator, in order to supply this need of his being, cries aloud, in all the pangs of his solitary heart, that he cannot live alone, either in body or *in thought*; that he must know not only himself, not only his fellow-men, not only the physical laws of nature, but the very bond which unites in one mighty whole the members of the human race, each to the other, and each and all to the earth and to the firmament above them. He pants, he dreams, he invents, he guesses, he reasons, and has devised for himself these two portentous monsters of our day, the systems of Communism and of Pantheism. By what natural reaction and tendencies the intellectual effort of the nineteenth century has been led in this direction, we shall see more clearly by calling

to mind the mental processes which have characterised the last few hundred years.

The giant intellectual movement of which Luther was rather the type and exponent than the actual leader, resulted in the most eminent isolation of man, as an individual, from his species and from the visible creation, which our race has yet known. Contrasting, by the most marked distinctions, with the tone of thought of the schoolmen, it literally crushed all idea of a relationship between man and man, and between man and the physical universe. The scholastic philosophy had been mainly devoted to the study of the essential nature of all things, whether Divine or created. Anticipating, as it were, the pure knowledge of a future life, and based upon the irrefragable truths of Christianity, it analysed with wondrous vigour and subtlety the whole boundless creation, together with the entire scheme of human redemption, viewed objectively, as existing by the fiat of almighty God, and apart from any thoughts which man himself might entertain. Ignorant also, to a great extent, of the true inductive method of philosophising upon the phenomena of nature, it applied to the laws of natural science a similar course of reasoning, and argued upon the material world as a subject for mathematical preciseness of deduction, as a geometrician would argue upon the axioms of Euclid. Still, whatever the schoolmen did, they viewed truth as truth, realities as realities, God as God, and man as man. Accepting Christianity as the solution of the enigma of human life, they were not distracted by the sight of the ills and horrors of an age of turbulence and transition, of vehement political and social fervour, as well as of ardent intellectual and artistic energies. How far it was through any defects in the scholastic system, or how far luxury and corruption perverted men's reason, or how far political convulsions brought about a general change in men's modes of thinking, we need not now inquire. It is enough to note, that when Luther appeared and individualised man, and drew away the thoughts of the world from the contemplation of truth to a resting upon a certain supposed personal relationship between each human being and his Maker, he found the intelligence of Europe, so far as it held no firm allegiance to the See of Rome, ready to receive him with open arms, and thus revolutionised the whole world of secular thought, even where his peculiar theological dogmas found little acceptance and love.

Luther's doctrine of "justification by faith only" was but the expression of a state of mind which cared nought for the relationship of man, either to his God, to his brother, or to the material universe. It was the natural product of an age which sought its satisfaction not in love, but in unmingled, unproved egotism. It gave utterance to that callous-

ness of soul which cared not for others, and had no inward yearnings for aught that was great, and pure, and lovely, but was satisfied if only it could assure itself of its own individual personal safety from punishment by a simple act of the intelligence and the will. It cared not for God, it cared not for his works, it cared not for man; all it desired was a belief that its own perpetual comfort and security should be ascertained, by the establishment of such a law of rewards and punishments as should satisfy its intense selfishness.

In accepting the great dogma of Luther, the individual soul, when it approached its Maker, forgot the existence of every creature both in heaven and earth, both spiritual and material. It admitted, also, no *moral* relationship between itself and its God, no essential and irrevocable obligation on its own part; it was insensible to any hungering and thirsting after that which is eternally pure and lovely; it sought not God as God; it knew not the ideas of sonship or brotherhood; it came before its Maker as a criminal before its judge, and believing that, by a simple act of its own intellect, it could claim and possess for ever that Judge's pardon for its guilt, it was satisfied with all the satisfaction for which it felt any desire. The decree of its justification was complete and irreversible, even though such an emotion as love was not to be found in aught that is created by the hand of God, and though it never itself knew what it was to love. The intellect had accomplished all; the sinner only entertained a conviction that the merits of Jesus Christ were transferred to himself, and all was complete for ever.

And it is in this, its purely intellectual character, that the movement of the 16th century so wonderfully contrasts with the movement which now agitates the soul of Europe. Men now reject as something horrible, the notion that *thought* alone can enable a creature to fulfil its destiny, and accomplish the end of its being. Love, developed into action, is on all hands regarded as the very essence of the life of man, and that by which he attains all the perfection of which he is capable. Luther taught the soul to present herself before her God, and claim the reversion of the sentence of death which had been passed upon her, and then to live on in selfish individual contentment. But now the soul, not yet awoke to her true relationship to her Creator, nevertheless spurns the hideous theory of the audacious German, and is impelled by an irresistible power to go forth for herself, to fix her regards upon her fellow-beings, and upon all that meets her senses; and in the construction of some practical theory of kindred and brotherhood, to satisfy the passionate longings which strive within her. She cannot live alone; she cannot live upon thought; she cannot live upon knowledge; she must own in every man a

brother,—in every sight of beauty and majesty which greets her eye, she must perceive some manifestation of herself, and must claim some mysterious power over the whole material creation.

This singular and never-resting longing we discern in every branch of human thought. For some 300 years the soul of Europe has been content to be divorced from her kindred, and from the world of beauty and grandeur. In setting up a purely intellectual relationship between God and man, Luther burst the bonds which bound the whole region of art, and grace, and human knowledge to the spiritual nature of man. By his theory there was no longer any necessity that the visible creation, or the rest of the human race, should minister to the soul of the individual, in enabling it to fulfil its destiny and attain to the end of its desires. One act of the mind had done all, and henceforth neither was there need of other human beings to form a visible Church and channels of grace, nor of a creation abounding in material charms, by which the soul might utter forth all her joy, her love, her hopes, her gratitude, and embody her inward prayers to her invisible God. The body of man became simply a thing of sensual form, to be used for present enjoyment, and as the instrument of the soul in doing its own will. Hence all art was more or less banished from Protestant worship; and religion, as a practical, ever-present controlling power, disappeared from society, from politics, from literature, from amusements, from the fine arts. Mankind and the material universe had no place in the Lutheran's creed; and therefore, as the soul had no need of such aids in securing her exemption from punishment, so, in return, she never brought any sentiment of religion with her when she came back from her justification before God to the intercourse with her fellow-creatures in which she was to pass her days. A rooted deadly worldliness ruled in all human thought and passion, for they were not summoned into the presence of the Holy One to minister to the salvation of each individual soul; and thus, driven from the throne of God, they at once sunk into that godless corruption which has now characterised them for so many generations.

This, indeed, is the true cause of that unconquerable repulsion which exists between Protestant religious worship and artistic ceremonial, as also between Protestantism and the doctrine of a visible Church and the intercessory office of the Saints. It is commonly alleged, it is true, by Protestants themselves, that they deliberately make a very sparing use of forms and ceremonies, of decorations, paintings, and architectural splendour, through fear of engendering idolatry in the mind, and of interfering with the purely spiritual cha-

racter of all true worship. And doubtless they *think* what they say, and believe that it is really because Protestantism is simple, spiritual, and elevated, that it employs images, pictures, music, and ceremonial so little in its religious acts. The real source of the phenomenon is, however, what we have now stated. Protestantism has an inherent and irremediable abhorrence of any outward expression of religious sentiments, by the very nature of her fundamental doctrine. Her religion is one of the unaided intellect; thought alone has saved the individual soul; it originally approached its God without the intervention of man, or of any channel of grace; its justification was in no degree made dependent upon its future employment of the senses and their powers, as, in the very act by which it was justified, neither love, nor fraternal charity, nor bodily mortification, nor any thing whatever, except a mere mental operation, was called into life. And thus we ever see, that so often as revolting common sense or personal fancies would force upon Protestantism some imitation of the Catholic *mode* of worship, or the Catholic mingling of religion with the common affairs of life, a certain inward spirit throws it off again, and the original dogma of Luther stands complete in all its naked isolation, disdaining the companionship of aught that may interfere with its undivided power.

Thus, further, the doctrine of Luther individualised the soul in the midst of her fellows, and made the notion of a Church a simply ridiculous superfluity. As he found the religion of the world, the doctrine of a visible Church was not only *one* of the doctrines of Christianity, it was a *part* of the very essence of the faith. It was a link in a system which must have fallen to the ground upon the disruption of any one single integral portion. But on Luther's theory, the soul needed no Church whatsoever, visible or invisible. The justification of the individual soul did not presuppose the existence of another mortal creature. If the universe had been henceforth a blank, the work would have been finished. The soul had no futurity of duty or brotherhood to look forward to; just as it had attained to its reconciliation with its Judge by a direct process of its own thought, without the intervention of any created thing. All it wanted was *to know*; and knowing, it was supposed to be saved. Hence the Lutheran stood among his fellow-men with no bond whatsoever to bind them to him. He might have brothers *after the flesh*, but brothers after the spirit he had none. He desired none; his own end was fulfilled without them; mankind might perish, and he, in his eternal destiny, be none the loser; whatever happened to the world would only affect him as a creature of sense and of mortality; and therefore

he took the world as he found it, as a giant mass of individuals, each living to itself, satisfying its own wants, seeking its own pleasures, a slave or a master, a noble or a serf, a sovereign or a tax-payer, as nature had made him.

Thus, also, this horrible theory most miserably fell in with the dominant political systems of the day. The idea of a Christian brotherhood being unknown, or if known, yet known only in words, and not *felt* as an integral portion of the Christian system, religious Protestants, who could not endure the utter severance of politics from religion, invented the notion of the divine right of kings; while the vast irreligious majority betook themselves to the belief, that one half of mankind come into the world saddled and bridled, and the other half booted and spurred to ride them. It was the secret, and perhaps unconscious, rejection of the doctrine of Christian relationship, even in the minds of multitudes of nominal Catholics, both princes and people, which aided the despots of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, to consolidate their tyrannies on so adamant a basis, that Europe is now peopled with a race of slaves, who, in the first impulse of recovered liberty, rush headlong into all the madness of license and anarchy. The despots of the last three centuries owe no little of their fearful power to the great dogma of Luther, which, by separating man from his brother, left him, otherwise invincible, to be enslaved by ruthless strength, wealth, and craft. Man, as a member of a spiritual brotherhood, is unconquerably free; but apart from the Christian Church, he is a mere item in a countless host of slaves, or a constituent element in that new monster, the "*people*," whose law is license, and whose freedom is anarchy.

Now, however, all is changing and changed. The tide of human thought and action is setting in a new direction; we might as well attempt to persuade mankind that the earth is the centre of the solar system, as to move the world, as Luther did, with the doctrine of justification by faith only. Human nature revolts against the very supposition; and even they who have learnt to talk the talk of Lutheranism, the moment they become earnest, practical men, endeavour to modify the awful results which flow from a consistent application of the audacious falsehood which, three hundred years ago, shook Europe to its foundation. Man is not alone in creation: this is the mighty truth that presses upon men's souls, yea has even entered into their deepest recesses, and is moulding them into new forms, and daily fashioning new schemes for the regeneration of mankind, and shattering, with resistless blows, the old effete systems of politics and economics which past generations have created. Amid all the madness of revo-

lution and bloodshed, in the storms of newly formed senates and popular assemblies, in the wild enthusiastic declamings of club-orators, in novels and periodicals, often even of the vilest stamp, in the most insensate assaults upon things that are true, and pure, and venerable, the discerning eye cannot fail to behold the presence of this eternal verity, distorted and debased it may be with every species of folly, wildness, and bigotry, yet nevertheless burning with a living fire, even when it flames up with lurid glare and clouds of blackest smoke, and involves all we hold most dear in one indiscriminate conflagration.

This is the great fact which lies at the root of all these new dreams of philanthropy and semi-religious frenzy. Man is part of a system; each human being enters the world bound up by certain ties to every other individual in creation, and has his office to fulfil, even in respect to the great universe itself. The human race is to be regenerated, it is supposed, by the recognition of this eternal principle, and by its practical development in new forms of social economics, such as the world has never yet known. It is this which gives their weight to all the visions of Fourier, of St. Simon, of Louis Blanc, of Owen; it is this which agitates with convulsive throes the whole nation of France, speaking in its National Assembly, whensoever such questions as the right to labour, the right to sustenance, the right to property, the authority of government, the duty of propagandism, or the influence of Christianity, are brought before the consideration of that fiercely moving crowd of debaters. It is this which is rousing the calm philosophic Germanic race to a frantic revolutionary destruction of every past institution and tradition. It is this which gives its real energetic power to the passionate struggles of Italy for a free nationality. And it is this which bears onward the movement of a more practical philanthropy on our own shores, in despite of the opposition and sneers of the old-fashioned, the ignorant, the timid, and the selfish. Communism itself, in its naked unblushing fallacies, is but the grotesque and one-sided view of those who burn with the consciousness that every mortal being has his duties towards others, as well as his rights for himself; and that it is by co-operation as brothers, and not by the obedience of a slave to his master, that our race is to be set free from the overwhelming ills which ages of selfishness have inflicted upon humanity. It spurns the old notions of personal right and wrong as things inherent in the individual, and apart from what is due to humanity in general. Perceiving with keen eyes that man, as a solitary being, is lost; that it is in associating with his fellows that all his greatness lies; that of all he possesses, he inherits by far the largest portion; that the true

solitary is a beggar in purse and in intelligence; seeing all this, and groaning under the ever-accumulating load of pauperism with which the selfish system has cursed the world, it rushes headlong into what seems an instant remedy for all its ills, and seeks to annihilate the individual, in order to elevate the community. Lutheranism annihilated society, Communism annihilates the man: in the old heresy each man stood alone in creation; in the new, all men are alike, stereotyped after one soulless pattern, with neither variations in intelligence, in passions, or in physical powers. Each view is radically false by omission. Each hides one half of human nature, because it possesses not the true solution of the mystery of humanity. Each knows not how to deal with man, as he really exists, in all his essential peculiarities, and therefore oscillates between adverse and contradictory schemes for the infallible regeneration of the human race within an almost given period of time.

Thus too, ignorant of the enigma of the vast universe, our age is rapidly clasp[ing] to its heart some form or other of the Pantheistic principle, as a refuge against the desolating materialism of the last two centuries. It shrinks with disgust from the thought that the heaven and the earth is a mere inanimate, unmeaning, complex system of details, adapted to purely sensual purposes, and in no intimate way bound up with the existence and attributes of a spiritual and animating power. That wearisome phrase, "the laws of nature," which had such a charm for our forefathers, and in the contemplation of which they seemed to satisfy all the yearnings of their souls after eternal truth, turns out to be but dust and ashes for ourselves, or a wretched abstraction, powerless to touch our hearts, to stimulate our energies, or give rest to our labouring souls. We cannot find satisfaction, except in the knowledge of that which is the soul of the world; we must discern the bond which binds man to his dwelling-place; we must listen to the voice which speaks in the earth, the skies, the woods, the streams, and the mountains. Though our age is in some sense an age of physical science, in which the laws of the material world are studied with a devotion and a success unknown before; and though the prosperity of our generation is most intimately connected with that marvellous power over the elements which these sciences alone can give; yet wheresoever there is a mind to be found that is instinct with one spark of poetic fire, a heart which is above the cold classifications of physical philosophy, or is conscious of the immeasurable and ineffable littleness of that which is material, compared with that which is spiritual, then does the soul burst forth from the trammels of this unsatisfying science, and animate the wide fields of crea-

tion with a self-existent and all-pervading Spirit, of whose thoughts and attributes this mighty system which we see is but the expression and the dwelling-place.

Yet, dark with all its aspirations, the popular mind fails to recognise the essential and eternal nature of that which it terms "the soul of the world." Unable—because as yet unwilling—to perceive the distinct personality of that all-inhabiting Spirit, of whose hands this great creation is the *work*, it has dreamed to itself of the existence of some vaguely imagined spiritual essence, of which the physical world is, as it were, an emanation, and of which the separate souls of men are a kind of portion, distinct, yet still inseparably the same. Creation, material and immaterial, is supposed to be one mighty system, not as proceeding forth into being by the will of one separately existing Deity, and cohering in all its boundless parts because it is the result of the creating will of One who is all-perfect and infinitely self-consistent, but as being of necessity a species of outward and visible development of the hidden nature of this one mysterious Power, whose existence, apart from this, its habitation and expression, is not definitely contemplated at all. Such is the fatal vision which the waking slumbers of our day have conjured up before our eyes, and before which the romantic, the imaginative, and the aspiring bow down and adore. Man himself is accounted an integral portion of the soul of the world; the voice of the people is the voice of God, because the spirit of man is a kind of ray that shoots forth from this boundless and all-illuminating light; the soul throws herself outwards upon the fair, inviting face of nature, as the mother clasps her offspring to her heaving bosom; the songs of the poet become the hymns of the priest, who utters forth all the love of the spirit towards its emanation, in blasphemous mimicry of that Eternal Voice which once declared of the new-born world that "it was very good." Our time knows not Atheism, it knows not Deism; its creed is Pantheism, which accounts all things to be God; his dwelling-place, his manifestation, Himself. The Communism which reigns in our social theories assumes the character of a divine revelation; for it regards itself as the final declaration of the opinion of that which is in itself divine. Whatsoever is the voice of the age is accounted the voice of God; be it merciful, be it bloody, be it Christian in form or anti-Christian, be it constructive or anarchical, still it demands an unhesitating obedience from the opposing few, as presenting itself with the very sanction of Divinity. The fearful, flashing, and passionate eloquence of such men as Lamennais is but the utterance of this union between Communism and Pantheism, struggling with reckless ardour, and untaught by the true God, for the solving of

the terrible mystery of the evil which is upon the earth.

It may be asked, why an age, benevolent and acute like our own, should plunge itself into the mystifying generalities of this Pantheism, in place of recognising the separate spiritual existence of an eternal God, after the model of the old-fashioned natural theology which formed the so-called religion of our ancestors. We believe that the fact is to be explained by the moral improvement of our times itself. The age is too practical, too honest, too zealous, for that simple theory of Deism which had usurped the place of dogmatic Christianity during the last few generations of Protestant Europe. For see what a pure Deism involves. It involves a personal obedience to the almighty Power thus known and believed in. A man who really *believes* that there is an all-powerful holy God, must either do violence to all his convictions, and act the life of a madman, or he must sacrifice his personal inclinations to the will of that Deity, and strive heartily to discover what that will may be. But for such a practical religion this age is not prepared. Its religion must be one which leaves its own tastes and will uncontrolled. It must be a religion which will give it a sanction for all its own peculiar desires and struggles, while it leaves it to direct these struggles, and indulge these desires, unfettered by any distinct, external, and absolute law. Though it is prepared to do something for man, because each individual man is coming to regard himself and his destiny as eternally bound up with the well-being of his fellows, it is *not* prepared to do any thing for God as God; as its creator, its master, its controller, its judge. Therefore men still love Pantheism rather than Theism; while still further do they love it, rather than a more definite theological creed, because they are inwardly conscious that Theism leads to Christianity, and Christianity is the same thing as Catholicism. Once grant the existence and attributes of a God, and they see that it is but one step further to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that the Pope is the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Conceal the feeling, or shirk the admission, as men may, the intelligent mind of Europe and America has a most shrewd suspicion that if there be such a God as theologians have been wont to describe Him, there must also be a revelation, and that that revelation is the Catholic faith. It sees that *if* there be a revelation, no form of Protestantism can claim to be that which was originally revealed; in a word, that either there is no God, or that there is a God, of whose will the decrees of Trent are the unquestionable and infallible exposition. For such a conclusion as this the world is manifestly very far from prepared. Nor will it ever be so far prepared as gene-

rally to admit the Catholic alternative till the days of millennial glory are at hand. The intellect of the age is still haughty, defiant, and bitterly opposed to that creed which claims the entire and cordial submission of the whole heart and will. It will not, it cannot, give up its sins; and therefore it flies for justification of its conduct to the daring alternative, either of utter Atheism, or of a romantic, imaginative, unpractical Pantheism.

Let us now turn to Christianity, and see how thoroughly and wonderfully it satisfies those longings of the soul, which, apart from religion, are now finding for themselves a delusive rest in these modern theories. It takes man *as he is*, complete in all his compound nature, and places him in the midst of a system adapted to call into play his every energy, and to supply an object to his every affection. It neglects no portion of his being; it violates no elementary law of his constitution; it presupposes nothing, except that man should be man; and it professes to accomplish in him a certain definite result, and none other, either less or greater. Lutheranism makes man a solitary; Communism destroys his individuality: Atheism denies that there is a God; Pantheism deifies man, and makes him a god unto himself: Christianity alone reconciles and unites, in harmonious action, the individual and the social elements in his nature; Christianity alone expounds the mystery of the universe, and places man in his true relation to his God and to the visible creation.

All this is accomplished by the instrumentality of that vast sacramental body, the Church. It brings the individual man into connexion with the Almighty Creator, *through the instrumentality of his fellow-creatures and of the material world.* This is that wonder-working principle, so utterly misapprehended by those who are not subject to its influence, but which furnishes, to those who know its magic power, one of the most incontestable evidences of the divine origin of Christianity. God and man are made one, not by the banishment of all other beings in creation, but by their special intervention and consecration to the glorious end.

First, in respect of our fellow-men,—a consciousness of our brotherhood with whom has given birth to the vagaries of the Socialist and the Communist,—Christianity takes the individual, and fixes him in the midst of a community, by virtue of membership with which he is brought, still as an individual, into a spiritual communication with his God. Not for one solitary moment is his individuality merged in the society into which he enters; not for an instant are the peculiarities of his personal character overlooked or overlaid; so far as the employment of his faculties or his eternal destiny is concerned, so far he is in the same state of personal respon-

sibility as if there were nothing in creation but himself and his God. Yet at the same time, is he bound to every separate member of this community, and to the community itself as a whole, by the most sacred and indestructible of ties, in virtue of which he shares all that he possesses, and in obedience to which he works out his final salvation. Though God is his Lord, his judge, his rest, his *all in all*, yet never can he separate his interests from those of his fellow-Christians. Through men he attains his knowledge of God; through them he receives the spiritual aid of God himself; through their prayers he is daily benefited; of their merits he is a partaker; through their sufferings he suffers loss; it is by means of that very spoken and written language which is man's instrument for intercommunication, that his spirit holds communion with the Almighty Spirit who is above all; his relationship with his God is as much bound up with his relationship to his brother, as if his whole being were merged in that of the society of which he is a portion.

Thus day by day, and hour by hour, is every faculty of his soul summoned to do its special work. Whatever, as a solitary, personally responsible, and self-depending creature, he found in Lutheranism, all that he finds in the Christian Church; whatever were the yearnings of his heart which Communism attempts to satisfy, all these are more than content in the mighty brotherhood to which he is admitted by Jesus Christ. The man, mankind, and God, are brought into One, without the destruction of the character, the rights, the powers, of any one of the three.

Such also is the result of the operation of Christianity in respect of the material universe. Consecrated to a spiritual end, first, by its employment in the Sacraments, and, secondly, in the artistic expression of the religious emotions of the soul, the visible world becomes to us the instrument which binds us to God, rather than a barrier between us, or any fanciful emanation of a hidden power in which we ourselves have a share. God himself exists, apart from all his works; we also exist, apart from all material creation; yet is this very third element itself the channel between Him and ourselves, and the dearly-loved voice by which we utter forth to Him and to one another those thoughts and emotions which are eternally and essentially spiritual. Pantheism has thus no charm for the devout Christian; he dreams of no imaginary "soul of the world." He needs not to look upon the heavens and the earth as any portion of his own nature, or as the strange emanation from, and development of, a mighty indwelling spirit. It is enough for him that nature overflows with the most exquisitely varied means for the expression of all his desires, and is adapted, by

the will of its Creator, to come, as a friend, and not as a foe, between Himself and the men who are formed in his own image. Sweet, captivating, and elevating as the visions of Pantheism appear in the eyes of the ignorant yet aspiring soul, which fain would spurn the grovelling sensualities of earth, and illumine the cold caverns of mere natural science with the rays of a fire from on high, they are as a mocking delusion in comparison with that ravishing beauty which the soul discerns in the works of the Almighty, when it has learnt to employ them in its communion with Him who called them into being. There is no poetry like that worship of the Christian soul, in which she culls the choicest forms and sounds of the material world, to speak her love for her Redeemer and her Lord. The ardent enthusiast, who, burning for some hidden fount wherein to slake the destroying thirst of his soul, throws himself, as it were, upon nature's loving breast, and hopes to feel some perennial stream of purity and love flowing forth into his own eager soul, knows nought of that satisfying calm delight with which the Christian, first strengthened and enlightened by a grace which has entered its depths through the material channel of the Sacraments, goes forth into the wide world of beauty and glory in which he dwells, and in every sight and sound that greets his sense, perceives some new means by which he may express to man, to angels, to saints, and to God, the noblest thoughts and the most fervent aspirations which spring to life in the recesses of his secret soul. The existence of this apparently boundless world, with all its laws and its wonders, is no more an unfathomable mystery. Consecrated by the words of Jesus Christ, it becomes not so much the prison-house of the soul, as the instrument by which she prepares herself for a perfect immortality.

Such is the work of God, contrasted with the visions of man. Such is that divine system, which only almighty wisdom could devise, and of whose perfections the most acute inventions and suggestions of human philosophy are but distorted and fragmentary copies and caricatures. So long as the world endures, generation after generation will continue seeking rest for its soul in some one or other of these profitless devices, ever changing, yet ever still the same, until all are swallowed up in eternal oblivion, and that one great and glorious work, the system of true Christianity, be brought not to its end, but to its perfected condition, in that new heaven and new earth where man, both as an individual and as the member of a brotherhood, both as a pure spirit and as clothed with a material body, will dwell for ever in the unveiled Presence of Him who thus has brought him to this state of perfection and ineffable bliss.

ST. PHILIP NERI AND HIS TIMES.

[Continued from page 94.]

The Reformation begun.

WE must now emerge from the Catacombs, and take a look at what has been going on all the while in the great world. While the grace of the Holy Spirit was moulding Philip for his divine purposes, Providence was preparing the soil in which he was to labour. There is a strange self-regenerating power in God's Church; it is strongest in that place which is the centre of the whole system, in Rome; and it is precisely there that this power had been at work. We must trace its progress before we go on with Philip's part in it.

Some three thousand years ago a barbarian clan looked out for a place to hide itself from its enemies; and they thought themselves happy when they found a most uninviting den, where the remnant of their race might bid defiance to all comers. It was one of seven low hills, surrounding a basin which had once been the crater of an old volcano; and there was marsh and forest enough about to guard the mountain fastness of the savages. Little did they think that their wretched village was one day to be the seat of the empire of the world; and still less did they dream that, after a race of men, wild as themselves, had swept away its earthly greatness, it was still to continue the centre of all human affairs. In the nineteenth century, as much as in the time of St. Gregory VII., all the world's battles turn around those mysterious seven hills. By an irresistible attraction, the politics of those who hate the See of St. Peter most are found to circulate around its occupant. At the time of which we are writing it was so pre-eminently; the whole craft of the wise heads of earth's statesmen was called into play to effect the creation of a Pope of French or of German tendencies. And this, of course, reacted on the Sacred College; it mattered much to the world who wore the purple, since each Cardinal had a vote, and might even succeed to the tiara itself. Now the world is a soiling thing, and the purple got stained with the contact; and how was it to be cleansed? Hopeless indeed would have been the task out of the Church of God; but the wondrous self-healing power of a divine system threw off the poison which would have destroyed an earthly body.

If ever the Papacy seemed on its deathbed, it was on the evening of the 6th of May, 1527. Rome was in the hands of men who were either Lutherans, or something worse. The See of St. Peter was represented by a trembling old man, besieged in a fortress, and separated from men who thirsted for his blood by a stone wall and a ditch. From the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo, Clement VII. might

have seen thirty thousand German soldiers pour across the Sixtine bridge into the city; and certainly the walls of his place of refuge were not thick enough to prevent him from hearing the agonising cry which arose from his capital, and that of Christendom, on that miserable night. If Rome had sinned, it suffered then a dreadful punishment. For two months all that bloodthirsty cruelty and shameless lust, joined to a hatred of Catholicism, could inflict, was let loose on it. The very spirit of Luther was reeling about the streets in the shape of drunken troopers; and his audacious wit was incarnate in the person of the German soldiery; it gave a zest to the cruelties which they exercised. At times processions* might be seen, headed by men clad in sacred vestments, in chasubles and copes of cloth of gold, huddled on over their rusty corslets; the red robes of the Sacred College and the violet of the prelate were there, on the backs of ferocious landsknechts; and the rear was brought up by the real Cardinals and Bishops themselves, in the livery of footmen, flogged through the streets, amidst the howls of their tormentors. One day a council was held in the papal chapel; on the Pope's throne sat a trooper, clad in a white cope, with the tiara on his head; around him sat others robed in the purple. The mock pontiff rose, and abdicated in favour of Luther; and the walls of the Vatican rang with the cry, "Luther is Pope." There is a fearful meaning in this buffoonery. There is no doubt that if these men had had their way, the Papacy, in the person of Clement VII., would have been drowned in blood, amidst the shrieks of desecrated nuns, the clattering hoofs of horses, stabled on the pavement of St. Peter's, and the clang of German trumpets under its roof.

Yet, in little more than a year after this, Clement issued encyclical letters to the Cardinals, announcing that "the majesty of the Apostolic See had been restored to its ancient state;"† and that the crowned heads of Europe all bowed before the commands of the Sovereign Pontiff. Not a blow had been stricken; Clement had fled from his desolated capital in the disguise of a lacquey, and remained broken in spirit at Viterbo; he did not even breathe a complaint at the injuries which had been inflicted on him, much less strive to avenge them. And now the Emperor found out that the Pontiff, fallen as he was, was necessary to him, and entreated him to return to Rome. So Clement went back to Rome; he wept as he entered it, so terribly were the marks of its fearful visitation still imprinted upon it.‡

* Brantôme's Memoirs.

† Raynaldus, in ann. 1528.

‡ Ibid.

It may be, however, that he had not so much cause for weeping as he thought. Certain it is, that, from the time of the sack of Rome, a work of reformation began within it. At the very time when the city was lying in its ruins, one* who was afterwards a Cardinal, and who had only left it a few days before the Germans appeared before it, wrote that he felt a great comfort in the thought that God always brought good out of the punishments which He inflicted on his people. A little before he had attributed the calamities of Rome to the sins of ecclesiastics, and the corruption of public morals. "I declare before God and men," he says, "that our good Pontiff had begun to remedy these evils; but his gentle nature prompted him to use mild measures, where he should have employed the knife;" and so matters grew worse. But the gallows erected by the German soldiery in the Campo Fiori for prelates of the Church; and the sight, amongst others, of him who was then Archbishop of Liponto, and afterwards became Pope Julius III., trembling at its foot, and in chains awaiting the halter, did more to bring men to their senses than the gentle remedies of Clement. Certain it is, that when the writer quoted above wrote seven years after to Cardinal Farnese, to congratulate him on his becoming Pope, under the title of Paul III., he expressed his joy that his friend had been selected to the chair of St. Peter, without intrigue, and without a dissentient voice. This circumstance was ominous of the new Pontificate.

Scarcely was the Pontiff seated on his throne when he announced his intention of holding a General Council: now this in itself was synonymous with reform. Of what nature was this reformation, as far as it proceeded during the fifteen years of his reign, will best be seen from the character of Paul himself, and of those who were his associates in the work.

No one pretends that Alexander Farnese was a saint; yet it would be most unfair to say that the movement which he began was the result of the force of circumstances. He was a man who had issued out of the very depths of corrupt times, a personal friend and follower of Alexander VI., while he was yet Cardinal Borgia, and by him chosen into the Sacred College. Whether in his youth he escaped the contagion of vice, seems a point difficult to determine; Muratori, and a better authority than he, Raynaldus, say that his children were illegitimate; others assert that he was married; at all events he was once a man of the world. Himself of one of the noblest houses in Rome, he had been brought up in all the magnificence of the court of Lorenzo de' Medici. Here he learnt to know and to love John de' Medici, who was afterwards Leo X. His mind was

thus cast in the classical mould which distinguished all the intellectual men of the age; he was even a disciple of Pomponius Lætus, that enthusiastic pedant and hunter of antiquities, who was then the centre of the march-of-mind men in Rome. But the calamities of the stormy times in which he had to take part, did for Farnese what they had done for Leo; they taught him better lessons than he could gather from Horace and Virgil; and he brought to the Pontificate a mind with sufficient skill, energy, and zeal for God's Church, to undertake the task of calling together a General Council. There was a noble self-righting principle in the minds of these churchmen of the school of Leo; a certain greatness of soul, which is imposing, notwithstanding their faults; and Paul shewed it when, at the outset of his Pontificate, he called about him the most eminent intellects of Europe, and placed them in the Sacred College, to help him in his plans for the good of Christendom. He looked through the men of the renaissance, and chose out of them the most eminent of those who combined piety with their novel learning.

Amongst the wonderful old churches in the Trastevere, there is one which divides with St. Mary's the honour of being built on the spot of ground given by the toleration of the Emperor Alexander to the Christians. It is dedicated to St. Dorothea and St. Silvester. It was here that, in the worst times of corruption of morals in Rome, fifty young men about the Court of Leo X. used to meet together, under the direction of the good parish priest of the church, Giuliano Dathi, to hear the word of God and to frequent the Sacraments.* They were all high in rank, and on their way to preferment; candidates for the purple, and in the very centre of the intellectual movement of the age; men of taste, antiquarians, philosophers, and diplomatists, yet withal good Christians, uncontaminated by the vices of the period. Their pure minds sickened at the thought of all the evils about them, and they banded together to go and pray in a lowly parish church, under the shadow of the Janiculum, where St. Peter was crucified, and on a spot where the Apostle is said to have lived and taught. Their society was called the Oratory of the Love of God. Poor world-sick souls! they turned to the Divine love to keep them fast in the midst of the falling away of men. Be it remembered, there were bold thinkers and ardent minds amongst them, men under temptation to set up for reformers. It is a fearful time when venerable axioms, which men have ever taken for first principles, begin to be discussed. No one has ever thought of defending them, for none ever dreamed of attacking them; and now, all on a sudden, one by one, these old truths are rudely called up, and cited to answer by what

* Sadoletto, Bishop of Carpentras, and secretary to Leo X. Letter quoted in Raynaldus.

* Vita St. Cajetani, ap. Boll., Aug. 7. Also Ranke, book ii. c. 1.

authority they claim man's belief. And the matter is far worse when they are taken out of their ancient formulas, and thus, stripped of their imposing trappings, are flung for discussion, far from the cloister and the school, upon the common mind. It is a fearful risk for the faith of the ignorant; but not less so for that of men of intellect. They have to forge weapons in haste to meet their audacious foes; and if these do not come to hand at once, they are in danger of innovating, from mere impatience. Such men there were in plenty at Rome; and the Oratory of the Love of God was a haven which some of them formed to themselves to keep their souls from the perils of the time.

It was from amongst these men and their friends that Paul chose the members of the Sacred College, and they guided what may be termed the incipient reform of the period. They were expressly called to Rome to "reform the Church." The Pontiff addressed to the Cardinals in full Consistory many exhortations to lead lives of more propriety;* besides which, says a contemporary author, "he chose from the ranks of the erudite those men who, by their doctrine and experience in affairs, were most worthy of being consulted, that they might strain every nerve, and bend their whole efforts to the task of reforming the Church." These men were all eminent for their talents, and especially for being the very heads of the new intellectual school. They had joined to their scholastic learning a thorough knowledge of pagan antiquity, as well as a vast amount of patristic lore. They were too profound to cast aside St. Thomas,† whom they expressly excepted from their censures, but they complained of the narrow bounds and unphilosophical method of the education of former times. Again, a glance at their theological writings will shew, that they aimed at giving a more attractive form to their subject than could be supplied by the old language of the schools.

It was fortunate indeed that such men were to be found among the brilliant writers of the day. Many a youthful mind, caught by the glare of the new learning, would have turned with loathing from a tractate in the style of Suarez, while the beautiful Latinity of Contarini or Sadoletto kept him close to the Church. As for ourselves, we love the black mantle and the white cowl of St. Dominic, especially when there issues from it the ample forehead of St. Thomas, crowned with his saintly aureole; we kiss with reverence the stiff Jesuit habit of De Lugo; but we believe that some of Philip III.'s Cardinals did good service for the Church, albeit their Latinity smacks more of Cicero than of St. Augustin.

Another characteristic of this school of men

* "Ut magis vitæ honestati studerent." Raynaldus, in ann. 1535.

† Contarenus, ap. Ciaconum.

is, what may be called their liberality. All clung with pertinacious fondness to the hopes of reconciling the Protestants to the Church: It has even been said that their doctrine on justification is tinged with Lutheranism. But there was an element in their minds which kept them clear of any such tendency; and that was, a firm conviction of the authority of the Church. It was the deep religiousness of their minds which made them hang on the words of the Holy See as those of Christ himself. They saw clearly that all dogma must come to an end—that is, all Christianity cease—if the Church be not the divine interpreter of the truth. In all their speculations, therefore, they kept this principle in view, that they would go as far as the Church allowed them, and no further. It is not wonderful that they should have failed in unravelling the tangled thread of controversy on such a subject as justification, before the Church had pronounced. To hold right doctrine is one thing, and to have a clear intellectual view of it, so as to formalise it correctly in words, is another. They were well aware that what they were doing when they attempted to bring out a dogmatic statement on justification was but an experiment. When Cardinal Pole presided as Legate at the Council of Trent, he reminded the fathers of the importance of what they were about to do; he implied that they approached the subject, since they were about to issue a decree on a matter, on which the Church had never yet pronounced;* and when he heard a doctrine contrary to Contarini's laid down, he was silent. He was not a man to be so from fear; and this is the best vindication of the school to which he belonged.†

Again, they were men of exemplary piety, these new Cardinals of Paul III. Even the plain, rough-spoken Contarini was a member of the Oratory of the Love of God, and a companion of St. Cajetan. He was the arch-reformer of the party, and feared not to withstand the Pope himself, and that somewhat harshly on occasion. The *porporati* of the old school were much astonished when he first appeared amongst them, with his grave Venetian face and simple manners. Then there was one whom above others all men loved, Sadoletto, the holy, pure-minded Bishop of Carpentras. Of all others, he was the man most thoroughly imbued with the classical spirit of the age. Leo X. chose him for his secretary on account of his elegant Latinity, while the matter-of-fact Fleming, Hadrian, sneered at his letters as so much poetry. He rejoiced with unbounded joy at the finding of the group of the Laocoon, and celebrated it in a Latin poem. Yet he was full

* Pallavicino, lib. viii. c. 2.

† Their doctrine may have been inaccurate, but, whatever it was, it was not Lutheran. "Nec enim quam predicabant Apostoli, per quam justificantur impii, fides fuit (quæ contemnit leges), sed quæ per charitatem operatur." These were Pole's words on the eve of the Council. *De Concilio*, qu. 43.

of faith and tender piety. At the time that he was appointed to his bishopric, he, enthusiastic Latinist as he was, had gone on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Loretto. Then, as soon as he was allowed, he went away from Rome to his poor bishopric. He left statues, and pictures, and poetry, and literary talks with Bembo, to go and bury himself in a provincial town in France, to live amongst foreigners in an obscure place, where nobody could appreciate the purity of his Latin. Yet at least, in his lonely bishopric, he reckoned on having his books about him—his beloved Greek and Latin manuscripts, which he had collected at so much cost and trouble. But God chose to mortify him even in this,—they all perished by accident on the way. Yet not a word of lament escapes him; he only says, "But what care I, if only God be with me, and protects and guards me?"* This does not look like a man who loved Horace and Virgil more than God.

But there is one by his side with whom we must make acquaintance. He is younger than the rest, and his bearing more regal. By his fair hair and white-and-red complexion, his broad face and intelligent eye, you might guess him to be an Englishman,† and you would not be far wrong; for it is the noble exile, Reginald Pole, with the blood-royal of England in his veins. At nineteen he had left Oxford to study at Padua; and soon news came to Henry that his cousin was reckoned one of the most promising men of the age. Europe rang with the praises of the noble youth. He was one of the most ardent lovers of the new learning, and vied with Bembo and Contarini in the extent of his acquirements. At the same time, the purity of his life endeared him to all. Such a man was necessary to Henry, and he sent for him back to England. He thought that he would have short work with the modest student; and the lady Anne too, with her fascinating wiles, fancied herself sure to win him. She did her best, and plied him hard with smiles and fair words to give a judgment on the great question of the divorce. She tried something more substantial, and intimated that the archiepiscopal throne of York was his if he chose, or else the crosier of Winchester was within his grasp. But she knew not with whom she had to do—Reginald had a conscience. He was near yielding, however, to the persuasion of his brothers, and one day actually went to Henry with his mind made up to pronounce that he might put away Catherine of Arragon. Yet, strange to say, in the very presence of Henry he changed his purpose; his spirit rose within him; he could not let the words which he had cautiously framed and weighed cross his lips; and in their stead there burst out from him what so seldom met the

royal ears—the truth. Henry's eye flashed fire, and his lip quivered; the hand which was so soon after to sign Fisher's death-warrant, nay, to doom Pole's own mother to the block, two or three times sought the hilt of a dagger. Happily, Henry bethought himself that the name of his bold kinsman was too well known in the learned world to render it safe to ask for the judgment of the universities with his blood upon his hands. Pole escaped; but England was no longer a place for him, and he returned to Padua.

Here he became the same quiet student as before, and was soon deep in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, especially turning his attention to the Holy Scriptures. But news came to Padua which broke upon his repose. There was blood shed in England; Henry had impiously called himself the head of the Church; Lords, and Commons, and Bishops too, had bowed before him. A few voices had been raised to redeem English honour; but the halter had suffocated some, and the axe cut short others. The very Carthusian convent in the sweet cloister of which Pole had been brought up, was furnishing its quota to the noble army of martyrs; Fisher and Moore had fallen. This was too much for Pole; he published against Henry a treatise in defence of ecclesiastical unity. It would seem as if a Latin tract, written across the Alps, could matter little to the tyrant who wore the crown of England; yet Henry trembled in his seat with rage. Pole's magnificent Latin rolled along through all the seats of learning in Europe, and men reechoed the indignant eloquence of his young kinsman. Never was such a glorious philippic; there is an overwhelming irony in it, and at the same time an almost touching mourning over the shame of a prince whose talents and beauty of person had once endeared all hearts to him. The theological portion of the work is also remarkable. To us, he sometimes appears weak in his details; but he puts forth all his powers and becomes eloquent whenever he catches hold of some great principle, and shews how the Church is over the world. In one place, he gives us the key to his firm adherence to the authority of the Church. He tells us that, as sense is powerless in the things of intellect, so is reason blind in the matters of which faith is cognisant; and he bids us fly to the Spouse of Christ, if we would know His doctrines.*

Pole had now irrevocably taken his side; nothing but a strong conviction could have led him to act the part which he did. The voice of conscience alone could have forced him away from his books. But now he had no choice; he was doomed to spend the rest of his life in the midst of the world's troubles. He tried for a short time to keep out of it; he entreated the Pontiff not to make him a Cardinal, lest such an act should irritate Henry,

* See his letters quoted in Ciacconus.

† "Colore candido, rubore tamen permixto, ut fere sicut Angli, vultu latiori, oculis lætis."

* Eccl. Unit. Def. lib. iv. c. 2.

and drive him to a final rupture. Paul at first acceded to his request, but now changed his mind, declaring that the Holy Spirit forced him to choose him into the Sacred College. And now no more repose for Pole. Weary days and nights were his; perpetual legations, travels up and down Europe, in the vain attempt to persuade worldly-minded men and kings of the earth to do some one act for the love of God. This was a service of danger, be it remembered; for if King Henry had but once got that fair head into his hands, another Cardinal's blood would have been shed in England. His head was the subject of negotiation amongst kings. In one of his legations, Francis I. gave him a broad hint to quit his dominions. He wandered on into the Netherlands; his attendants rode in silence, and far behind; and his very cross-bearer refused to carry the ensign of his legative power, so much afraid were they of Henry. So he took the silver cross, and resting it on the point of his foot in the stirrup, rode on, with this noble banner displayed in his right hand.

And this dauntless heart of his was filled with the sweet odour of the love of God. Little do they know of Pole who accuse him of ambition. A nobler crown than that of England, even the tiara itself, was once in his grasp; but when, at midnight, the Cardinals awakened him to salute him Pope, he took advantage of the informality, and bade them go back, for such a thing must be done in broad daylight. So they chose another Pope. He served the Holy See faithfully and fearlessly, because he loved Christ;* and through all the sins and defects which close contact revealed to him, he served on, because he identified Christ's Vicar with Christ himself. He was its servant, through smiles and through frowns, through rebuffs and through caresses; and when a Pope who loved him not, recalled him underhand, he meekly laid aside the ensigns of legative power, though the formal act had not yet reached him.

Such were the men who began the Reformation at Rome. They infused their own spirit into Paul; and he sincerely and unflinchingly made it his business to call together a General Council of the Church. He had hard work to bring it about; those who had clamoured for it, now opposed it. Luther sneered at it, and said that it

* It is the sole idea which runs through his tract, *De summo Pontifice*.

might decide on the cut of a tonsure or a cowl, but not a word would it say on faith or morals; nevertheless, he would go through fire and fagot to be present at it. Neither the prophecy nor the resolution came to any thing. Again, Charles V. must needs have a National Council of Germany, and, no doubt, would have assisted its deliberations with his own imperial wisdom. Then the place was to be determined, and all the jarring interests of Frenchman, German, and Spaniard to be settled. And when all was ready, and Mantua fixed upon, his Grace the Duke must needs take fright and retract his permission. Then, —and that was the hardest matter of all,— Charles and Francis were to be kept from fighting. At length Paul saw that it was useless waiting; so, in spite of wars and rumours of wars, he called together the Œcumenical Council of Trent.

Yet none of these men, who thus guided the Church through stormy times, saw their work to its end. Paul died at a time when the Council was in abeyance on account of his quarrels with the Emperor. He died broken-hearted at the ingratitude of his kinsmen, whom he had served too well; his last words were, "Si mei non fuerint dominati, tunc immaculatus ero." "If my kinsmen had not ruled over me, then should I have been immaculate." These words sum up his Pontificate.

The reform which these men established was but incipient. They were too much engaged in legations and in matters of business to carry it through. It could not filter and penetrate through society. They died before their work was done. When a barge was seen floating down the Thames with the silver cross at the prow, when, in full Parliament, Pole reconciled England to the Holy See, and Lords and Commons knelt at his feet in sign of repentance, he hoped to have brought his labours to a close before he quitted this life. But God would not have it so. The last Primate of all England died, leaving his country unwashed of heresy; and there was none to take up his work.

At Rome, however, it was not so; others entered on the labours of the men whom we have attempted to describe. In the next chapter we will shew how this came about, and who was the instrument chosen by God.

[To be continued.]

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 366.]

No. XI.—THEIR SCHOOLROOMS, BAPTISTERIES, AND CONFESSIONALS.

HAVING examined the entrances, both ancient and modern, of the Roman Catacombs, having traversed their principal streets, and lingered awhile to study the general character of the graves, as well as of the epitaphs and the symbols which were inscribed upon them, we come at last to their churches, or other chambers, which never fail to excite the surprise and admiration of every visitor who sees them for the first time.

These buildings, or, to speak more correctly, these excavations, are of various sizes, and marked by various characteristics, according to the uses for which they were intended. First, there were the *cubicula*, or small chambers, which we have already mentioned, designed for the burial of the dead, either for the general use of the Church, or as the property of some private family. These are found both with and without arched monuments, with and without altars, and with and without pictures; in a word, they are simple square or oblong chambers, full of graves, which were more or less highly ornamented according to the taste of their owners, and provided or unprovided with the means of saying Mass, according to the exigencies of the times, or the quality of the persons buried there, that is to say, whether any of them had been martyred or not. Next to these come the *cryptæ*, or small chapels, which were intended from the first for the minor reunions of the faithful, *i. e.* they were always provided with an altar, but only few persons at a time could have been present at the celebration of the holy mysteries. And lastly, there are the larger churches, with one or more altars, where a considerable number of Christians might have heard Mass, or listened to preaching, without much inconvenience. Some persons, reading this account at a distance from Rome, may be disposed to think, perhaps, that the division here adopted from P. Marchi is fanciful, and based upon no real principle; that, in fact, there is no essential difference between the subterranean chambers, but only the accidental difference of size. This, however, would be an error of judgment, which a personal examination of the Catacombs would soon dispel. For instance, even when the *cubicula* have altars, they may be distinguished from the *cryptæ*, because these are always double, two made opposite to one another, one on either side of the street, so that the faithful assembled in both would be present at the same Mass celebrated in either, whereas the *cubicula* are only single. Again, the churches may be distinguished from the cha-

pels, not only by reason of their larger size, but also because they are placed nearer to the principal entrances, for the greater convenience of the faithful, and are manifestly central points, as it were, to which the staircases and the streets converge.

The *cubicula* were always single, because it had not been part of the original design when they were made that the faithful should hear Mass there; it was merely an extraordinary accident, as it were, on a few days in the year, perhaps the *natalitia*, or birthdays, of the several martyrs whom they happened to contain. No provision, therefore, was made for the separation of the two sexes; a precaution which seems never to have been forgotten in the arrangements of the regular churches or chapels; there was either a separate chamber for each, or the one assembled in the *crypta*, the other in the vestibule which led to it. I do not mean that we have any distinct evidence that such was the design either of the wide vestibule or of the double crypt; nevertheless, I think it scarcely admits of a doubt, since it would have cost much less labour to make one crypt large enough to hold forty or fifty persons, than two crypts, each able to hold twenty, so that we are sure that the Christians would not have undertaken such an increase of labour without a special purpose; and the antiquity of this particular rule of Christian discipline, the observance of which would have been rendered so easy by means of these double crypts, is attested by many independent authorities, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Paulinus, St. Augustin, and the ecclesiastical historians Eusebius and Socrates.* Indeed, the (so called) Apostolical Constitutions, which, according to the most approved critics, must have been collected some time in the third century, expressly ordain the separation of the sexes in all places of public worship, setting an ostiarius over the one, and a deaconess over the other; and they ground the order both upon its own inherent propriety, and also upon the example of the tabernacle and the temple of the Jews. Moreover, an inscription, belonging to the middle of the fourth century, and originally placed in the portico of the Vatican Basilica, describes the position of a grave as being near the second column, "*quomodo intramus sinistra parte virorum*," which shews plainly that the women used to enter by the door on the right-hand side, and of course, therefore, that they remained also on

* See Padre Marchi's work, no. x. p. 156.

different sides within the church, just as is still continued in the parish churches of L'Ariceia, Rocca di Papa, and other villages in the neighbourhood of Rome, and (I am told) in the cathedrals and other large churches of Sicily.

In the Catacomb of S. Putestato there is a triple crypta, or rather a cubiculum close to a double crypt, and connected with it by means of a window cut in the wall, not far below the roof; and this, too, furnishes an illustration of another part of ancient Church-discipline; for the cubiculum is so admirably adapted for a place of assembly for that class of the Church's penitents who were allowed to join in the prayers, but not to be present at the celebration of Mass, that it seems almost certain that such was its real purpose. I need hardly say, that not even in the largest of these subterranean temples could all, or indeed any, of the different classes of ancient penitents have found a place. None but the faithful themselves could ever have been accommodated within such limited space; for instance, the largest church in the Catacomb of St. Agnes, than which, I believe, no larger of equal antiquity has yet been discovered, could only receive about eighty persons at a time; and the dimensions of most of the other churches and chapels are considerably smaller. Every thing, therefore, connected with the instruction of catechumens, the baptising them when instructed, and other parts of Church-discipline, required separate chambers; and the studious and intelligent visitor of the Catacombs will be both surprised and delighted to see how confidently we are able to point out the precise chambers in which some, at least, of these duties were performed.

Before we have advanced two or three hundred yards in the Catacomb of St. Agnes, we come to two small square chambers, with vaulted roofs, one on either side of the street; let us enter, and see what we can learn of their use, by examining their mere architectural form. We see at once that there are no altars, so that they could not have been intended for the offering of the adorable sacrifice; but as we stand in the middle, and look back to the arched doorway through which we entered, our eye is attracted by the appearance of a chair, or something like it, directly within the doorway, and with its back against the outer or street wall. We approach to examine it more closely, and find that it is indeed a low broad seat, with an arch-shaped back, somewhat hollowed out in the centre, and all hewn out of the solid tufa; not only contemporaneous therefore, beyond all dispute, with the original excavation, but also forming an integral part of the design for which the chamber was made. Perhaps we venture to seat ourselves in this simple and venerable chair; and the instant that we do so, the

thought will involuntarily suggest itself, that we are occupying the place of some ancient teacher of the faithful, some "doctor," or "magister audientium;"* our companions standing around have taken the place of the catechumens, and we are occupying the place which enables us to command a perfect view of our audience, to see each individual as he enters by our side, and goes to his place before us, and finally to address to the little assembly any catechetical instructions to the best advantage; in a word, we find ourselves in a *schoolroom* of the primitive Christians, and we feel as certain that this was really the use to which this chamber was put, and for which it was originally designed, as though we saw the adult scholars, the ignorant worshippers of idols, or the sceptical disciple of a false philosophy, even now seated before us, listening, with eager attention, to the persuasive language of a St. Peter or a St. Paul, imparting to them the first rudiments of the Christian faith. Several other examples of the same kind may be seen in this Catacomb, in some of which there are two chairs instead of one, one on either side of the doorway, and once also there is a very low seat, hewn (like the chairs) out of the natural tufa, running round the three other sides of the chamber. Of course, this bench was destined, as far as it would go, for the convenience of the scholars; but it would not have accommodated very many, and the rest would probably stand; and of the two chairs, P. Marchi suggests an explanation, which commends itself to me as reasonable, though I am aware that it sometimes appears to others as altogether false and fanciful, founded upon the unauthorised application of a rule of the Society of St. Ignatius to the practice of the ancient Church. He considers, then, that in those chambers, in which we find two chairs, the female catechumens used to be assembled, and where there is only one, the men and boys. There can be no doubt but that they would be separated here as they were in the churches; and it seems only in accordance with the Apostolic precept, bidding them "provide things that are good, not only in the sight of God, but also in the sight of all men,"† that they should have so arranged as that the priest should never be without a witness, when necessity obliged him to continue long in the society of women, thus avoiding even the appearance of evil, out of compassion to the wicked obstinacy of the heathen, who were so continually cavilling at the purity of the Christian religion. I think I have observed too, that where two of these schoolrooms are near one another, as they very commonly are, one is generally provided with two chairs, and the other with one; and if this be true, it would

* St. Cyprian, Epist. xxiv.

† Rom. xii. 17; 2 Cor. viii. 21.

be a very strong argument in favour of P. Marchi's theory; at present, however, I can only speak doubtfully, because, since my attention has been more particularly called to the subject, I have had no opportunity of examining, the Catacombs being still closed.

But be this as it may, at any rate it is certain that in these chambers the catechumens were instructed and prepared for the sacrament of baptism; our next duty, therefore, is to look for a baptistery. Through the cemetery of S. Ponziano, near the summit of Monte Verde, there runs a stream of water, for the most part invisible, because below the level of the ordinary excavations of the Catacomb, but here and there brought to light by some of those ruinous land-slips, which in that loose and sandy soil are so common, and must have been so dangerous to the Christian fossors of old. At one place, however, we find a flight of ten or twelve steps, descending immediately to the stream, which is here received in a deep artificial reservoir before it is allowed to proceed onwards on its way. The purpose of such a reservoir in these subterranean sanctuaries cannot be misunderstood; indeed, as we now see it, it is explained at once by the fresco painting which yet remains upon the wall, representing our Lord standing in the river Jordan, and receiving baptism at the hands of St. John. It is true that this painting is much later than the times of persecution, during which the Catacombs were used for this purpose; probably it is as late as the ninth century, when Nicholas I. restored and beautified the adjacent chapel of SS. Abdon and Sennen; but it shews, at least, what the tradition of the Church was as to the use which had once been made of the ancient reservoir. In truth, the place speaks for itself, and requires no comment whatever; manifestly it could only have been intended for a Christian baptistery, or for the refreshment and support of those confessors of the Gospel who were obliged from time to time to take shelter in this cemetery; but for this latter use there would have been no occasion either for the spacious staircase, or for the artificial basin to detain and deepen the stream. This is the only baptistery which is still extant throughout all the Roman Catacombs; and the reason of it seems to be, that there does not happen to be a running stream of water in any other; in all, however, there is an abundance of stagnant water, or rather a strong tendency for water to collect and to become stagnant; and we cannot doubt but that the early Christians availed themselves of this, and by means of artificial pits formed a baptistery in every cemetery, though they would naturally enough have filled them up again when, in the altered circumstances of the Church, they were no longer necessary. I have already mentioned the tradition that

St. Peter baptised in *cæmeterio Ostiano*; St. Cecilia sent her husband and other relatives to the Catacombs of San Callisto, that they might be baptised by St. Urban; St. Stephen baptised the family of St. Hippolytus in the same cemetery; and it is recorded of St. Liberius, that he baptised some thousands of persons during one Easter in the cemetery where St. Peter also had baptised; ecclesiastical annals profess to give the exact number, 4012, which appears at first sight quite incredible, when we consider what has just been said of the narrow limits of all the subterranean churches; but when they add, by way of accounting for the unusual multitude, that not only the inhabitants of Rome itself, but also from all the neighbouring cities, came together to be baptised by him, this part of the statement receives a very singular confirmation from a monumental inscription discovered at Spoleto, and published by Gruter, testifying concerning some woman of that place, that she had been *consignata* by Pope Liberius.

But thirdly, because even after men "have heard the word of truth, the gospel of their salvation, and after they have been thus *signed* with the holy spirit of promise,"* yet they are still liable to fall into sin, and so have need "to be renewed again to penance,"† therefore God has committed to his Church the administration of another sacrament, promising that whatsoever his ministers "shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever they shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven."‡ And, strange as it may sound, we seem to be able to point out the particular spots in some of the Catacombs, whither the faithful must have gone when they desired to unburden a guilty conscience and to receive the blessing of absolution. I dare say it will provoke a smile from many of our readers, to be told that we can shew them the *confessionals* of the early Christians; we confess to having smiled ourselves the first time that our guide pointed to a chair in one of the subterranean churches in St. Agnes, and said, "Here the Christians used to go to confession;" but when, some months afterwards, having studied in the mean while the records of Christian antiquity which could throw light upon the subject, we stood again in the same place, with P. Marchi at our elbow, quoting from those records, and applying them to what we saw before our eyes, all our doubts were solved, and we felt confident that our first guide had spoken truly. Our argument here is precisely of the same character as in the case of the schoolroom and of the baptistery, and our readers must judge how far it is equally convincing; that is to say, we see certain chambers in the Catacombs, presenting a certain peculiarity of form or of

* Ephes. i. 13. † Heb. vi. 6. ‡ Matt. xviii. 18.

ornament, and we ask for what purpose this peculiarity was designed. In the present instance, the peculiarity consists in a chair, of the same shape and substance as the chairs which we have supposed to have belonged to the catechists, only occupying a different position. In the schoolroom they were immediately inside the doorway, and anybody who sat in them had the whole chamber before him; here it is placed close to the altar, with its side towards the altar, and its back against the side-wall of the chapel: what can have been its use? We still see triple seats of this kind, and in this position, in Gothic churches, and we know that they are intended for the priest, the deacon, and the subdeacon, in a *Missa Solemnis*. But in the days when Christians were driven to hear Mass underground, there was no singing of *Gloria's* or *Credo's*, each lasting about an hour, such as may be heard in Roman churches on grand occasions at the present day, and which render seats for the officiating ministers absolutely indispensable. Moreover, these seats are not triple but single. May it not be, then, that this seat was intended for the preacher, who in ancient times was in the habit of sitting whilst he delivered his homily, not of standing? But this conjecture is immediately contradicted by its position; the chair of the preacher would have placed him opposite his congregation, not with his side towards them, as, in matter of fact, the chairs of the pontiffs (the principal preachers of those days) really are found both in the Catacombs themselves and also in the ancient Basilicas. Since this chair, then, was neither a pulpit nor imperfect *sedilia*, we are driven to search for some other purpose for which it could have been intended; and there is none that suggests itself but that of a confessional. Among the abominable charges which the heathen Cecilius brings against the Christian religion, in the dialogues of Minucius Felix, is one which, if it ever had any other foundation than the mere malice of the inventor, can only have arisen from somebody who had seen a Christian kneeling or lying prostrate before a priest, and being ignorant of any other cause which could account for such a humiliating attitude, imagined him to be engaged in a solemn act of worship, and that worship addressed to the person before him. The accuser does not profess to be very

confident as to the truth of the allegation, but he says that the dark and hidden meetings of the Christians lend considerable countenance to this and every other evil story against them.* Now we learn from Tertullian† that the attitude of a penitent at confession was precisely this of lying prostrate before a priest and embracing his knees; so that if we only imagine a Pagan to have been once present at an assembly in the Catacombs, and to have seen there a Christian engaged in confession before a priest seated in one of these chairs, nothing would have been more natural than that he should have invented the calumny we have been alluding to. We may see penitents in the same attitude, even in modern times, before the Cardinal Grand Penitentiary, when he goes to St. John Lateran, or the other Basilicas, during Holy Week: and as to the publicity of confessions heard in this way, in the midst of the narrow churches of the Catacombs, this, as every one knows, is exactly one of the special characteristics of confession in primitive times, when those who had committed any fault gladly suffered, or rather themselves courted, every additional circumstance of humiliation, and sought, moreover, the prayers and intercessions of the faithful to assist in their restoration.

This, then, is the most probable account which can be given of chairs situated as I have described. P. Marchi (who, I believe, was the first author by whom it was suggested) modestly says, that it is an interpretation which, in the absence of more positive written evidence, "cannot pass beyond the class of simple conjectures;" but, until some other author hazards a better and more natural conjecture, I think it deserves a somewhat higher rank among the several degrees of uncertainty. It is only necessary to add, that in some chapels there are found two of these chairs, one on either side of the altar, or one on the epistle side of the altar and the other just inside the doorway, of which P. Marchi gives the same explanation as we have already repeated with reference to the schoolrooms. N.

* "Alii eos ferunt ipsius antistitis ac sacerdotis colere genitalia, et quasi parentis sui adorare naturam. . . . Nescio an falsa, certe occultis ac nocturnis sacris apposita suspicio."

† *De Penitentia*. "Exomolegesis prosternendi et humilificandi hominis disciplina est. . . . Mandat . . . presbyterio adsolvi et caris Dei adgeniculari."

DISCOVERY OF A COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC COPY OF THE ORIGINAL ANTIPHONARY OF ST. GREGORY.*

THE intelligence I am about to communicate to the readers of the *Musical Review* is at

* From the *Revue de la Musique Religieuse, Populaire et Classique*. Par F. Danjou. Décembre 1847. Paris. Blanchet éditeur.

once the most important, the most interesting, and the most unexpected that they could possibly receive.

What was unknown to St. Bernard, to Guido of Arezzo, and all the other writers of

the middle ages on the ecclesiastical chant; what for many ages has escaped all the research of the learned; what the ablest liturgical writers of the last two centuries—the Mabillons, the Lebruns, the Lebœufs, the Gerberts—so eagerly and so fruitlessly desired; what, in fine, we were all taught to believe was irretrievably lost to religion, to art, and to history, has at length been discovered. A *Gregorian Antiphonary*, noted in letters, has been found in the library belonging to the Faculty of Medicine at Montpellier, where it had remained buried and forgotten up to the present day.

The restoration of the Roman chant may now be brought about without any uncertainty or difficulty, and almost without the intervention of science or criticism, by the simple transcription of this precious manuscript, unique in its kind, the discovery of which is assuredly one of the events that will most mark the history of the present great revival of Christian art.

The library of the Faculty of Medicine at Montpellier contains upwards of eight hundred different manuscripts; it has been visited by a large number of learned men; and it has for its principal librarian a man of profound learning, and of the most extensive reputation—M. Kühnholtz. I had often before looked over this interesting collection; and my friend M. Laurens had more than once made a catalogue of the volumes; and yet, strange to say, no one had ever remarked this most precious document, until the 18th of December last, when, as I was walking through the different chambers of the library, I stumbled upon a folio in one of the compartments, on the back of which was written this title, *Incerti de Musicâ*. Having asked the librarian's permission to take it from the shelf, I immediately recognised it to contain the chants of the Roman Antiphonary and Gradual, written in double notation; that is to say, in letters, and in neumes placed over the letters.

This book is written in small Roman letters, of the period of Charlemagne, and, from its characteristics, evidently belongs to the first half of the ninth century. The texts of the different pieces contained in it correspond exactly with those of the *Antiphonary of St. Gregory* published by the Benedictines in the third tome of the works of that blessed Saint. The musical notation in letters is precisely that which Boëtius has made known to us; and it is that *nota Romana*, which was introduced into France by the Roman chanters who were sent by Pope Adrian to the Emperor Charlemagne. The notation in neumes, which is placed above the letters, is that which M. Fétis has designated by the epithet of Saxon, and which is, if closely examined, a variety of that kind of musical writing. The different chants of the morning office, which

are comprised in what is termed the *Antiphonary of St. Gregory*, are distributed in the manuscript, not according to the order of the liturgical year, but classed under six heads or divisions, viz. 1. *Introits and Communions*; 2. *Alleluias*; 3. *Tracts*; 4. *Graduals*; 5. *Offertories*; 6. *Antiphons and Responsories for Processions*. Each of these series of chants is itself divided into four parts, following the order of the authentic modes, *protus, deuterus, tritus, tetrardus*, which correspond with the first, third, fifth, and seventh tones of the plain chant.*

By what we have already said, the reader will be able to appreciate the importance of this document.

Its notation in letters leaves no room for diversity of conjectures, and puts an end at once to all further discussion, and all uncertain hypotheses, on the correction and reformation of the ecclesiastical chant. The translation into neumes written over the letters, from one end of the manuscript to the other, furnishes us at last with an infallible means of deciphering the music contained in this hieroglyphic notation, the system of which has hitherto remained in such total obscurity. Its division into modes cuts short all doubt as to the tonality to which each piece ought respectively to be ascribed. In fine, the antiquity of the manuscript, the period itself when it was written, leave no room for doubt as to its authenticity or its origin, which I believe may be precisely ascribed to the introduction of the Roman Antiphonaries into the French churches under the reigns of Charlemagne and Louis-le-Débonnaire.

This last fact clearly results from several peculiarities which it is interesting to know, the statement of which will help us to describe the manuscript, and to demonstrate its authenticity.

First of all, the perfect conformity between the text and that of the Antiphonary of St. Gregory (published by the Benedictines), is a proof of the pure Roman origin of the chant which is conjoined with it. Every one knows that our first three kings of the Carlovingian race laboured in every part of their dominions to substitute the Roman in the place of the ancient Gallican Liturgy. Notwithstanding the determination and perseverance of Pepin, Charlemagne, and Louis-le-Débonnaire, to destroy this ancient Liturgy, established by the first apostles of the Gauls, Charlemagne was forced to yield to the opposition he met with at Milan; and in France itself, it was not un-

* The same mode of classing the divine office is still in use throughout the Oriental Church, as may be seen by referring to the liturgical books of the Church of Constantinople; a proof this of the high antiquity of this manuscript. Even at the present day, the chant-books of the Western Church are divided into Antiphonaries, Graduals, Hymnaria, Processionals, and Pontificals.—*Note of the Translator.*

til a hundred years after Pepin's first attempt to introduce it, that the Roman Liturgy was definitively adopted; and even then it was not without retaining a mixture of some slight remains of the ancient usages, along with certain pieces and chants newly composed and successively added.

Hence the manuscript of Montpellier, being in exact conformity with the Benedictine text of the Antiphonary of St. Gregory, as it existed in the church of St. John Lateran in the tenth century, according to the testimony of John the Deacon, I conclude it to be certain that it contains, not the transfer into Roman notation of the particular chant of some church of the Gauls, but an undoubted copy of that Antiphonary. There are, however, two or three differences between the text of the Antiphonary published by the Benedictines and that of the manuscript of Montpellier.

1st. The office of the fifth feria, *In capite Jejunii*, is not to be found in the manuscript. This omission, the only one that can be remarked, is explained quite naturally by a passage in the *Micrologion*, from which we learn that this office was composed by Pope Gregory II., and not by St. Gregory the Great.

2d. We find in this manuscript two pieces which do not belong to the original Gregorian Antiphonary: the *Gloria laus* of Palm Sunday, and the *Benedicta sit*, or the Introit of Trinity Sunday. The existence, however, of these two pieces in the manuscript does not furnish any serious argument against its authenticity; for the office of the Blessed Trinity had been introduced into the Liturgy before the period in which this manuscript was written; and the *Gloria laus*, which was also composed in France at the commencement of the ninth century, was a popular chant, and embodied in the Roman Missal. One can therefore perfectly understand why these two pieces would be respectively added, as a matter of course, to the Antiphonary in a manuscript written subsequently to their introduction; and we must also remark, that the *Gloria laus* is written on the last page of the manuscript.

If this manuscript were nothing but a chant-book according to the use of one of the churches of Gaul, it would exhibit differences far more striking with the Roman Liturgy; for Amalarius, who wrote about A.D. 830, affirms that even in his day this Liturgy had been considerably modified in every part of France, so that on comparing the authentic version of St. Gregory with that of the Antiphonaries in use in the French churches, he found that the latter were arranged in another order, and exhibited a discrepancy in the text also. (*Biblioth. Patrum*, t. xiv. p. 1032.)

Another proof of the authenticity of this manuscript is derived from the very nature of the important variations which are observable

in it, and which, when compared with the present Roman chant as it actually exists, appear almost always uniform and systematic.

The facts which I have observed in this particular are exceedingly curious.

The notation in *neumes*, the use of which, having been invented during the seventh century, had become general in Europe before the tenth century, was very imperfect for its object, inasmuch as it did not point out the relative height of the signs amongst each other, but only the ascending or descending scale (*marche*) of each of these signs. The researches which I have lately made in Italy have enabled me to give to the subject of this notation certain explanations, the accuracy of which has been fully confirmed by the manuscript of Montpellier. If the reader will take the trouble to read over again what I have written on this subject, and to examine the sketches that I have published (see the August No. of the *Revue de la Musique*, 1847), he will be convinced that, in order to read and interpret a chant noted in *neumes*, it was necessary in the ninth century, as well as at the present day, to translate the signs first without distinction of *modes*, and afterwards to decide, from the character of the melody, the mode to which it belonged; and lastly, by the knowledge of the ordinary formulas of each mode, to determine the doubtful intervals. For instance, the sign named *podatus* represented an ascending interval that embraced one or two tones, or even a still greater compass: a profound acquaintance with the modes of the plain chant could alone point out which of these intervals the singer was to choose; though there still remained in many cases considerable room for doubt, especially when the nature of the mode did not require or specify the choice of an interval of a third, rather than of a fourth or a second.

Guido of Arezzo, who flourished in the eleventh century, and who thought to remedy this imperfection in musical notation by drawing two lines to mark the relative height of the signs of the *neumes*, expresses himself in reference to this notation in terms which prove that it was as far from being intelligible in those days as it is at present. "There is no longer any agreement," says this celebrated author, "as to the manner of interpreting the signs of notation; so that the consequence is, there are as many Antiphonaries as there are masters of chant; and people talk no longer of the Antiphonary of St. Gregory, but of that of Leo, or of Albert, or a hundred others." (*Regulæ de ignoto Cantu*. Gerbert, *Scrip. de Mus.* t. xi. p. 35.)

The alterations produced by this uncertainty in the reading of the *neumes* were made, nevertheless, in a uniform manner; that is to say, there was no mistake as to the meaning of the sign given for rising or falling, but only

as to the extent of the interval of that rise or fall. Thus, one would make a fall of a third, whereas it ought to have been a fourth or a fifth; another would rise a third, when he ought to have risen a second or a fourth. And when the new method of noting the music on lines came into general use, the copyists fell into the same mistakes; and these blunders have been handed down to our own times.

Now when we come to compare any recently-printed plain-chant book, or even any ancient manuscript copy of the plain chant, with the notation in letters of this Montpellier manuscript, we shall find that the diversities between them result almost always from an error in interpreting the signs of the neumes representing the intervals; and that the plain chant as we have it now, although it follows in general the ascending or descending course indicated in the Antiphonary of our Montpellier manuscript, differs from it continually in the extent of the intervals. If the reader will take the trouble to look at the fac-simile of the manuscript (which is published in the December number of the *Revue*, 1847), he may judge of its effects by the notation given to the words *Magni consilii* in the introit for Christmas: on the syllable "ni" in the modern editions of the plain chant there is in the notes an interval of a fourth, while in the manuscript in the notation by letters the interval is that of a fifth.

These diversities are still more frequent in those pieces which are less popular, as belonging to offices of less solemn character, and so less accurately handed down by traditional use. Comparatively few, for example, in the introit *Puer natus est*, to which we are referring, they meet us in a character of much greater importance in the greater part of the other introits, responsories, offertories, and pieces. This fact easily explains itself: tradition preserved a more accurate and faithful record, as we have just said, of the chants for the principal festivals, and the copyists in noting these were helped by their memory; but the less remarkable chants of the less solemn offices were transposed into the new notation, and copied with a sort of arbitrary fancy; and hence in the modern editions, and even in the medieval manuscripts, they present to our view enormous differences from this most ancient and precious manuscript at Montpellier.

If the question be asked, how so defective a notation came to be preserved during so many ages; how the notation by letters came to be abandoned, or rather why it has not been revived; why the great improvements suggested by Huebald and Hermann Contract have not been accepted; the answer is, that tradition and memory played a greater part in those days than science. Very few knew how to read, but all knew how to sing. The

canons and clergy were obliged to learn by heart all the chants of the Antiphonary;* and what would appear in these days a surprising effort of memory, was then only the natural result of a constant frequenting of the divine office and of the habitual practice of plain song, with which every Christian was familiar from his earliest childhood. It was only later, and at an epoch of revival similar to that in which we ourselves are now living, at the close of the twelfth century, when it was discovered that the purity and simplicity of the chant had been universally corrupted, that persons endeavoured to note it correctly, and that St. Bernard himself did not disdain to write a treatise *De Correctione Antiphonarii*. But at that time no one knew any thing of an authentic copy of the Antiphonary of St. Gregory, and persons were obliged to proceed, as has been recently done with so much science and laborious pains by M. Fétis, by the help of criticism, the decisions of which are too often uncertain in their character and results.

It seems to me that the peculiarities which I have remarked to the reader establish, with the clearest evidence, that the manuscript at Montpellier contains an authentic version of the Antiphonary of St. Gregory: first, because it does not contain any mixture from any other Liturgy, which would infallibly have been the case had it been written for the particular use of one of the churches of France at the beginning of the ninth century; and further, because the considerable variations that are to be found in it, and even their uniform character, clearly explain the cause and the nature of the alterations successively introduced into the ecclesiastical chant,—alterations which will now be forced to disappear altogether by the mere transcribing of this manuscript.

Nevertheless, there are three objections that might still be made to the authenticity of this version, and they might be made on the following grounds: 1st, because of its very notation by the fifteen letters of the alphabet; 2d, from the assumed absence in this notation of the ornamental signs of which such frequent mention is made by the authors who have recorded the introduction of the Roman chant into the French churches in the eighth and ninth centuries; 3d and lastly, from the division into four authentic modes of the various pieces in this collection. Let us examine the value of these objections as they have occurred to us.

* Even at the present day, this is very much the case in some parts of Italy. The translator of this article has witnessed, in the north of Italy, the most solemn and magnificent funerals, in which all the antiphons, responsories, and other chants were sung by the clergy and choristers from memory and without books; and the effect was really admirable, and it seemed more natural and devotional, in some respects, than what I have observed in other places, where books are used.

St. Gregory is generally admitted to have brought in a modification of the Latin notation given by Boëtius; a modification that consisted in the use of the first seven letters of the alphabet repeated in capitals and small letters.

The system explained by Boëtius comprehends the first fifteen letters:

a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, k, l, m, n, o, p,

corresponding with

la, si, ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la.

The system attributed to St. Gregory is arranged thus:

A, B, C, D, E, F, G; a, b, c, d, e, f, g; a, b, c, d, &c.
la, si, ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, ut, re, &c.

Now as our manuscript is noted with the fifteen letters of Boëtius, it might be concluded that it did not represent the notation of St. Gregory, if the latter specimen of notation had been really adopted by that holy Pope. But if we take the trouble to trace this assertion concerning St. Gregory's supposed system of notation to its source (and the assertion is repeated in every modern work on the ecclesiastical song), we shall find that it has no other foundation than a passage in the writings of Father Kircher,* a writer of no very great authority, and who besides, in making it, brings forward no proof, and supports it by no ancient authority. Guido of Arezzo, it is true, and other writers on music, have made use of this notation of the first seven letters of the alphabet, repeating them over and over in small letters; but not one of these writers attribute the invention of this method to St. Gregory. There is, then, no solid ground for refusing to believe that the *nota Romana*, of which such frequent mention is made by the historians of Charlemagne, is no other than the notation by the first fifteen letters of the alphabet; the same notation that had been in use amongst the Latins from the time of Boëtius, the existence of which, so incontrovertibly proved by our manuscript Antiphonary of Montpellier, had been stoutly denied in these latter times by various learned men, though I am bound to add it was always maintained by my profound friend M. Fétis, who had discovered several short fragments of it.

The second objection that might be brought against the authenticity of this manuscript would be derived from the supposed absence in this notation of the signs of ornament, which are mentioned by the historians of Charlemagne. I say *the supposed absence*, for in fact these ornaments exist; they are placed above the letters of the notation, and they represent the translation of the signs of ornament expressed by the neumes. Of this fact any one may convince himself by examining the *fac-simile*: for instance, at the notes *sol*,

re, over the word *et*; before *filius*, *ut*, *si*, *la* in the word *ejus*, which is repeated; *ut*, *mi*, *re* on *mag*, in *magni*; *ut*, *la* in *consilii*; little signs are added, which do not belong to the upper notation, which plainly indicates that they are ornaments. The monk of Angoulême, narrating the altercation that took place at Rome, in the presence of Charlemagne, between the French and Roman chanters, expresses himself as follows:

"It happened one Easter, as King Charles was celebrating that festival at Rome, a dispute arose between some Roman and French choristers: the latter pretending that they sang better and more scientifically than the Romans; while the Romans maintained that they knew more about the art of chanting, and that they possessed the tradition of St. Gregory. The dispute having come to the knowledge of King Charles, he asked his choristers if the water of a spring was purest at the fountain-head, or lower down in the rivulets that flowed from it? They all replied with one consent, that it was purest at the source. Then, said Charlemagne, return to the source of St. Gregory, for you have certainly corrupted the ecclesiastical song. Immediately after this dispute, Charlemagne demanded of the Pope some able cantors, who might correct the chant adopted throughout France. The Pope accordingly sent him two cantors named Benedict and Theodore, making him a present of an Antiphonary noted by St. Gregory himself in *Roman notation*. On his return to France, Charlemagne stationed one of these cantors at Metz, the other at Soissons. It was under their directions that the Antiphonaries were corrected, and the alterations which had been introduced by the caprice of persons without authority were removed. Moreover, these same cantors taught the French choristers the Roman notation; but as for the ornaments of the chant, such as tremulous sounds, or flattened and sharpened sounds, the French choristers could never make much proficiency in them on account of the nature of their voices."

The learned who have gone so far as to deny that the Antiphonary of St. Gregory was noted in letters, used to appeal in behalf of their opinion to these very last words of the monk of Angoulême, pretending that it was not possible for the notation in letters to express these ornaments, which the Roman singers knew so well how to express. But the discovery of the Montpellier manuscript has given us fresh evidence of the danger of making conjectures in matters of archæology and history, and the necessity of seeking for truth in regard to facts only in the facts themselves, or in treatises that professedly explain them.

These ornaments are to be found in great number in the Antiphonary of Montpellier;

* Kircher, *Musurgia Universalis*, lib. v. p. 216.

if we study them with care, referring to them the explanations that I found on this subject in the manuscript of Mount Cassino, *De Musicâ antiquâ et novâ*, and in the unpublished commentary on Guido of Arezzo, that I copied in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, I hope to be able at length to give a certain interpretation of them, and not only to re-establish the authentic version of Gregorian chant, but also to make known all the ancient rules of its execution. My labours for this purpose would require too large a space for their full development for me to lay them before my reader on the present occasion, but I shall take an early opportunity of doing so in the sequel of this review. For the present I confine myself to observing, that the existence of these ornaments establishes an additional relationship between the notation of the Montpellier manuscript and the *nota Romana* of which the monk of Angoulême has spoken.

A third objection remains to be answered, but it is of no greater weight than the others we have already discussed. Tradition affirms that St. Gregory made the number of the ecclesiastical modes amount to eight, whilst St. Ambrose limited them to four. Now the Montpellier Antiphonary, taking no notice of more than the four authentic modes, cannot be attributed to St. Gregory or the Roman school instituted by him, but must be referred to a still higher antiquity.

Let us examine this objection: the common opinion of St. Gregory's having established the eight modes is not confirmed by any positive testimony, nor is the tradition verified by any written authority. All that we know on the subject is, that Alcuin, who died in 804, two hundred years after St. Gregory, is the oldest author that mentions the division of music into eight tones, *octo tonos in musicâ consistere musicus scire debet*; and further on, enumerating these tones, he only counts four, *protus, deuterus, tritus, tetrardus*; to which he adds, that the plagal tones added to the authentic are also four in number: *plagi autem conjuncti dicuntur omnes quatuor*. Aurelian, Abbot of Réomé, in the diocese of Langres, writing about the middle of the ninth century, makes use of the same terms, in his work *De Laude Musicæ Disciplinæ*, which is still extant. Neither of these two writers attribute to St. Gregory the division of the chant into eight modes; so that we must put this opinion along with that of Father Kircher on the notation, in the catalogue of vulgar errors, that have unhappily been too long admitted in reference to the history of plain chant. Nevertheless, though the Antiphonary of Montpellier does not recognise in fact more than the four authentic modes, its notation of certain pieces, notwithstanding, establishes not only the existence of the plagal tones, but even that of the transposed modes: a fact which is quite

in favour of the theory of M. Fétis and the Cambray Commission, who adopt fourteen modes. Let us, however, distinctly remark that Aurelian of Réomé, although admitting twelve modes, makes a point of stating, that notwithstanding the different ways of noting the chant, it may always be reduced at last to eight tones, and even to the four authentic ones, the only ones adopted in the Montpellier Antiphonary.

These are the objections that occurred to me as likely to be brought against the authenticity of this Antiphonary; and I thought it right to answer them at once, so as to leave no doubt as to the value and importance of this remarkable document.

Yes, I am convinced that we have here one of the Antiphonaries noted at the commencement of the ninth century either by one of the clerics sent by Charlemagne to study the chant at Rome, or by one of the chanters whom Pope Adrian sent into France, and who possessed the true tradition of St. Gregory, and had often and often perused the very original copy written out and noted by that holy and glorious Pope himself, the copy that was still shewn at the church of St. John Lateran in the tenth century. With regard to the double notation which we find in this ms. and which enhances its interest, it furnishes me with an additional conjecture as to its origin. Eckard,* the historian of St. Gall, relates that one of the Roman cantors, who had brought to St. Gall an authentic copy of the Antiphonary of St. Gregory, translated it into neumes, and this is precisely what we find done by the writer who noted the Montpellier manuscript; for, from the examination I have given to this manuscript, I have seen distinct proofs that the notation by letters was written out first, and that the signs of neumes were put in immediately afterwards, as the translation of the former: and we even find in the course of it some pieces noted *only* in letters, and others in which the translation into neumes has been commenced but not completed.

I have nothing further to add to these considerations but the details that complete the description of this precious manuscript.

It belonged once to the President Bouhier, and after that to the library at Troyes; during the ministry of Chaptal it was transported, along with a great many other manuscripts, to the library of Montpellier. It consists of 163 folio leaves of parchment. Of these the first twelve and the last two are filled with manuscript of a more recent date than the rest, containing an inedited treatise written in the twelfth century, with the following title, *Utilissimum de Musicâ Breviarium*. This treatise ends at the seventh page; it is fol-

* *De casibus Sancti Galli*. Goldstadt, *Res Allemannicæ*, p. 30.

lowed by the prose, *Laudes Salvatoris*: and an office for Matins of the festival of Pope St. Urban. The ancient part of the manuscript, that which comprises the Antiphonary, commences with the thirteenth page. The different pieces are for the most part preceded by the letters A and P, which signify, *authenticus* and *plagalus*; and this indication agrees always perfectly with the tonality of the piece.

The graduals are marked with the letter R, which signifies *responsorium*; and the offertories are accompanied with their verses, inserted in the Antiphonary of St. Gregory, but no longer used, doubtless on account of the abolition in later times of the ceremony of offering the alms and other oblations of the faithful, which were anciently made at this part of the service.

It ought to be remarked that the *Alleluias* are not followed by those long neumes or successions of notes on the vowel A. It is generally thought that these neumes suggested the idea of the proses or sequences, the most ancient of which are in fact modulated on the chant of the neume of the *Alleluia*. But the Montpellier ms. not containing these successions of notes, it becomes at present a question, whether the chant of the *Alleluia* was adapted to that of the proses, or whether from the chant of the latter there was not sometimes composed one in the form of a neume without any words. And this is exactly what we find in regard to the *Kyrie* chants; for anciently the notes and syllables were of the same number, and on the notes which are at present redundant, were anciently sung additional words analogous to the several mysteries; as e. g. *Kyrie, fons bonitatis, Pater ingenite, elëison*; *Christe, fons misericordiæ, Fili unigenite, elëison*; *Kyrie,*

fons sanctitatis, Spiritus Sancte, elëison; and so forth. Be this as it may, the Montpellier Antiphonary proves that the interminable successions of notes which we find in our modern Graduals and Antiphonaries, had no existence in the original copies of the Gregorian song.

So far M. Danjou: to which he adds at the conclusion of his first article on this interesting discovery, that he has laid the result of his valuable researches before his Holiness Pope Pius, and that the Holy Father has expressed the deepest interest in them. The learned and excellent Cardinal de Bonald, the present Lord Archbishop of Lyons, in a recent charge to the clergy of that archdiocese, speaks in very high terms of M. Danjou's periodical, from which this article has been translated. His words are these: "We exhort you, dearly beloved brethren, to study diligently the plain chant. The periodical published by M. Danjou, under the title, *Revue de la Musique Religieuse*, is the one best calculated to give you a just notion of the plan you ought to pursue, and to enable you to acquire a real solid acquaintance with the science of the ecclesiastical song." In fact, it would be well worth our readers' while to look at this periodical, as many of them as feel an interest on this subject, and who, having witnessed on the continent the admirable devotional effect resulting from the pious use of these venerable chants in the assemblies of the faithful, feel a desire to introduce again as of old this devout usage into that temple which, after a destruction of 300 years, it has pleased a merciful God to give us the will and the means of rebuilding in the land of our fathers.

A. L. P.

THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

[Continued from page 116.]

CHAPTER VI.

Genoa. Mr. Player pleads his cause with Katherine.
The Voyage to Rome. Thoughts of Oxford.

OUR travellers were wandering in the morning among the wonders of Genoa; among houses the highest and streets the steepest in the world, wondering at their premature, unnatural, mysterious decay, and tracing the hand of Vandyke on the frescoed walls. Then, in the hours they had to spare, they visited the lovely gardens of the Acqua Sola, passing large massive stone buildings, with balconies at various heights, and enormous doorways opening into halls, where marble pillars support the floors above, and the spacious staircase begins its rise. The doors are open, and they linger and admire. They are gone from

their first use; one is an hotel, another a house of public business, another a convent, and another has shops below, a merchant's rooms above, and above again—what? We need not ask; long lines are hung from the windows, and the clothes of a household are hanging out to dry. Still toiling up the steep ascents, they paused, and wondered, and admired, and gained the gardens at last. All were there, except the elder Jonathan; he had gone on a visit to the vessel, to secure the best accommodations that could be spared for himself and his son. It was not the fashionable time. There were so few human beings about at that hour, that it was hard to believe that the place was ever thronged with carriages and "the world," or that some fairy hand had not called

up that fairy scene on purpose for themselves. The air was clear and fresh, the sky one spotless blue, the fountains playing cheerily, and smooth walks, so pleasantly leading to evergreen groves, and threading their ingeniously formed labyrinths tempted the travellers on. But Lady Emily had said that it was not prudent to rest beneath the dense shade of the ilix, and therefore, on a stone bench, long and large, and commanding one of the finest prospects in the world, and itself in full sight of every body, sat Player and Katherine, looking as much like lovers as people could look who were not alone, and much more like lovers than Arthur Staurton desired to see.

"I think," said Staurton to Newcome, "that Player is one of the greatest fools I ever saw in my life."

"You do!" exclaimed Newcome; "what can make you say such an extraordinary thing? Why, you know, that at College"—

"Oh, nonsense, College!" interrupted Arthur; "a man may be a fool for all that. He does not talk of Aristotle to a woman. There they are—do you see them?"

"See who?" asked Newcome, for Arthur had directed his attention in a contrary direction to Player and Katherine.

"Those women."

"They are nuns."

And so it was, that two lay-sisters, who had passed near to them unobserved by Newcome, were now seen by him at a little distance, disappearing by a path which led directly to a flight of steps, by which was the nearest approach to the town.

"Have they been walking here?" asked Newcome.

"They have only passed through. It's their shortest way to some place I suppose, for they look more on business than pleasure; and just as they came in sight, at the end of that walk, what do you think I heard Player say to Katherine Westerton?"

"That such was not *her* vocation, I suppose."

"If he had said *that*," replied Staurton emphatically, "I should have agreed with him; but no sooner did those nuns appear, than he began to say to Katherine—and really if he has not been making love to her these two days, he ought to be hanged—he began telling her that he never admired her sex so much as when thus presented to him in their highest form by the Church."

"You need not be jealous, I think," said Newcome, smiling, with a little touch of the sarcasm he sometimes shewed.

"Jealous!" echoed Arthur. "If I had had any right to be jealous, I believe I should have thrown the fellow over the wall."

"His meaning is excellent," said Newcome.

"Good enough to break a woman's heart, I dare say."

"You are too hard; I think him an honourable man. A man may love a woman, and

marry her, and yet hold the conventual life in the highest estimation."

"I confess," said Arthur, "that while a man is making love, I can't quite understand his going into raptures about nuns, especially to the woman herself."

"You seem very sure that he is making love," said Newcome, looking at Staurton with a deprecating smile.

"Not at all," replied Arthur abruptly; "perhaps he is only doing the parental, and giving her the benefit of a little priestly instruction."

"Volunteer into the class," answered Newcome; "you would find that there was something for you to learn perhaps."

Arthur looked vexed, and for a moment did not speak. His companion looked steadfastly on the extended view before them.

"This scene is magnificent," he said.

"I swear it's enough to make one mad," said Arthur. "She is pulling her glove to pieces; she is confused, annoyed; he's making her miserable."

"Or making her an offer," said Newcome, looking very gravely in the direction of the stone bench, and speaking with most provoking quietness; "perhaps we had better move farther off."

"Newcome," said Staurton with intense earnestness, grasping his arm so as to stop him, as he was moving away, "have you no compassion for any body's feelings?"

"Heaven forbid. What do you mean?"

"You see what I mean," said Staurton, almost passionately; "but I don't want to talk of myself." He paused a moment, and seeing by Newcome's face that he might depend on his friendship, he went on with great earnestness, but more quietly. "Do you think Player honourable? do you think him likely to trifle with her feelings? what do you think?"

"Knowingly, I am sure, he would not trifle with any woman's feelings," said Newcome. "I believe him to be an excellent man. However, there are scruples and uncertainties in his mind, with which I have no sympathy, because on the subject with which they are connected my mind is at rest."

"Singularity at rest," said Arthur, with a touch of Newcome's sarcasm in his manner; "singularity at rest for a man of your age, who has every thing in life to choose."

Newcome looked very grave. He laid his hand on Staurton's arm, and said, "You have acknowledged your own state of mind to me, do not regret such confidence. We are different from each other because our situations have been, and are, very different. I have nothing to choose; I have chosen my profession, for I am an officer in the army; I have chosen my wife, for I am engaged to be married; and I have no religious opinions to choose between, for I am a Catholic." Arthur looked surprised, and Newcome went on. "We have reposed some confidence in each other now. If you

ever choose to recur to your share of it again, you will find a friend in me, and perhaps no rival in Player." A minute afterwards Stauration and Newcome arm in arm sauntered past the stone bench.

"Do not go," said Player to Katherine as they passed; "there are not many of such moments in man's existence—such combined circumstances of hour, and scene, and companionship, are not given us for nothing; is there not something like inspiration about us? the feelings of such moments, are they not the right feelings; the words we speak, are they not the expressions of what we ought ever to feel?"—He was holding her hand. "Tell me that you believe this, tell me that one being sympathises with me, and that that being is yourself." Kate rose up, but Player detained her. "One moment more," he said, "only one moment. You have said that you understand me—you have promised to remember—tell me that"—Player had risen up, and was by her side. He took her hand, and gazing on her blushing half-averted face, went on—"tell me that I may be yet more bold—that I may speak to you again."

One flash from Kate's eyes, one full round throb of her heart, a rush of blood to her cheek, and then a sudden paleness, and a feeling as if the world was reeling around her, and that she should fall to the ground,—but a recovery so sudden, as to make the whole round of emotions occupy no more than a moment, and then a firm quick movement from where she stood,—these things followed Player's words. That movement brought her to Newcome's side. Stauration left his place on the other side, and walked on. His limbs trembled, his heart was beating loudly, and he could not trust his voice to speak, he felt that something had occurred. Player had sunk down on the stone bench again, and as soon as Newcome's quick glance had ascertained this, he offered Kate his arm, and led her, without speaking, to Lady Emily's side, and there, after a few words of general conversation, left her.

"To our inns," exclaimed Major Carmynowe; "we have not more time than we shall require before embarkation." The warning was attended to, and at about five o'clock the friends were again upon the sea.

A little walking about, a little lounging, a little seeing after parcels, and then an adjournment to the saloon, where an abundant table was spread; and thus the hours sped away, and when the gentleman revisited the deck, the ladies had retired.

All were silent and thoughtful. In vain did Mr. Humlove appear among them well buttoned up in the warmest of greatcoats, and muffled round the throat in a shawl, the largest that by any possibility could be applied to that purpose. The quick sharp sound of his thick-soled boots, striking the deck with a determined and hilarious air, fell on unsympathising ears,

as if it had been the dull, thick, slow sound of the most monotonous labour, instead of the eloquent tread of man. In vain he looked around for attention; in vain he smiled, as one possessed of the inviting luxury of cheerful thoughts; in vain, resigning himself to solitariness in the crowd, he gently raised his voice, and gave forth, in low and plaintive murmurs, the undulating notes of some Sumpleberry hymn. It was clear that each one would be alone, and soon the solitude was complete. Only the helmsman's occasional voice, and the responsive word, like its echo, and the rushing of the water, and the regular beat of the engine was heard, which, like the ticking of a clock, grows pleasant, and assists meditation. And soon these influences were lost, and the deck was clear, and all the passengers were in their berths asleep.

The following day some hours were spent at Leghorn, but the sight of the bustling seaport did not disperse the gravity that still reigned on board. There was a general attempt to disguise it under an air of business, as if their thoughts had become suddenly occupied by the recollection of their nearness to their journey's end; and in some degree it was true, for Player would occasionally utter the word *ROME*; and some who heard him would then form the same word with their lips, or say it softly; and as the hours went by, and the vessel was scudding rapidly on her way, the feeling seemed to increase, and the general silence grew every moment more difficult to overcome. Each one was going to Rome, an ardent worshipper of something. To each one that word *ROME* brought with it a promise of joy, which no doubting devil within dared suggest might possibly be disappointed. No, theirs were trusting, hoping, enthusiastic hearts, and those among them who did not really know in what direction they ought to hope with reason, were all the more enthusiastic and hoped any thing; and all the more trusting, and believed firmly, that they should be perfectly satisfied, and absolutely happy. So smooth was the sea, and so swift the gliding motion, that it seemed to the travellers as if they neared the Eternal City more by its mysterious approach than by their own advances. They sat like people waiting; and so entirely was the union of feeling and centralisation of thought acknowledged, that to have had any conversation but such as might be opened to all to enter into was felt to be impossible.

Player grew suddenly eloquent, as if the bursting thoughts could no longer be restrained, about "the Rome of the early ages, the Rome of the Apostles, the Rome of Constantine, the Rome of the early Christians, the Rome of the Church's martyrs." The Duchess also talked of Rome, but it was of "the Rome of the 19th century, the Rome of the Church, the Rome of the Holy Father, the Rome that was, and is; the Rome of unceasing prayer, and sacrifice,

and praise—the centre of Christianity, the Catholic's home." With Player every thing was of the past and of the future; with the Duchess every thing was of the present. He was full of talk of what had been, and of hope for what should be again; she was full of energetic feelings of that which then was.

Mr. Humlove said that Rome was the mystery, and that to a few only it was given to trace her progress, or to read her fate. The Duchess, who never seemed to have a clear understanding of any thing Mr. Humlove said, supposed this to be complimentary, and bowed her head for an opinion so sublime. Mr. Humlove returned the bow, and appeared perfectly satisfied, and thought the Duchess a very intelligent woman, on whom some pastoral attentions might produce an effect.

Mr. Freeman spoke of Rome as being, to his certain knowledge, the most extraordinary place in the world for all complaints of the nerves. "I remember a medical gentleman saying to me," observed Mr. Freeman in confirmation of this statement—"and indeed not one medical man, but two or three, for at one time I was a good deal in their society,—I remember their saying to me, a man ought to be perpetually taking stimulants or sedatives, to preserve him from the miserable effects of the English climate. In England,"—to the Duchess,—“the poor drink, and the rich take physic, and I believe, on my conscience, that it must be. The main blessing of Rome, therefore, is, that it is a sedative.”

"And do you love Rome, Adolph?" said Katherine.

"Yes; it is the greatest place in the world." Adolph was so busy reading that he could not afford any but short and plain answers.

"Greater than London?" asked the younger Jonathan, who had edged himself into his favourite position of proximity to Adolph and Katherine, stimulated by that benevolence which strong big boys are apt to feel for little weakly ones, and by a sense of satisfaction derived from the beams of Miss Westerton's eyes, which he not unfrequently attracted towards himself. "Greater than London!—I thought London was the greatest city in the world."

"It is not its size," said the child in a tone that brought back Jonathan's eyes to his face, though Kate was smiling, "it is religion that makes it what it is."

Jonathan had been brought up in an atmosphere of frigid mannerism, that permitted no display of the feelings natural to his age. But since he had been near Katherine, her cousin, and the Duchess, he had felt a sensation of gradual thaw, and the feelings of fright at his new position, which had at first suggested thoughts of running away, or jumping overboard, were all overcome by the gentle influences around him. Better hopes of himself had arisen in his mind, and it gave him less

distress to think of the oft-repeated assurances of the purse-supplying sister, whose interest in him was wellnigh maternal, offered to him in solemn caution, that such holy and devoted fathers as his, had almost always the affliction of ill-doing sons. New-born convictions also rose, to the effect, that he should not always be a boy, but that if he lived he should become a man; and opinions suggested themselves as to Katherine being more beautiful than the best of his native village, and as to Adolph, though not fit for bat or ball, or donkey-race, or even marbles, being very like an angel. But on any thing being said about religion, all the Sumpleberry sensations would return; and so on hearing of religion in Rome, after much shrinking and stretching, and other and more violent personal contortions, and many undecided balancings of himself on one leg and on the other, he said that he had had plenty of *that* at home, and did not expect that he should find so much *there*.

"There it is full of religion," was the reply, said with that childish positiveness that admits of no appeal; "and I know it from Genevieve, and also from Terese."

"Who are they?" asked Jonathan, a distant prospect of multiplied Katherines dawning upon him.

"Genevieve is my cousin, and Terese is her nurse, and we are going to see them. And won't you love Genevieve?" said Adolph to Kate.

"I shall love her," she replied; "for I am sure she is a nice little girl."

"She is bigger than you," said the boy, in his own deliberate way. "And she is married; and it is because Count Enstick her husband is gone to Russia, that we are going to stay with her. Grandmamma thought Genevieve would not like to be so long alone. And Enstick could not take her with him."

"You are likely to increase your Catholic acquaintance," said the Aunt Freeman in a caustic tone to Kate; and as Kate seemed to be at a loss for an answer, Player replied for her, that such an increase of sympathies in the right direction would do them all good. This added something to the lady's asperity, and she answered that such were not *very* popular notions in England, and would be less so in Rome, where Protestant and heretic were convertible terms. And to this Player replied that it might be so, but that he had no interest in Protestantism.

"The trumpet gives no uncertain sound," exclaimed Mr. Humlove, advancing with a smile and an air of championship.

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Player.

"I have been bidden to the battle," said Mr. Humlove, looking round.

"Certainly," said Miss Freeman, nodding her head encouragingly, "certainly—go on."

Mr. Freeman immediately stepped off a few paces, towards the side of the vessel, and

looked about him with a disengaged air, and whistled an opera tune, as if he intended not to know that any thing had been said.

"When I, sir, like yourself, promised to lift up my voice in the cause of true religion," proceeded Humlove, looking overpoweringly determined on Player, "it was Protestantism that was espoused."

"Not at all, sir," observed Player.

"I say it again, sir," said Humlove. "When our martyrs bled in your own Oxford, it was for Protestantism."

"My good sir, this is not a time for religious discussions," urged Player.

"Young man," answered Humlove gravely, "if you, having thrown down the gauntlet, refuse the fight, you have doubtless your own reasons."

"I have," answered Player, glancing round him with a graceful gesture, "and they are before you." Never was "the sex" more happily invoked.

"It is a power before which all men, from our common father, have yielded," said Humlove, bowing to the ladies with an air of gallantry. "And I," he went on, "have so much of the old Adam in me, that I needs must forbear. The arguments I *could* have used shall be at your service, sir, another time." Mr. Humlove sat down by Miss Freeman, and talked of Oxford opinions, and practices, and men, till the Duchess called Kate to her side, and asked why two Church-of-England divines were so different in their sentiments.

Kate tried to explain; Player assisted her; Lady Emily and Major Carminowe a little wickedly carried out their explanations, till both cried out that that was going "too far;" and Humlove and Miss Freeman poured in deluges of eloquence to shew the danger and destruction that such tenets contained. Eleanor Freeman was pitifully annoyed. Mr. Villars joined Mr. Freeman in his neuter position, and young Jonathan stood fascinated by the life and manners of the ladies, bewildered by Player's arguments, and reverently awed by his father's assertions. The boy's mind was gradually undergoing enlargement. He was discovering that it was not all, except the wicked, who thought as his father thought. Jonathan began to feel stirrings of independence, prophetic imaginings of a time arriving in which he should be great enough to think for himself. But at this present time, he balanced between the two clergymen, presenting one side of his face to his father, grave and shrinkingly awed, and the other side to Mr. Player, on whom his alternate glances fell, full of wonder, animation, and inquiry. Such an Anglican Janus was a treasure to Arthur Staunton, and a solemn amusement to Newcome, and they watched the boy's odd looks and awkward gestures with more interest than they bestowed on the Oxford question discussing. At last the Duchess rose, saying, "Ah, Oxford, I have

seen you, and remember you well. Beautiful you are—too beautiful for this. Ye towers and halls of Oxford, what a Babel ye are become!"

The ladies went down stairs, but the words of the Duchess seemed to linger among those she had left, for Player repeated more than once, "Ye towers and halls of Oxford," in a voice full of pathos and affection.

And if that city, the fairest in the world, rose before him, and its noble possessions, its magnificent foundations, and pious rules, subjects meet for angels' contemplation, stirred his soul with thoughts too strange and perhaps too indistinct for expression, Player must be forgiven.

The towers and halls of Oxford! Who that has ever lived among them, in the sentiment of joint ownership in their ancient and present glories, but loves their memory? And who of the gentler sex but said with love and wonder, when first they met their sight, in all their grandeur and their multitude—These things for us; for *our* fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, dear England, nestling in thy bosom, have these things been kept for us. That love, which is above all other love, the love of God, raised these towers and halls, youths of the land, for you; and, as far as may be, you give back love for love. Alive they are with the unbroken associations of a thousand years. Alive, for who has not felt their smile, has not heard their voice, has not clung to them for support? Who has not sought that face of unvarying love, even with tears of gladness after separation? who has not trembled before the welcome of sights and sounds, which, though new to others, are old to him, and, while the tide of human life there ebbs and flows, remains to him more like eternity than any thing he sees on earth?

The towers and halls of Oxford! The same, yet not the same. Great and pious founders, are we your children? Pillared roofs and cloistered walks, what do your echoes tell? Saints of heaven in many a canopied niche, kneeling angels, and one above them all, whom all generations shall call blessed—Mary—do thou still, in the presence of God, keep that place in remembrance, where once thou wert honoured and loved? Great and pious founders, speak. Say, Adam de Brom, are thine alms and thy prayers remembered, for others, still? Never till that day comes in which the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, never till then shall Oxford's true history be known, and its full influence felt. Never till then shall we know how, and how much, this land of ours has been influenced by the undying charities of glorified souls. If holy angels, crowned martyrs, and precious saints; if a Mary and a Magdalene pray for towers and halls, where England's best blood is flowing through her warmest hearts, then—

"Do you not take coffee, sir?" said the

lively steam-packet waiter to Player, and roused him from his reverie. He found that his friends had sent for him. When he appeared among them they were very patient with him; and if the thoughts in which we have indulged meet not wholly with your sympathy, dear reader, then do you be patient too. Those who most love our matchless Oxford call her not *perfect* now; and if we have pursued our thoughts a little too far, for the love in which we are united let it be forgiven.

CHAPTER VII.

The travellers at Rome. Lodging-hunting. Mr. Humlove is beaten in controversy. An Anglican oratory.

WILL the reader imagine the landing at Civita Vecchia; the capture of the luggage, and its recapture by the servants; the declarations, protestations, and pledges of honour and faith, amid which the transport of effects from the vessel to the "dogana" was performed; the universal cry for money, for the sake of Mary, love, and justice; and other sentiments appertaining to personal sensations of relief, from the business of unpacking and repacking, and the discovery of things prohibited, and the calculations of payment thereupon. Money could do all, and did it. And when the porters had all been paid, and the man who first saw the party, and he who first spoke to them, and the lame man, and the blind man, and the child that was knocked down by the courier, and the woman with the baby in her arms who was spoken roughly to by a *femme de chambre*,—when all had been paid and satisfied, then must be imagined the cry for horses. And, amid another scene of excitement, it so happened, after several hours' delay, that men and beasts were found sufficient for the private carriages, and a vehicle equipped for the gentlemen. And every promise of fresh horses on the road having proved false, and the promised hour of arrival in Rome having got to be more and more distant as the city itself drew near, it also came to pass that about one o'clock in the morning our travellers were safely lodged in a commodious hotel.

The very first thing which usually occupies travellers on their arrival in Rome is the choosing of lodgings; and after necessary rest, and a reunion for a short time at the Duchess's friendly breakfast-table, so it was with those in whom we are interested. They knew that they were near to and among things which, more or less, had been matters of interest to them all their lives. But there was no hurry to see any thing; only the anxiety which grows out of a long journey, and very much belongs to the English mind, to obtain a home, though but a temporary place of refuge, yet something which, for some space of time, be it long or be it short, is to be a home.

Some of the party were easily accommodated. The Duchess's arrangements had long been made. She was to go to her niece, to Adolph's beloved cousin Genevieve, now just to be parted from her husband, Count Enstick, and therefore was soon transported from the hotel to the Palazzo Galviati.

Mr. Freeman had transferred the fatigue of finding lodgings from himself, who was the chief person to be satisfied, to his sister and daughter; and during a second day of labour on their parts, he secured a suite of very commodious rooms in the hotel, feeling a sudden and overpoweringly convincing sense of the impossibility of their finding all that he had most pertinaciously insisted upon, as being, to him, among the necessities of life. When the ladies returned from their wearying occupation, they were neither of them sorry at the change, or inclined to quarrel with the accommodations; though the aunt did relieve herself, under a not very defined sense of injury, by saying something severely truthful of enormous extravagance, exorbitant charges, and unconscionable expectations, as applicable to certain persons, whom it was unnecessary to name.

The two most difficult persons to suit were Mr. Humlove and Player. Major Carminowe and Lady Emily, and Miss Westerton, had gone to apartments in the Palazzo Colocini, which had once been a very grand habitation, but which, like many such, had sunk into decay; and having reached a certain point in that descent, had, seemingly, stayed there, holding out no hope of ever being any better, and exciting no fears as to becoming any thing worse. The lodgings in the Palazzo Colocini were considered exceedingly good; and the largest, the loftiest, and the best, were possessed by our friends. But Mr. Humlove roamed up and down the bewildering city unsatisfied, and almost despairing. Before arriving in Rome, he had pleased himself with saying that, like another Paul, he should live in his own hired house; and was not a little disturbed to find this scheme impossible of fulfilment, at least impossible to him. At last, one of the servants in the hotel suggested that a woman, whose husband was a courier, then absent in England, and who herself sometimes assisted in the hotel, being English, would probably take in the disappointed gentleman and his son; and accompanied by Mr. Villars and Arthur Staurton, Mr. Humlove proceeded to the woman's house.

The rooms were all that Mr. Humlove, after such experience as his former searches had given him, dared require. Accustomed to the nicenesses and accuracies of fittings and adjustments which Sumpleberry had rather conspicuously afforded, Mr. Humlove walked about, jingling locks and shaking windows, with suppressed groans, and miserable looks. His landlady followed him, with a perfect knowledge of all that was passing in his mind,

very legibly written on her face. She placed her hands on her hips, drew up her short, plump person, threw up her neatly-coifed head, and expressed, by a little shake of the same, and by a very merry glance of her bright black eyes, that whatever her visitor might think, and however he might hesitate, that her house was the place for him; that he would get nothing better; and that in his heart he must know it; and that, in a word, *she* had taken him.

"I approve of your accommodations, viewing them in comparison with others, and will take them, if we agree as to terms." Mr. Humlove saying this, looked steadily at the woman; and his steady glance betrayed, notwithstanding its fixedness, an approving sense of her neat and respectable appearance.

"Thirty-five scudi a month," was the reply, accompanied by a glance round the room, which said plainly, 'And see how much you get for it.'—"Thirty-five, and myself to attend upon you."

"Thirty," said Mr. Humlove, emphatically.

"Thirty-five," repeated the landlady; and she fixed her piercing eyes on the inquirer, with a glance that told the whole history of her disposition; and would have conveyed to an experienced reader of character, the long list of contrarieties that made up the inward woman of that tight, trim, clean, and brilliant-looking little personage.

"It is too much," said Mr. Humlove, gravely.

"And are you not ashamed to say so?" cried the lady, in accents which told her to be from our sister island. "And ar'n't you ashamed—and how should *you* know, who have never seen any thing so creditable in creature comforts, as the place you stand in, since you entered the blessed city?"

The little figure stiffened itself as these words were poured forth in a high tone, but yet in accents that had something ringing and joyous in them; and there was more of merry exultation than anger in her eyes, and the characteristic shake of the little head had a droll audacity about it, shewing that she had no fear of losing her lodger, though her words were not of the most conciliating.

Mr. Humlove was something subdued. "Well, well," he said; "now I will take your lodgings. And I will be here to-morrow, in the afternoon; and I look to you to provide for my evening's meal."

"For you and your son, sir?" said the lady, gently: "very well, sir, I shall try to satisfy you."

"And now, my good woman," said Mr. Humlove, holding up his finger to command attention, and stepping back to display his attitude with effect, "Now, my good woman"—the tone and manner called up all the archness into the landlady's countenance of which it was capable—"Now, my friend, I hope you are a good Christian?"

"And do you think that I was never learned to serve the God who made me?" exclaimed the little woman, while the black eyes fiercely demanded an answer to her words.

"I mean," said Mr. Humlove, still solemnly, and glancing towards Mr. Villars and Arthur, as if he required the fact of their presence to sustain his courage—"I mean to ask, if you are a Roman Catholic?"

"A Roman!" almost screamed the lady. "And what do you mean by misnaming me as a Roman?—me, who have the best blood of my country in my veins. Do you want to be told that the best blood of my country is the best of the world; and that it's a demeaning to allow myself to be called by any spot of earth in all the blessed Catholic world but my own?"

"Woman, woman, why do you misunderstand me?" exclaimed the outraged Humlove, with a strong attempt at severity. "I ask you again, Are you a Catholic?"

The flashing eyes suddenly adopted a gentle subdued expression; and the good lady, folding her arms, and suffering her figure to relax itself into a less rigid outline, said quietly enough: "And d'ye think that my good Father O'Leary did not know his duty well enough to make me a Christian, as soon as I was born?"

"Now, Mrs. O'Leary," began Mr. Humlove, in an expostulating tone—but not a syllable more could he say; the words were, as it were, torn from his lips, and repeated in a tone and with a manner which, but for the good temper and merriment which could not be wholly subdued, would have become a fury.

"O'Leary! O'Leary did you call me? And can't you do any better than blaspheme an honest woman, who never harmed you, in her own house, by calling her out of her proper name?"

"My dear madam," cried Mr. Humlove, "I thought you spoke of your father by that name."

"And if I did, which I didn't," replied the landlady, scarcely at all subdued by the improved manner of her lodger—"which I didn't, I say—what's that name to me, or any other, that isn't my husband's—send a blessing on him—to whom I have been a wife these eighteen years? My name is Bellomi, and mind it."

"Well, Mrs. Bellomi," said Humlove, fairly beaten out of his spirit of catechising. "I shall be here to-morrow, as I said; and being a minister of the Word"—Mrs. Bellomi nodded—"I have responsibilities to fulfil, which I must be allowed to wish you were more clearly in a position to benefit by." Mrs. Bellomi nodded again; the spirit of fun was chasing the fiercer expression from her face, and her dimpling cheek, pouting mouth, and sparkling glances, were eloquent of the change. "As a minister of the Word,—you know what I mean?"

"I have known a many such, true and false," simpered the lady, looking down, and playing with the corner of her apron; "a many, in my time, sir."

The severe look was gathering on the minister's brow, and he said, in portentously solemn tones; "I shall have prayers and exposition at half-past eight each evening, an advantage not often offered in this city, and I hereby bid you to them."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Bellomi, in gentle accents, still holding down her head, and the tears almost bursting from her eyes from suppressed laughter—"I am sure, sir, that I am much beholden to you, and thank your courtesy, sir; and—" here the apron was dropped, and the face raised, sparkling with humour and an interior intense enjoyment, "and—and beg, sir, to pass you the same compliment to my own night-prayers at nine."

Mrs. Bellomi did not laugh aloud, but every feature laughed silently, and with a most provokingly audacious liveliness. Her gaze—the merriest, sauciest gaze that ever was met—was on Mr. Humlove's face, and never lessened its saucy merriment one atom, notwithstanding the cloud that gathered there. For one moment Arthur Staurton felt that the question of the lodgings was likely to be subjected to a re-arrangement, and to the landlady's disadvantage; but no—had she appeared alarmed, or repentant, or exhibited the slightest symptom of misgiving, her antagonist would have gained courage; but she never wavered—intrepid, self-possessed, firmly keeping her ground as mistress of the house, and not attempting to suppress the smile which spoke so plainly, she still kept her regards fixed on Mr. Humlove; and when his glance fell before hers, and a slight confusion took place of the vexation which he had exhibited, she looked kind, forgiving, and good-tempered; so Mr. Humlove, in his own defence, returned to the subject of household arrangements, and left the room, silenced, vanquished, and a captive.

Mr. Humlove, as he passed out of the room, beheld a small crucifix hanging on the wall. He took it down, and giving it to his landlady, said: "As a circumstance of religion, this is objectionable to me."

"Your occupation begins from this hour," replied Mrs. Bellomi, taking the crucifix, "and you have the power of putting things as you please."

Pleased by such instant submission to his will, Mr. Humlove observed: "Had it been simply a mere ornamental cross, I should not have discarded it, out of respect to your feelings. But knowing that that figure is something more than an ornament, I cannot permit it to remain; it savours to me of idolatry."

"And to me it savours a good deal more of idolatry to prefer the cross," said Mrs. Bellomi, carelessly. "What would the cross have been, if it hadn't been a crucifix? Surely the

crucifix means the most; and that savours strongest of idolatry which loves that best that means the least."

Mr. Humlove made no answer; so Mrs. Bellomi continued: "And as to this figure, as you are pleased to call it, it was a sore unbelief that we shewed the reality; and it's a something of the same nature, in my poor judgment, that would hide the representation of it."

With this, the farewells were made. A little preliminary contest, such as they had just witnessed, appeared to Mr. Villars and his nephew as no bad commencement of the relations which were now to exist between Mrs. Bellomi and Mr. Humlove. Such a trial of strength might be a good preparation for future friendliness; and with such peaceful hopes the party separated, and Mr. Villars and Arthur proceeded to Player's lodgings in the Corso.

Though five days had elapsed since their arrival, they had not yet seen Player's domicile, owing to a little coquetting on the part of that gentleman, who wished to be properly prepared for the introduction to which they were now admitted. The apartments were at the top of the house. Having mounted these, and passed through the usual anterooms, a large and cheerful sitting-room was entered, through the open windows of which the sun was shining, as though it had been a spring day. The walls were coloured a brilliant blue, and the tinted ceiling displayed a well-painted wreath of flowers in the centre, and large graceful bouquets in the corners. There was a Brussels carpet, and a sufficiency of very respectable furniture. Through this choice apartment was the bedroom. Player had made some additions to the furniture of the sitting-room, and these he now pointed out to his guests.

There was a screen in the most retired corner, which separated a small part from the remainder of the room. It was not a high screen to interfere with the proportions of the room, but only of a sufficient height to answer the purpose intended, which was that of giving some sort of privacy to the religious arrangements beyond it. These were a sort of faldstool, on the desk of which lay the book which had been observed on the journey, with the antique binding and silver clasps, and which now appeared to be a Breviary. On a small table in the corner were writing materials; and, standing at the back of this table, against the wall, was a high black cross. At the foot of this cross, laid on a damask napkin, was a human skull; on one side stood a palm-branch, and on the other a tall stem of the white lily, both very beautifully made; and these, bending towards each other, mingled their branches above the cross.

The covering of the table was scarlet cloth; and, in the centre of the part that hung down in front, a cross was embroidered in yellow silk.

The cushion at the fald-stool was also embroidered in this manner.

"I have made things as ecclesiastical as circumstances at present permit," said Player. "I hope to do a little more so by-and-bye. I do not think that we ought to leave our priestly character so entirely without its emblems, as too many of us do. I think that these little arrangements have not been without their effects in this house already. But I must not

forget the hour," he continued, looking at his watch; "and I know that neither of you will think me inhospitable; but really, I believe I must now go to the Benediction. Are you coming?"

Arthur and Mr. Villars said that they were not going; and, in a few minutes afterwards, they left the house together.

[To be continued.]

ROMAN AFFAIRS: THE NEW MINISTRY.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Rome, October 14, 1848.

I HAD scarcely despatched my last letter, in which I spoke of the reported resignation of Fabbri's Ministry, and of its real stability, when it was formally announced that they had indeed resigned, and that their successors were already appointed. This resignation, however (which took most people completely by surprise), does not appear to have arisen from any of those motives which the Radical party had been suggesting day after day with unceasing perseverance as long as he remained in office, but rather to have been a private arrangement between Fabbri and his successor. There has been a change of men, rather than of measures; and those who were opposed to Count Fabbri are still more opposed to Pellegrino Rossi.

Count Fabbri seems to have had a very sincere desire to set things straight, at least to restore something of public order and tranquillity, and to a certain extent he undoubtedly succeeded; he took the reins of government at a time when, as the Pope himself said of them six or seven months ago, they were literally "trailing in the mud;" and when four months of Mamiani's intriguing had (by means of the clubs, of which he had been a very active member) wrought most fatal mischief in Bologna, and all the larger cities. And if Fabbri's remedial measures have not been so prompt and vigorous as they might have been, this is to be attributed perhaps partly to the caution or timidity of old age, partly to the irregular and uncertain mode of action which is so common a result of inexperience.

There can be no doubt but that Rossi brings both far higher natural abilities, and also the wisdom of a long experience, to the post which Fabbri has vacated; and, as far as we can yet judge, there seems no reason to fear that he does not bring an equally good will. Neither his early education nor his subsequent connexions are such as to make one very hopeful about his taking a right view of any religious question; and a Professor from Geneva is not the man whom one would willingly

have selected to be Prime Minister to the head of the Catholic world. At the same time, here in Rome, he has less power perhaps to do real injury to the interests of religion than he would have as Prime Minister in any other country; and in these critical times most good men are very well contented here, I think, to see an able pilot at the helm, without inquiring too minutely into his creed. Security of life and property, liberty of speech and action, and the even administration of justice,—these are blessings to which the inhabitants of the Pontifical States have been strangers of late, and they gladly welcome the prospect of enjoying them again under *any* rule. You may judge of our present condition in this respect from the fact, that the friends of the man who attempted Father Hearne's life, two or three months ago, have not hesitated to send several threatening letters to the Judges, denouncing vengeance against them if they dare to condemn him.

This change of Ministry is a fatal blow to those too sanguine friends of the Jesuits who prognosticated their immediate re-establishment in Rome, *i. e.* previous to the opening of the schools at the beginning of November. For it was Rossi who was employed by the French Government to negotiate with the Holy See for the suppression of the society in that country, and every one knows how successfully he fulfilled his mission. It is true, that, by a strange metamorphose, now that the company is expelled from Italy, it is seen gathering together its forces more freely than ever in the very midst of the French people. However, this is no fault of Rossi's, since republican France has not chosen to avail herself of his services as ambassador at the Court of Rome; but, at any rate, having once expelled the Jesuits from one country, he is not likely to facilitate their return into another. And this, one would think, ought to go a great way towards conciliating the feelings of the Radicals in his behalf; instead of which, they are most fierce and bitter against his appointment. They say, that as

Guizot was the creature of Louis Philippe, and Rossi the *protégé* of Guizot, Rossi must be attached to the political sentiments and the corrupt practices of the late French government, and, as such, opposed to the whole "movement" in Italy. But this, I believe, is very far from being the case; and certainly it was only the other day that Gioberti was proclaiming his praises to "the honest and independent electors" of Carrara, "as a fit and proper person to represent their ancient borough" in the new Tuscan Parliament. Another cause of their dissatisfaction with him is, that he has taken office under Cardinal Soglia, as Secretary of State, and with another Cardinal (Vizzardelli) as one of his colleagues. Soglia was in office with Fabbri, but Vizzardelli's is a new appointment, and the revolutionary party had set their hearts upon seeing his post (that of Minister of Public Instruction) occupied by a layman: during Fabbri's Ministry it was not occupied at all.

If we may judge from the outcry made by the Radical journals, the new Ministry ought to do great things, and I hope their fears may be realised; but as yet they have not done very much. They have reversed the decree of their predecessors which forbade the exportation of specie and precious metals under any form, and are said to be negotiating a loan, which is to supply the place of the *Boni del Tesoro* now in circulation; if they succeed in this attempt, and can really substitute silver for this troublesome paper-money, it will be a great boon to all classes. They have also declared their determination to restrain the license of the press, which of late has passed all bounds, not only in the newspapers, but also in caricatures, and every other kind of publication. Their public acts have not gone beyond this as yet; but rumour attributes a design to Rossi, which, if carried into execution, will be a great step towards the re-establishment of peace and public order; it is said that he intends to institute a reform of the Guardia Civica, to weed their ranks of the disaffected and turbulent, and to make certain regulations about their *réunions*, which shall prevent their taking it upon themselves to represent "the Roman people," as they did in the beginning of May; in a word, that he will remodel the whole body. But if he wishes in good earnest to stay the plague of revolutionary principles throughout the States, his measures must go deeper than this, and he must do something for the suppression or reformation of the clubs and secret societies. You will have already seen in the papers, that there is to be a grand meeting of deputies from these various *circoli* in Turin, on the 19th inst., and Sterbini is gone as the representative of Rome! That he is a fair representative of the Circolo Popolare, which elected him, may be very true; but the no-

tion that he is therefore a fair representative of the Roman people is too absurd. Yet both his own journal (the *Cotemporaneo*) and the *Epoca* gravely write as if he were the chosen champion of the rights of the Roman people, duly elected by universal suffrage, not to say by acclamation: I suspect the good people of Rome would be only too happy if he could find some permanent occupation in Turin, or any where else beyond the limits of the Pope's dominions. The same may be said of Mamiani, who was reported to have gone as Sterbini's colleague; but I am afraid this news is not true. Prince Canino is gone; but whether to Turin or elsewhere seems doubtful. He was a personal friend of Rossi's, and it is commonly believed that Rossi has requested him to retire from the capital. This request was repeated three times (so goes the story), and the last time it was accompanied by so significant a hint, that the Prince got his passport and departed immediately.

Within the last few weeks a very important paper has fallen into the hands of the Government, and it has been printed by them, and as extensively circulated as any thing of that kind can be circulated, to which the ordinary journals do not choose to give publicity. It is no less than the paper of instructions drawn up by Mazzini, and by him and his agents distributed to all the co-operators in their plan of social reform. How the Government got possession of the document does not appear; but the particular copy which they have is said to have been given to two "*emissarii riformisti*" at Lausanne, in October 1846, who went from thence to Chambéry, and were in Turin on the 1st of November in that year; and I believe there is no doubt whatever of its authenticity. The paper begins by saying, that in large countries the regeneration of the people is to be effected by means of the people themselves, but in Italy it is to be done by means of the princes: "the Pope will advance in the way of reforms upon principle, and because he cannot help it; the King of Sardinia, from an idea that he will get the crown of Italy; the Grand Duke of Tuscany from inclination and a love of imitation; the King of Naples, by force; and the lesser princes will have something else to think of besides reforms." Presently it continues, "Take advantage of the very smallest concession to bring together crowds of people, as if it were only to testify your gratitude; have continual *feste*, singing, *réunions*, and assemblies of persons of every shade of opinion; these will give birth to ideas, and cause the people to feel their power, and forward to use it." Amongst other profound remarks are the following; that they must secure the co-operation of some *grandi signori*, or else the cause is hopeless; that these may be caught by the snare of vanity to act against their own in-

terests, and the interests of their class; that the clergy are to be bribed by a promise of liberty, not attacked either in their purses or in their creed, but won by fair promises; that the army must be thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea that they have nothing to do with the internal politics of a country, but only to defend it against foreign aggression; that the people must have incessantly dinned into their ears the words "progress, liberty, rights of man, fraternity, and equality," and must hear frequent denunciations of despotism, tyranny, exclusive privileges, and slavery; that the power of the clergy is personified in the Jesuits, and that they must avail themselves of the odium which attaches to that name, for this will be a powerful engine on their side; that every thing depends upon union, and private associations; that the secret purpose of these societies will ooze out occasionally, but so much the better; the fact that they have a secret will suffice to keep the members quiet and united; the fact that that secret is, to a certain extent, divulged, will avail to frighten those who would wish to stand still, or even to withstand the cause of progress. The document is certainly not deficient in talent, and its author shews a considerable knowledge of human nature, at least of Italian human nature; but there is little or no attempt to conceal the *infidelity* which lies

hid under the outward shew of a merely political movement. It expressly directs that "the end of the great revolution" shall be carefully concealed from any rich and noble persons who may be entrapped into taking part in the measures by which it is to be forwarded; but that end is declared to be, the downfall of the present social edifice, and the ruin of those who compose it, viz. kings, lords, rich persons, and priests; in a word, they wish to establish that true fraternity which "a great philosopher, called Christ (such is the blasphemous language of the paper before me) preached to the world 2000 years ago, but which has never yet been realised." "The clergy (it continues) preach only half the truth; they preach fraternity, which they call charity, but they do not preach equality." The writer of this programme insists especially upon the necessity of *union* among all the Italian people, and says this is a necessary condition of their success. I hope it may be so, for there seems to be but little chance of union. I observe some of the Radical papers are very jealous already of the meeting of the deputies from the several clubs being fixed for Turin, and make an outcry against Gioberti being at the head of it: they say it is a mere selfish affair, for the aggrandisement of a particular country at the expense of the others.

STANZAS

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE REV. DR. GENTILI.

"Quomodo cecidit potens."—1 *Maccab.* ix. 20.

WAIL for the mighty dead!
 A Saint has left the land:
 Around him softly tread,—
 For o'er his fallen head
 Angels, with plumes outspread,
 Expectant stand;—
 To bear him upwards to his home,
 Where sin and sorrow cannot come!

Quench'd is his eye of fire,
 Cold is his lip of love:
 Yet in a world far higher,
 Within the heavenly quire,
 Soul, sense, and all, conspire
 In praise above:—
 Why wish him back from yonder shores?
 'Tis nature weeps,—but faith adores!

Preacher of Christ, thy crown
 Upon the Cross was hung:
 Fearless of human frown,
 Lost to this world's renown,
 No scorn could mock thee down,
 Or chain thy tongue,—
 Whose words of power were aim'd to save,
 And heal with Blood the wounds they gave!

That Blood was all thy plea,
 To cleanse from every stain;

There should the sinner flee
 To be from sin set free,—
 And pointing to the Tree
 Whereon was slain
 That Sacrifice which bore our load,
 Thou cried'st,—"*Behold the Lamb of God!*"

Go to thy grave in glory,
 For thou hast won thy rest:
 The young, the gay, the hoary,
 Who heard thy gospel story,
 Now scatter garlands o'er thee,
 And smite their breast:
 No sigh can say,—no tears can tell
 That love, which might have lov'd too well.

So on the tented field,
 Some silvery trumpet, blown,
 From rank to rank hath peal'd,
 Then ceas'd its sound to yield;—
 For, falling on his shield,
 The soul hath flown
 Of the brave warrior, slain at length,
 Who blew that blast in Heaven's own
 strength!



REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

M. B.

Reviews.

THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN ON BIBLICAL HISTORY.

Egypt's place in Universal History: an Historical Investigation in five Books. By Christian C. J. Bunsen, D. Ph. and D.C.L. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cottrell, Esq. M.A. Vol. I. London, Longmans.

THIS volume reminds us of one of those fragmentary blocks of an Egyptian monument, sawn up into pieces for importation, the mutilated inscription of which awaits the arrival of its kindred part, in order to be deciphered. It is but the initial hieroglyphic, the first stroke of the great sign which is to stand for something, which only the completed sentence can make intelligible. Viewed as an instalment of the great work, of which it forms so inconsiderable and elementary a part, the volume before us may be taken as a specimen of the bulk and weight of what is to follow, but can hardly be called an introduction to the subject of which it treats. The reader will look in vain for any solution of the great problem which the work proposes, or any intimation as to whither the inquiry tends, or of any general theory on which the result is based.

No doubt, on M. Bunsen's plan, it is indispensable to the elucidation, as well as to the right understanding, of the view which he seeks to establish, that a minute detailed examination should be instituted into all the sources of information from which our knowledge of Egyptian history is obtained, and a study of the monumental characters diligently prosecuted, according to the course he has laid down. But we think that it was a mistake to make this portion of the work a separate publication, and so to give it an appearance of completeness, which, in itself, it does not possess. It is disappointing to the general reader, and in nowise satisfies the description of the work given in the title-page, or corresponds with the claim which it professes to have on the attention of the literary and scientific world. We expect to be introduced into at least the vestibule of a great historical and philosophical structure, and find ourselves treading our way through the materials, not indeed unhewn or unarranged, yet uncombined, of which it is hereafter to be composed. In short, instead of an "Historical Investigation," in however rudimental and imperfect a form, we have rather a "Complete Egyptian Grammar and Dictionary," and a collection of authorities, out of which the future system (whatever it be) is to be erected.

Valuable, then, as is such an addition to the philological student's library, and large as is

the amount of information and learned criticism—the result necessarily of long and persevering research—contained in this volume, the general (we do not mean the unlearned) reader, who lives for the most part on the labours of the more hard-working and erudite of his species, and cares rather for the data on which important conclusions rest, and for those conclusions themselves, than for the sources from which they come, and the means employed in ascertaining them; who loves, indeed, to follow the course of investigation, and the process by which a result is reasoned out, but to whom etymological inquiries and comparisons of documentary and other remains are a tedious and uninteresting study, will hardly feel himself recompensed for the dry technical labour exacted from him in this volume, by the small amount of actual producible knowledge he is able to draw from it, and the very scanty intimation afforded him, as to what is to be the ultimatum to which such a mass of learning is intended to conduct. With a different arrangement in the matter of publication, or by a more complete separation of subject, the work might have been so presented to the English public, as to have satisfied the expectations and suited the tastes of the many, without rendering the work less valuable in itself, or less adapted to the wants of the learned few.

Such being the nature of the volume before us, it is plain that we cannot give our readers much account of the spirit in which it is written, or the principles on which the inquiry is conducted; and much less of the bearing which the work is intended, or calculated, to have on the vexed question of the comparative antiquity of the Egyptian nation, or on the received interpretations of the Sacred Records. The volume really supplies no direct data to proceed upon. It is not easy to discover what is the amount of authority which the learned writer ascribes to the actual statements of the Bible, or what, in his opinion, his conclusions amount to in their regard. We are inclined to believe that, in point of fact, he considers a literal accordance with the declarations of Holy Writ of so little moment, as not to feel the importance of satisfying his readers on that head, or indeed of drawing their attention to the fact of agreement or non-agreement, except as the question naturally connects itself with each separate inquiry in detail. Judging, however, from the few scattered intimations which this portion of the work contains, we fear that it is but too plain that M. Bunsen regards the

text of the Scriptures as on a level with that of any uninspired writings, where matters relating to science, history, chronology, &c. are concerned, which have nothing to do with the staple of revelation, or with spiritual and divine truth. As we have said, the present volume contains no positive historical statements, from which we can judge whether, or how far, the facts and details of Scripture are to be disregarded; but it announces one or two principles of no equivocal character, which involve nothing less than an abandonment of the Scriptural records as data of historical truth.

"It will still remain," says M. Bunsen, "our safest method, starting from the assumption that the centre of revelation is of an historical character, to admit as established the truth of all facts in the civil history of the Jews, however remotely they may be connected with revealed religious truths, until the contrary has been demonstrated."

Further on, he characterises the Bible as the product of "tradition" and "criticism;" and says, that "it is the business of historical inquiry to see whether any thing—and if so, what—has been transmitted to us." "The assumption that it entered into the scheme of Divine Providence, either to preserve for us a chronology of the Jews and their forefathers by real tradition, or to provide the later commentators with magic powers, in respect to the most exoteric element of history," he deems "idle and preposterous."

It is plain that, starting with such a principle, M. Bunsen would not scruple to put forward historical statements directly at variance, not only with the general acceptance of the words of the sacred narrative, not only with their apparent import, but with what he himself would acknowledge to be their signification and intention. Divine authority it has none in his eyes; its express declarations are to bend to his theories, whenever they come into collision the one with the other; it has only thus much in its favour, that it has an existence anterior to his researches; it has an important documentary value, that is all. Did we not know from other sources what is the practical result, in M. Bunsen's case, of the assertion of such a principle, we should be certain what it must be. But, unhappily, we are not left to mere inferences. Already have we heard the note of triumph from more than one infidel, who feels the importance of the admission of such a principle of dealing with the Sacred Books, and of gaining to the side of unbelief so learned and respectable a writer. We fear that it is no mere speculation on the part of apprehensive believers, as to the tendency and consequence of M. Bunsen's theory, but that, as the work proceeds, he does avowedly set aside the inspired text in some most important particulars. It is no question, be it observed, of different readings,

or of the meaning of ambiguous forms of expression; M. Bunsen does not rely upon any system of interpretation different from the ordinary; he does not bring his knowledge of the Oriental languages to the elucidation of the Hebrew text, and Hebrew modes of computation, in order to reconcile his theories or his facts with the account given by the inspired historian; he declares he takes that account for true, "until the contrary has been demonstrated;" he pays the sacred writer the compliment of supposing his statements authentic, so long as it is unnecessary for his theories to take them otherwise.

Whether M. Bunsen be right in his conclusions, whatever they may be, is not the question; what we protest against is his estimate of the authority of the sacred records. It is one thing to substitute a different reading in the text, or to set aside its received interpretation;—there is nothing wrong here in point of principle, and every such reversion of established notions must be judged by its own merits;—it is another thing to go against the acknowledged meaning of that text, and declare the express statements of Scripture to be false and unworthy of credit. We cannot see how the authority of the sacred narrative can be upheld at all, if it be allowable to disregard and reject it in any case, as being historically untrue. The inconsistency of such a view is equalled only by the infatuation which enables a man with one hand to labour to maintain the whole structure of divine revelation, and with the other to strive to wrest away one of the very foundations on which it reposes. If the Scriptures be indeed inspired records, their *meaning* must be true in every particular, however difficult it may be to ascertain it in any given case, and however dissimilar the terms in which that meaning is conveyed may be to those which would appear the more obvious or the more accurate, according to modern notions.

M. Bunsen seeks to justify his mode of dealing with the statements of Scripture by reference to the case of Galileo, who, he says, it must never be forgotten, was thrown into prison by "an historical assumption, a preconceived view, on the part of the interpreters of the Old Testament." But the parallel he would institute does not hold. M. Bunsen, as we have seen, seeks not to reverse a received interpretation of the Old Testament, but to subvert its credit and authority as an historical document. It is not a particular interpretation, nor a general system of interpretation, which we reprobate in M. Bunsen, but the broad unmistakeable principle which he avows, that of treating the sacred narrative like any other ancient record, as far as history and other subjects of human knowledge and inquiry are concerned.

Neither can the subject-matter of history

be paralleled with that of the physical sciences, even allowing the justice of the view, that as Scripture was not intended to teach us astronomy and geology, it adopts conventional and unscientific, and therefore inaccurate, language, adapted to the notions of the time and the order of ideas then prevalent in the world, in which the writer himself would necessarily share, but which would in no wise derogate from the fact of his being the organ of inspiration. For, in the first place, an ordinary historical statement is expressed in simple, direct, and unphilosophical language, conveying its own indubitable meaning, which, when once the terms are rightly understood, is to be taken literally and absolutely; and, in the second place, Scripture *does* profess to teach history, or rather it is a professedly historical record, not only of God's moral dealings with men, but of actual events in the order of their occurrence. Its statements are positive, and must be taken as they are, and in their true meaning and intention, if their authenticity is to be maintained at all.

But while we are most jealous in maintaining the inviolability of the literal text of Scripture, we are ready to accept any historical data, however widely opposed to commonly-received opinions, provided such data are reconcilable with the actual letter of the sacred narrative. All the great facts of Scripture history the Church has definitively ruled, but she has not fixed or authorised any particular historical or chronological view irrespective of them; and therefore in the simple matter of dates, so far as it does not trench upon any ruled doctrine, or contradict any express assertion of those divine books of which she is the guardian and interpreter, she allows the freest possible scope to the speculations of her children. And far from entertaining any apprehension lest the prosecution of historical or antiquarian inquiry should issue in results detrimental to the authority of the inspired writings, we look forward with confidence to the time when all such investigations, with whatever intention pursued, will terminate in the more signal triumph of revelation, and the more complete establishment of the wonderful accuracy of every jot and tittle of the sacred record, even on matters the most foreign from those which were consciously, even by implication, in the writer's mind. Such has been the result, in the most remarkable manner, of the inquiries lately instituted, and still going forward, with respect to the ancient monuments of Nineveh, India, Mexico, &c.; and such will ever be the result of all real advances in this as of every other branch of human knowledge.

We readily join M. Bunsen in protesting against any dogmatising on such subjects as that of which his volumes treat, in reference to the text of Scripture. We are able to do

so on other and higher ground than that which he is content to occupy. Neither are we disposed to quarrel with his assertion, that "chronology is not a matter of revelation." We think there is a sense in which such an assertion is perfectly just. We would speak with all diffidence on such a subject, but it appears to us that the Bible supplies us with no positive data whereby we can judge with certainty of the actual age of the world, of the length of time that elapsed between the Creation and the Deluge, or between the Deluge and the Exodus. We believe that neither the Hebrew, the Samaritan, or the Septuagint computations supply us with the elements of a *chronology*, strictly so called. What Moses gives us is a *genealogy*, and the only period he precisely defines is that which elapsed between the calling of Abraham and the deliverance of Israel from Egypt, the giving of the promise and its fulfilment.

The genealogy of Abraham does, indeed, at first sight, appear to stand in the way of this conjecture; inasmuch as he dates expressly from the Deluge, and not only gives the number of the years of the life of each patriarch he mentions, but specifies the age at which he had male issue, and the period he lived after that event. But, in the first place, it must be observed, that he does not add up the sum total of the years enumerated, and fix the duration of time between the Deluge and the birth of Abraham; as if the one prominent idea in his mind was, to give the genealogical line from which the favoured people descended, and out of which the promised Redeemer was to come. And, in the second place, it seems even more important to observe, that it by no means appears that every individual in the line is mentioned, or is intended to be mentioned. The name of Cainan, for instance, which is given by St. Luke (who followed the Septuagint) in the genealogy of our Lord, is not to be found in the Hebrew text; and if one link in the chain can be thus omitted, without falsifying the terms employed by the sacred historian, others may be so also; and when it is said that Arphaxad "lived five-and-thirty years, and begot Sale," it may be but a conventional way of saying that he became at that time one of the progenitors of Abraham, in the line marked out by the historian. We know so little of the technical usages of the time and people, and of the intentions of the inspired penman, that it is impossible to obtain any thing like chronological precision; and Scripture, although an historical record, has this peculiarity, that it relates no facts which have not more or less of reference to the one subject for the sake of which they are recorded; so that it is at times most minute, and at others not only brief, but silent. In the genealogy of Christ given by St. Mat-

thew, several degrees, of which the Old Testament informs us, are omitted, as it would appear in order to preserve the mystical number of fourteen generations, three times repeated; and yet no intimation is given of this omission; and the term "begot" is nevertheless employed—although the individual that follows is not the son, but the descendant, by one or two degrees, of the preceding. Had these genealogies contained, like that of Abraham, the date of the birth of each person mentioned, it is evident that any one who sought to frame out of them a consistent chronology would have been sadly at fault in his calculations. It is worthy also of remark, that the numbers of generations given by Moses after the Deluge, exactly coincides with that of the antediluvian patriarchs, viz. ten in each.

In confirmation of the preceding view, it is of importance to notice, that one memorable event, the building of the Temple, the date of which King Solomon seems to have wished to fix with precision, is reckoned, not from the Deluge, but from the Exodus; which also implies the absence of all idea of forming any continuous chronological computation.

On the whole, then, we are disposed to believe that we have no grounds on which we can obtain an accurate result, by adding together numbers which Moses did not add together, and making a sum total which he did not make. What the sacred historian seems to have intended to record, were the great primary facts in the history of the human race, which had a bearing upon its future destinies, and all that was naturally connected with the fortunes of the chosen people, and the promise of the great Deliverer. The character of these facts, and their moral and philosophical aspect, have nothing to do with the dates of their occurrence; and even twenty centuries, more or less, in nowise affect their consequences or their importance. We believe that chronology is a comparatively modern idea. The Jews, till of recent date, had not entertained it; as appears from the discrepancy between the calculations of later rabbi and the statements of Josephus, who would never have ventured to disregard them, had they had any traditional authority. We need not say that the New Testament throws no light upon the chronology of history; it was not till Christian erudition sought to turn to account the ancient Hebrew annals, that at-

tempts were made to derive from them the date of the Deluge and of the Creation of the world, and to erect theories of computation; which, being as contradictory with each other as they were irrelevant to the intention of the inspired historians, tended rather to derogate from the authority of the sacred text, by committing it to false and mutually irreconcilable conclusions.

We have entered thus somewhat at length into this subject, not as assigning, but rather as indicating, the mode of silencing the cavils of modern sceptics;* who, ever on the alert to discover some new mode of assault, are beginning to congratulate themselves on the results of recent investigations among the monuments of Egypt, under the idea that if (as they infer the supposed antiquity of the Egyptian dynasties demonstrates) the world turns out to be older than it has commonly been believed to be, the authenticity of the Scriptures is impugned, and their divine authority destroyed. In the present state of the inquiry, and with the acknowledgments, which the most able as well as the most reckless savans make, of the little actual progress as yet achieved (great as it is compared with past times) in deciphering the ancient monuments, and the uncertainty of the results hitherto obtained, it is of slight importance what this or that learned person may think he has discovered. Whenever Egypt discloses its true history, we are sure it will be to the triumph of the Mosaic record; and meanwhile, although protesting against the principles on which M. Bunsen proceeds in accomplishing his task, we sincerely wish him both leisure and materials wherewith to prosecute his search; for we believe him to be animated with a genuine love of scientific truth, and eminently qualified by genius and acquirements for the immensely laborious work he has undertaken.

* Miss Martineau to wit, whose recent work we reviewed in our 22d and 23d Nos. It never seems to have occurred to this lady, whose object it is to represent Moses as learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, that, among other sources of knowledge, he must have possessed these very monuments, out of which it is now attempted to invalidate his authority as an historian; and that he would not therefore have committed an error which would have been comparatively so easy of detection, and have thrown suspicion upon his narrative. To give due weight to this circumstance would be but to deal as fairly and reasonably by Moses, as she does by Herodotus and Manetho.

SPANISH ART.

Annals of the Artists of Spain. By William Stirling, M.A. London, Ollivier.

EVERY writer who aids in opening the eyes of Englishmen to the true state of Spain in other days, does good service to the cause of both

history and religion. Gloriously ignorant as we islanders are of every thing that relates to other nations; and content as the popular mind has shewn itself with the silliest and most superficial generalisations of travellers, who have

undertaken to philosophise upon the inner life of whole kingdoms, from some half-dozen facts gleaned in shops, hotels, and custom-houses; in no one instance have we more flagrantly displayed our folly than in our lucubrations upon the morals, the habits, and the intellect of the discoverers of the new world. To the average Englishman, Pizarro and the Inquisition appear to be the types of every thing Spanish. The whole life and character of princes and people, priesthood and laity, mankind and womankind, is supposed to be capable of classification under one of the four heads, cruelty, licentiousness, pride, and superstition. Brigands, bull-fights, brunettes, and *autos-da-fé*, present themselves in visionary horror to the imagination of the sober father of a family, when some eccentric individual attempts the Quixotic task of persuading him that, after all, the Spaniards of past days were neither fools nor villains.

Mr. Stirling, therefore, has done good service to the general cause of historic truth in publishing these three handsome volumes on the Artists of the Peninsula. Faulty as his book is in one respect, and though he is scarcely equal to the highest form of criticism upon art, the result of his labours is on the whole most valuable, and he has produced one of the most complete contributions to the literature of the fine arts which our language, as yet, possesses. Laborious in study, thoroughly familiar with his subject, and agreeable in his style of writing, he may fairly claim a place among the best biographico-historians of the day. His volumes also are sent out from the press with every appliance of typography, illustration, and binding, and are altogether refreshing both to the eye and the mind, in a year almost without parallel in its literary barrenness.

The one great blot in the Annals is its unhappy flippancy when touching upon matters of religion. Mr. Stirling is as ignorant of the real character of the religious ideas which animated the Spanish painters, as he is well acquainted with the material productions of their hands. He is no more competent to enter into a really philosophical criticism of what may be termed the legendary art of Spain, than if he were a mere vulgar John Bull, whose whole knowledge of Christian art was derived from the lion and the unicorn, which constitute the sculpture of London churches, and tempt the worthy citizen to the enormities of "image worship." He has no trustworthy test to enable him to separate the true from the false, the genuine from the exaggerated, the morbidly scrupulous from the devoutly pure. He never saw into the heart of the Spanish character and the Spanish faith; and therefore he blunders with an equal amount of superficiality and irreverence, when he would sit in judgment upon those national peculiarities of sculpture and painting which come not within the canons of the commonplace academic standard

of perfection. Hence there is much that is mistaken, much that is disagreeable, and some little that is disgusting, in his reflections and witticisms, which interferes grievously with the general effect of a work in other respects so able and satisfactory. And this is the more to be lamented, as, in certain passages, Mr. Stirling seems to estimate the characteristics of the religion of Spain at a truer value, and to do justice to the morals and devotion of a people who are identified in the popular English creed with every thing that is hypocritical and debasing to the soul.

The one great peculiarity of the Spanish painters is their general strict unswerving purity of sentiment. Exceptions there of course are; but, as a rule, they stand contrasted with the great artists of all other countries in their refusal to prostitute their noble gift to the purposes of sensuality and grossness, or even to adopt such a style of painting as, though innocent in itself, might minister to the more lax and unrestrained pleasures of the devotees of the world. In Spain, the religious spirit which characterised the works of the early Italians before the technical perfection of their art was consummated, is found reigning with undisputed sway in the age when the pictorial skill of her painters was at the highest, and she produced men to rival the greatest masters of the golden days of Italian art.

"Spanish art (says Mr. Stirling), like Spanish nature, is in the highest degree national and peculiar. Its three principal schools of painting differ in style from each other, but they all agree in the great features which distinguish them from the other schools of Europe. The same deeply religious tone is common to all. In Spain alone can painting be said to have drawn all its inspiration from Christian fountains, and, like the architecture of the middle ages, to be an exponent of a people's faith. Its first professors, indeed, acquired their skill by the study of Italian models, and by communion with Italian minds. But the skill which at Florence and Venice would have been chiefly employed to adorn palace-halls with the adventures of pious *Æneas*, or ladies' bowers with passages from the 'Art of Love,' at Toledo, Seville, and Valencia, was usually dedicated to the service of God and the Church. Spanish painters are very rarely to be found in the regions of history or classical mythology. Sion hill delights them more than the Aonian mount, and Siloa's brook than ancient Tiber or the laurel-shaded Orontes. Their pastoral scenes are laid, not in the vales of Arcady, but in the fields of Judea, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers of Boaz, and where Bethlehem shepherds watched their flocks on the night of the Nativity. In their landscapes it is a musing hermit, or perhaps a company of monks, that moves through the forest solitude, or reposes by the brink of the torrent: not there

*'Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.'*

Their fancy loves best to deal with the legendary history of the Virgin, and the life and passion of the Redeemer, with the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of prophets, and the noble army of martyrs and saints; and they tread this sacred ground with habitual solemnity and decorum.

"The great religious painters of Spain rarely descended to secular subjects. Not so the Italians. Rafael could pass from the creation of his heavenly Madonnas

thew, several degrees, of which the Old Testament informs us, are omitted, as it would appear in order to preserve the mystical number of fourteen generations, three times repeated; and yet no intimation is given of this omission; and the term "begot" is nevertheless employed—although the individual that follows is not the son, but the descendant, by one or two degrees, of the preceding. Had these genealogies contained, like that of Abraham, the date of the birth of each person mentioned, it is evident that any one who sought to frame out of them a consistent chronology would have been sadly at fault in his calculations. It is worthy also of remark, that the numbers of generations given by Moses after the Deluge, exactly coincides with that of the antediluvian patriarchs, viz. ten in each.

In confirmation of the preceding view, it is of importance to notice, that one memorable event, the building of the Temple, the date of which King Solomon seems to have wished to fix with precision, is reckoned, not from the Deluge, but from the Exodus; which also implies the absence of all idea of forming any continuous chronological computation.

On the whole, then, we are disposed to believe that we have no grounds on which we can obtain an accurate result, by adding together numbers which Moses did not add together, and making a sum total which he did not make. What the sacred historian seems to have intended to record, were the great primary facts in the history of the human race, which had a bearing upon its future destinies, and all that was naturally connected with the fortunes of the chosen people, and the promise of the great Deliverer. The character of these facts, and their moral and philosophical aspect, have nothing to do with the dates of their occurrence; and even twenty centuries, more or less, in nowise affect their consequences or their importance. We believe that chronology is a comparatively modern idea. The Jews, till of recent date, had not entertained it; as appears from the discrepancy between the calculations of later rabbis and the statements of Josephus, who would never have ventured to disregard them, had they had any traditional authority. We need not say that the New Testament throws no light upon the chronology of history; it was not till Christian erudition sought to turn to account the ancient Hebrew annals, that at-

tempts were made to derive from them the date of the Deluge and of the Creation of the world, and to erect theories of computation; which, being as contradictory with each other as they were irrelevant to the intention of the inspired historians, tended rather to derogate from the authority of the sacred text, by committing it to false and mutually irreconcilable conclusions.

We have entered thus somewhat at length into this subject, not as assigning, but rather as indicating, the mode of silencing the cavils of modern sceptics;* who, ever on the alert to discover some new mode of assault, are beginning to congratulate themselves on the results of recent investigations among the monuments of Egypt, under the idea that if (as they infer the supposed antiquity of the Egyptian dynasties demonstrates) the world turns out to be older than it has commonly been believed to be, the authenticity of the Scriptures is impugned, and their divine authority destroyed. In the present state of the inquiry, and with the acknowledgments, which the most able as well as the most reckless *savans* make, of the little actual progress as yet achieved (great as it is compared with past times) in deciphering the ancient monuments, and the uncertainty of the results hitherto obtained, it is of slight importance what this or that learned person may think he has discovered. Whenever Egypt discloses its true history, we are sure it will be to the triumph of the Mosaic record; and meanwhile, although protesting against the principles on which M. Bunsen proceeds in accomplishing his task, we sincerely wish him both leisure and materials wherewith to prosecute his search; for we believe him to be animated with a genuine love of scientific truth, and eminently qualified by genius and acquirements for the immensely laborious work he has undertaken.

* Miss Martineau to wit, whose recent work we reviewed in our 22d and 23d Nos. It never seems to have occurred to this lady, whose object it is to represent Moses as learned in all the wisdom of Egypt, that, among other sources of knowledge, he must have possessed these very monuments, out of which it is now attempted to invalidate his authority as an historian; and that he would not therefore have committed an error which would have been comparatively so easy of detection, and have thrown suspicion upon his narrative. To give due weight to this circumstance would be but to deal as fairly and reasonably by Moses, as she does by Herodotus and Manetho.

SPANISH ART.

Annals of the Artists of Spain. By William Stirling, M.A. London, Ollivier.

EVERY writer who aids in opening the eyes of Englishmen to the true state of Spain in other days, does good service to the cause of both

history and religion. Gloriously ignorant as we islanders are of every thing that relates to other nations; and content as the popular mind has shewn itself with the silliest and most superficial generalisations of travellers, who have

undertaken to philosophise upon the inner life of whole kingdoms, from some half-dozen facts gleaned in shops, hotels, and custom-houses; in no one instance have we more flagrantly displayed our folly than in our lucubrations upon the morals, the habits, and the intellect of the discoverers of the new world. To the average Englishman, Pizarro and the Inquisition appear to be the types of every thing Spanish. The whole life and character of princes and people, priesthood and laity, mankind and womankind, is supposed to be capable of classification under one of the four heads, cruelty, licentiousness, pride, and superstition. Brigands, bull-fights, brunettes, and *autos-da-fé*, present themselves in visionary horror to the imagination of the sober father of a family, when some eccentric individual attempts the Quixotic task of persuading him that, after all, the Spaniards of past days were neither fools nor villains.

Mr. Stirling, therefore, has done good service to the general cause of historic truth in publishing these three handsome volumes on the Artists of the Peninsula. Faulty as his book is in one respect, and though he is scarcely equal to the highest form of criticism upon art, the result of his labours is on the whole most valuable, and he has produced one of the most complete contributions to the literature of the fine arts which our language, as yet, possesses. Laborious in study, thoroughly familiar with his subject, and agreeable in his style of writing, he may fairly claim a place among the best biographico-historians of the day. His volumes also are sent out from the press with every appliance of typography, illustration, and binding, and are altogether refreshing both to the eye and the mind, in a year almost without parallel in its literary barrenness.

The one great blot in the Annals is its unhappy flippancy when touching upon matters of religion. Mr. Stirling is as ignorant of the real character of the religious ideas which animated the Spanish painters, as he is well acquainted with the material productions of their hands. He is no more competent to enter into a really philosophical criticism of what may be termed the legendary art of Spain, than if he were a mere vulgar John Bull, whose whole knowledge of Christian art was derived from the lion and the unicorn, which constitute the sculpture of London churches, and tempt the worthy citizen to the enormities of "image worship." He has no trustworthy test to enable him to separate the true from the false, the genuine from the exaggerated, the morbidly scrupulous from the devoutly pure. He never saw into the heart of the Spanish character and the Spanish faith; and therefore he blunders with an equal amount of superficiality and irreverence, when he would sit in judgment upon those national peculiarities of sculpture and painting which come not within the canons of the commonplace academic standard

of perfection. Hence there is much that is mistaken, much that is disagreeable, and some little that is disgusting, in his reflections and witticisms, which interferes grievously with the general effect of a work in other respects so able and satisfactory. And this is the more to be lamented, as, in certain passages, Mr. Stirling seems to estimate the characteristics of the religion of Spain at a truer value, and to do justice to the morals and devotion of a people who are identified in the popular English creed with every thing that is hypocritical and debasing to the soul.

The one great peculiarity of the Spanish painters is their general strict unswerving purity of sentiment. Exceptions there of course are; but, as a rule, they stand contrasted with the great artists of all other countries in their refusal to prostitute their noble gift to the purposes of sensuality and grossness, or even to adopt such a style of painting as, though innocent in itself, might minister to the more lax and unrestrained pleasures of the devotees of the world. In Spain, the religious spirit which characterised the works of the early Italians before the technical perfection of their art was consummated, is found reigning with undisputed sway in the age when the pictorial skill of her painters was at the highest, and she produced men to rival the greatest masters of the golden days of Italian art.

"Spanish art (says Mr. Stirling), like Spanish nature, is in the highest degree national and peculiar. Its three principal schools of painting differ in style from each other, but they all agree in the great features which distinguish them from the other schools of Europe. The same deeply religious tone is common to all. In Spain alone can painting be said to have drawn all its inspiration from Christian fountains, and, like the architecture of the middle ages, to be an exponent of a people's faith. Its first professors, indeed, acquired their skill by the study of Italian models, and by communion with Italian minds. But the skill which at Florence and Venice would have been chiefly employed to adorn palace-halls with the adventures of pious Æneas, or ladies' bowers with passages from the 'Art of Love,' at Toledo, Seville, and Valencia, was usually dedicated to the service of God and the Church. Spanish painters are very rarely to be found in the regions of history or classical mythology. Sion hill delights them more than the Aonian mount, and Siloa's brook than ancient Tiber or the laurel-shaded Orontes. Their pastoral scenes are laid, not in the vales of Arcady, but in the fields of Judea, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers of Boaz, and where Bethlehem shepherds watched their flocks on the night of the Nativity. In their landscapes it is a musing hermit, or perhaps a company of monks, that moves through the forest solitude, or reposes by the brink of the torrent: not there

*'Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.'*

Their fancy loves best to deal with the legendary history of the Virgin, and the life and passion of the Redeemer, with the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of prophets, and the noble army of martyrs and saints; and they tread this sacred ground with habitual solemnity and decorum.

"The great religious painters of Spain rarely descended to secular subjects. Not so the Italians. Rafael could pass from the creation of his heavenly Madonnas

to round the youthful contours of a Psyche, or elaborate the charms of a Galatea; Correggio, from the Magdalene repenting in the desert, to Antiope surprised in the forest. Joanes of Valencia would have held such transition to be a sin, little short of sacrilege, and worthy of the severest penance. Titian's 'Last Supper,' and his 'Assumption of the Virgin,' are doubtless amongst the noblest of religious compositions. But his fancy ranged more freely over profane than sacred ground; his Marias are fair and comely, but they sometimes want the life and warmth that breathe in his Graces and his Floras, in whom he delighted to reproduce his auburn-haired mistress, who figures in one of his most charming allegories with his name inscribed on her bosom. The Queen of Love herself was his favourite subject; she it was that most fully drew forth all

'The wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man.'

Far different were the themes on which Murillo put forth his highest powers. After the 'Mystery of the immaculate Conception,' he repeated, probably more frequently than any other subject, the 'Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva;' and it was his finest picture of that good prelate, inimitable for simplicity and grandeur, that he was wont to call emphatically 'his own.'

The influence of the Inquisition was among the most powerful causes which thus restrained the painter's pencil within the bounds of religion and decency. Whatsoever may be our private views of the general spirit of this celebrated tribunal in the enforcement of orthodoxy by means so little in accordance with the ideas of our own day, let us not be so blinded as to forget that, in the judgment of all men of common propriety of feeling, the Fathers did truly work on the side of mercy and humanity. To them it is mainly owing that the most modest and pure-minded traveller can tread the galleries of Spain without a blush, while Italy and Flanders have produced but few painters of the highest rank who have not but too often outraged every feeling of Christian innocence and purity. They appointed inspectors of works of art, whose duty it was to see that no immodest paintings or sculptures were exposed to view in churches and public places. Pacheco, himself a painter of respectable skill and the historian of his art, held this office, as a familiar of the Inquisition, at Seville; and Palomino, another art-historian, held a similar post at Madrid. The latter quotes a decree of the Holy Office forbidding the making or exposing of immodest paintings and sculptures on pain of excommunication, a fine of fifteen hundred ducats, and a year's exile. Thus, as with Spanish works of fiction, so it was with Spanish works of art; it was the only pure art in the world. While Rome and Venice, Naples and Milan, too often shocked every feeling of devotion, and so early as the days of Savonarola, even the very churches in Florence were made the depository of paintings which pandered to all the grosser passions of the world, the most austere Catholic might visit every altar in Castile, Andalusia, and Valencia, and every where be edified and instructed by the works of the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel.

The natural gravity and sobriety of the

Spanish mind contributed also to the same result. Unlike the passionate Italian, the volatile Frenchman, and the dreaming German, the Spaniard cherished a deep sense of the value of a dignified external demeanour, even in his wittiest moods, and a sense of the claims of decency, even in his most licentious moments. A deep, fervent, and enthusiastic devotion, and an untainted orthodoxy of faith, struck so deep into the heart of the nation, that even where true piety was not found, hypocrisy must needs be put on, as the homage of vice to virtue; and the habits of generation after generation conspired to make an outrageous, open assault upon morals, the very last crime of which the profligate were guilty.

The Catholic priesthood of Spain have been at all times cordial patrons of the arts, and have fostered them as most powerful instruments for conveying religious truths to the simple, and for impressing the feelings even of the most enlightened. The young painter was nurtured, as it were, in the lap of Christianity. His vocation, from the first, must plainly be to paint saints and martyrs, the Mother of God, and Jesus Christ himself. He looked to the Cathedral and the Sanctuary, rather than the gallery and the boudoir, as the resting-places for his masterpieces. From the first hour of his apprenticeship he began to associate himself in spirit with the ministers of religion, and was taught to consider himself as in some sort a preacher of the gospel. "For the learned and the lettered," says Don Juan de Batron, a writer on art in the reign of Philip the Fourth, "written knowledge may suffice; but for the ignorant, what master is like painting? They may read their duty in a picture, although they cannot search for it in books." The last Peninsular war furnished an instance of the attachment thus generated in the minds of the poor towards the works of art, which were to them what the Bible is supposed by our author to be to the peasantry and mechanics of England. The nuns of Loeches, tempted by the rich offers of an English picture-dealer, agreed to strip their convent-church of six celebrated compositions of Rubens, painted during his visit to Spain, and the gift of Olivarez to the sisters. The country people, however, who probably knew not the extent of the poverty which pressed upon the poor nuns, rose in a body in defence of the pictures, to guard them from the spoiler; and the assistance of a French general of brigade, whom the purchaser bribed with the gift of two of the pictures in question, was called in, "in order," says Mr. Stirling, "that the fitting decorations of a Castilian church might cumber the gallery of an English noble."

As might be expected in such a state of public feeling, many of the Spanish painters were eminent for their piety, and undertook their works in the spirit of men profoundly impressed with the consciousness that they

were employing a talent for whose application they would have to answer before a higher tribunal than that of mortal critics. The clergy and the religious orders also supplied many citizens to the republic of art. Mr. Stirling thus chronicles the names and characters of some of the more devout and of the clerical artists:

"The Spanish painter well understood the dignity of his task, and not seldom applied himself to it with a zealous fervour worthy of the holiest friar. Like Fra Angelico at the dawn of Italian painting, Vicente Joanes was wont to prepare himself for a new work by means of prayer and fasting, and the holy Eucharist. The life of Luis de Vargas was as pure as his style; he was accustomed to discipline his body with the scourge, and, like Charles V., he kept by his bedside a coffin, in which he would lie down to meditate on death.

"The Spanish clergy have furnished at various times some considerable names to the records of art. The priest sometimes aspired to exhort his flock, the friar to address his brotherhood, in a picture instead of a sermon. There were few religious houses but had possessed at one time or another an inmate with some skill or ambition as an artist, who had left a rich chalice or pix in the sacristy, or a picture or carving in the chapel, as the literary brother had bequeathed to the library, where he pored and pondered, his *ms. tomes*, his curious chronicle, or interminable legend. The fine genius of the deaf and dumb boy of Logrono—afterwards famous throughout Europe as 'The Dumb Painter' (*El Mudo*)—was discovered and first directed by a father of the Geronomite monastery at Estrella. Nicolas Factor, a Franciscan of Valencia, is as well known as a painter of merit, as a 'beato,' or saint of the second order. Nicolas Borrás, of Gandia, during a residence of twenty-five years, filled the church and cloisters of the Geronomites with a multitude of pictures, of which the best would do no discredit to his great master, Joanes. Fray Andres de Leon and Fray Julian Fuente del Saz, monks of the Escorial, exercised their delicate and diligent pencils in illuminating the choir-books (*libros de coro*) of their church. The Carthusians of Paular and Granada could boast that Sanchez Cotan, one of the ablest of the scholars of Blas del Prado, wore their robe, and dwelt within their walls. Ramon Berenguer, at Scala Dei in Catalonia, and Cristobal Ferrado, in the noble Chartreuse of Seville, likewise beguiled by painting the hours of solitude and silence imposed by the rule of St. Bruno. Cespedes, the painter-poet, was a canon of Cordova; Juan de Roelas enjoyed a prebendal stall at Olivarez, and Alonso Cano at Granada. Juan Rizi was an excellent painter; and so good a Benedictine that he rose to be an Abbot, and was at last promoted to an Italian mitre. Espadana, Inquisitor of Valencia, when the labours of the Holy Office were over, was wont to lay aside his torture-dealing pen for the palette and brush of the amateur: repeating perhaps in the studio the martyrdoms inflicted in the dungeon. Bishop Mascarenas of Segovia also amused his leisure with the pencil; and in the Cathedral of Tarragona, Doctor Josef Juncosa figured both as a popular preacher, and as one of the best and busiest of Catalonian painters. Nor was artistic skill confined to the male religious; for Dona Maria de Valdes, a Cistercian nun, and daughter of Valdes-Leal, Murillo's rival, painted clever portraits in the convent of S. Clemente at Seville."

Spanish art has further, in a similar spirit, given birth to treatises especially directed to the investigation of the rules and sentiments which should govern the representations of sacred subjects. Mr. Stirling somewhat flip-pantly thus writes upon this peculiarity:

"Painting being of so much importance to the Church,

a great deal of learning and research was devoted to the investigation of rules for representing sacred subjects and personages. The question was handled in every treatise of art. That considerable portion of Pacheco's book which relates to the subject, is said to have been furnished by his friends of the Jesuits' college at Seville. But the most complete code of sacro-pictorial law is, perhaps, that of Fray Juan Interian de Ayala, which was not, however, promulgated till the race of painters, for whose guidance it was designed, was nearly extinct. Fray Juan was a doctor and professor of Salamanca, and one of the compilers of the Dictionary of the Spanish Academy; his book, which was in Latin, was entitled '*Pictor Christianus Eruditus, sive de erroribus qui passim admittuntur circa pingendas atque effingendas Sacras Imagines.*'—Matriti in fol. 1730. A translation into Castilian by Dr. Luis de Duran appeared at Madrid in 2 vols. 4to, in 1782. The work is, as might be expected, a fine specimen of pompous and prosy trifling. For example: several pages are devoted to the castigation of those unorthodox painters who draw the Cross of Calvary like a T, instead of in the ordinary Latin form; the question whether, in pictures of the Maries at the sepulchre on the morning of the Resurrection, two angels or only one should be seated on the stone which was rolled away, is anxiously debated, and the artist is finally directed to make his works square with all the Gospels, by adopting both accounts alternately; and the right of the devil to his horns and tail undergoes a strict examination, of which the result is, that the first are fairly fixed on his head on the authority of a vision of S. Teresa, and the second is allowed as being a probable, if not exactly proven, appendage of the fallen angel."

All needless display of the nude figure was also rigorously forbidden. Ayala even censured the practice of those artists who exposed the feet of the Madonna, the Spanish lady being ever given to conceal the foot. In pursuing the whole course of the history of Spanish art, we accordingly find few painters who transgressed the strictest rules of propriety; while the critic who has been accustomed to consider the perpetual exposure of the human form, in pictures of all kinds and subjects, to be a necessary element in the attainment of vigour and correctness of drawing, is astonished to find that, in the midst of what he accounts a narrow-minded, bigoted prudery, there grew up a race of artists, whose truth and grandeur of conception are accompanied with as faultless a technical knowledge as was ever reached in any of the most untrammelled schools of Italy. Even the royal court itself, under monarchs whose private morals were scandalous, public opinion compelled the assumption of a cloak of pictorial propriety. Fewer indecorums were committed upon canvass than in any other royal atmosphere in Europe, and not a painter is to be found who ever debased his art by ministering to the sensualities of a profligate sovereign.

Turning from the moral to the purely artistic characters of Spanish painting, we find it divided into three chief schools, those of Castile, of Andalusia, and of Valencia. The school of Castile is distinguished by its especial gravity, its dark and sober colouring, the solid manliness of its male heads, and the somewhat coarser character of its portraits of women. The works of the southern schools reflect the

warmer and more joyous tints of the southern skies, and all the brilliance of the fruits and flowers of Andalusia and Valencia.

The portraiture of Spain was among its noblest pictorial triumphs, though the pictures of women were always rare.

"With the beauty of highborn women (says Mr. Stirling)—the finest touchstone of skill—they were but seldom brought into professional contact. The great portrait painters of Spain lived in an age of jealous husbands, who cared not to set off to public admiration the charms of their spouses. Velasquez came to reside at court about the same time that Madrid was visited by Sir Kenelm Digby, who had like to have been slain on the night of his arrival for merely looking at a lady. Returning with two friends from supper at Lord Bristol's, the adventurous knight relates how they came beneath a balcony where a love-lorn fair one stood touching her lute, and how they loitered there a while to admire her beauty, and listen to 'her soul-ravishing harmony.' Their delightful contemplations were soon rudely disturbed by the sound of heavy footsteps, by arms glittering in the moonlight, and the furious onset of 'fifteen men in mail, with dark lanterns fixed on their bucklers;' when, had not the lover of Venetia Stanley, who slew the leader, been a tall man at his weapon, the streets of Madrid would have been red with the blood of three bold Britons, who but a moment before had been 'sucking in the fresh air and pleasing themselves in the coolness of the night;' and the story told not in the valiant swordsman's own curious memoirs, but in Bristol's next despatch, or by honest Howell in a quaint letter. • • •

"Even when permitted to make the portrait of a great lady, in the bloom of youth and beauty, the painter of the seventeenth century had to contend with the difficulties of tasteless and even unsightly costume. The fairest forms were thrust into long-waisted corsets, stiff and unyielding as armour of proof, and were disguised in hoops of monstrous circumference—compared, for size, to roofs of houses—in which all the bending lines of beauty were lost, and the finest and the faultiest figures brought to one conventional shape—that of a drum with a funnel planted in its top. Luxuriant tresses were twisted, plaited, and plastered into such shape that the fair head that bore them resembled the top of a mushroom; or curled and bushed out into an amplitude of frizzle that rivalled the cauliflower wig of an abbé. An ungainly mode also prevailed of parting the hair at the side instead of the top of the head, thus marring the symmetry and balance of its outline, of which some wretched portraits in the Spanish gallery of the Louvre, impudently ascribed to Velasquez, might be cited as examples sufficiently offensive and deterring."

But of all the anti-pictorial abominations of Spanish millinery and dressing, the most fatally opposed to the perfection of female portraiture consisted in the preposterous use of rouge. The Spanish women rouged their cheeks, they rouged their foreheads, they rouged their ears, they rouged their chins, they rouged their shoulders, they rouged their hands, till, says Madame D'Aulnoy, in 1679, "I never saw prawns of a redder hue." The crimson elbows of an English milkmaid must have been a sore sight to the envious eyes of these painted beauties of the land of all gravity and pride. In the reign of Philip the Fourth, the traveller tells of the vast consumption of vermilion and white lead on the morning of a royal bull-feast. They even rouged their statues; and the same Madame D'Aulnoy relates, that the nymphs and goddesses on the terrace of the king's palace

at Madrid had their marble cheeks and bosoms smeared with carmine.

Landscape-painting never thrived in Spain. Velasquez painted some noble sketches of scenery, and Murillo did the same; but, as in Italy, the country never produced a race of artists who watched the fair face of nature with a filial love, and transferred her thousand variations in expression and beauty to the canvass. Mr. Stirling notes this peculiarity, but fails satisfactorily to account for it. The only reason he suggests strikes us as eminently superficial. "Italian, as well as Spanish art," he says, "seems to afford evidence that the beauties of nature are not most keenly felt where they are most lavishly bestowed." He forgets that the true explanation of the little love of the Spanish and Italian painters for the charms of nature is to be found in the fact, that the modern Italians and Spaniards are not an out-of-door race in the same way as the Flemings, the Dutch, and the English. The very perfection of climate which tempts them to pass a larger actual amount of time in the open air than is practicable in these northern climes, for ages past has tended to produce a lazy, inert, lounging mode of recreation, unfavourable to the cultivation of a true love for the charms of the fields, the woods, and the skies. The Italian and the Spaniard are unconscious of the delights which the Englishman and the Englishwoman feel in the bracing walk over hill and meadow, by the upland green, the shadowy stream, or the solemn wood. His climate, with all its beauties, has a degree of monotony which prevents his taking the true northern interest in watching all its boundless changes; while its almost constant heat incapacitates him from that energetic exercise which is a delight in these colder regions, but a toil in the sunny lands of the south. In Spain, as in Italy, the intellectual world congregates in towns and cities; *life* is not to be found with them in the ten thousands of country-houses, of all degrees of greatness and littleness, which are scattered up and down our own land, and which foster so powerfully that devotion to natural beauty which is one of the best characteristics of the English mind. The gentleman, the professional man, the tradesman, in those southern countries, has no more of the English love for sporting, or walking, or gardening, or farming, than he has of the English taste for London porter and sirloins of beef. And therefore the artist mind of those races is not turned to landscape-painting, and never will be, until circumstances have considerably modified the prevailing tastes of his fellow-countrymen, and changed them from lovers of streets and cities, into lovers of green fields and villages.

Nor can it be forgotten that the most accomplished pencil is far more unequal to depict the glories of those brighter skies, than faithfully to render the charms of a Dutch or English scene. As we travel downwards to-

wards the glowing south, the gorgeous, celestial brilliancy of the hues of the heavens and the earth begins to defy the efforts of the most skilful colourist, and renders the best Italian and Spanish landscapes little better than unsatisfactory failures. People who do not know the indescribable splendours of the light and tints of the refulgent atmosphere of Italy and Spain, are content with the sketches and finished pictures of travelled artists; while they whose eyes have drunk in the perfect loveliness which reigns in the very scenes themselves, can only regard the ablest works of the painter of southern landscapes as ingenious failures at the best. The critical judgment of the refined lover of art in Venice, or Rome, or Madrid, or Seville, would turn away discontented from the efforts of a Titian or a Velasquez to paint the *light* which was glowing all around him. A perfect southern landscape is, indeed, a pictorial impossibility.

In recording another peculiarity in the arts of Spain, Mr. Stirling has, we think, similarly failed in expounding its true character. Spanish sculpture, it is well known, has no pretensions to rival the sister art of painting. Though a few truly great sculptors, from time to time, arose in the Peninsula, yet its chief triumphs in carving have been in the way of decoration, rather than in the modelling of the human figure.

"Flanders (writes Mr. Stirling) can shew no carvings more delicate and masterly than those which still enrich the venerable choirs of many of the Peninsular churches: stalls embowered in foliage—almost as light as that which trembled on the living tree—where fruits cluster, and birds perch in endless variety; or those arabesque panels and pillars, where children rise from the cups of lily-blossoms, and strange monsters twine themselves in a network of garlands; or the niches filled with exquisite figures; or the fretted pinnacles crowned with a thousand various finials, and towering above each other in graceful confusion."

He accounts partly for this comparative failure in the higher branches of the art, by the taste for painting sculpture which has so generally obtained in Spain; but while he condemns the practice, he has no more philosophical reason to give for the condemnation, than that one art ought not to intrude into the province of another. The true ground for censuring the Spanish mode of colouring figures, we take to be this: that every attempt to produce an actual illusion, destroys the very purposes of all art. It is the office of the painter and sculptor, as also of the poet, to suggest; he is to be the servant, not the enslaver, of the imagination; it is for him to place before the eye of the mind, or the body, such imagery or images as may aid the soul in her flight from the actual realities which surround her, to the scenes on which she fain would dwell. He must not attempt to limit her conceptions, to cheat her into a belief that his representation is in every respect a faultless and complete embodiment of her ideas; he has done his work most ef-

ficiently when he has taught her to forget himself, to forget the work of art before her, so far as it is a subject for conscious observation, and has transported her far away into that world, whose glories and whose inhabitants are the subjects of the picture, the statue, or the poem. Thus it is with the songs of Homer and Dante, the marbles of Phidias and Michael Angelo, the saints and angels of Angelico. The soul of the reader and the beholder lingers not over the written verse, or within the walls of the Italian gallery: it is far away, not with the poet, not with the artist, but before the walls of Troy, or in the dread scenes of the Inferno, or amid the choirs of cherubim and seraphim.

But such a flight of the imaginative faculty is utterly forbidden by the sight of a statue painted to imitate life. It mocks and cheats common sense and the senses; it binds down the thoughts of the soul to the coloured image before it, haunting them when removed from the sight, rather than conferring a power for conceiving those perfections of the present and the future world, which it has sought to embody. Statuary coloured conventionally, that is, with certain tints judiciously applied, to enable the eye to distinguish its different portions, and to take off from the pale coldness of marble, doubtless assists the mind, and completes the artist's work. But when it would ape the reality of actual life, and mimic the flesh and the drapery of man himself, it becomes, when ill executed, a forbidding, ghastly, corpse-like kind of doll; and when most perfectly wrought, a violation of the first principle of all art, and a hindrance, rather than an aid, to the inward conceptions of the soul.

Of the architecture of Spain, Mr. Stirling thus records his opinion:

"The early religious architects of Spain were great masters in art. Their magnificent cathedrals—too often mere portions of giant plans—were worthy of a people who possessed so many noble remains of older times, who inherited from the Roman the bridge of Alcantara and the aqueduct of Segovia, and who had won from the Saracen the Mosque of Cordova and the Alhambra of Granada. But the architects of the Renaissance were a feeblér folk—lovers of the ornate, rather than the grand. Machuca, Toledo, and Herrera, indeed, left examples of a pure and admirable style; but they found few followers. Ecclesiastical buildings, while they increased in numbers, grew likewise in ugliness; and the monastic system bore equally hard on the financial resources and architectural taste of the country. Amongst the churches and convents erected since the end of the sixteenth century, there are few that are not either plain to bareness, or loaded with tawdry decoration; and rare indeed it is to meet with that graceful propriety of design, which lends its chief charm to Italian architecture, and is often to be found in the monastery of the Apennine woodlands, as well as in the princely palace on the Corso."

Mr. Stirling's biographies of the individual artists are among the most pleasantly-written examples we know, of a species of biography in which it is not a little difficult to avoid dullness and pedantic details. He has contrived

to interweave all that is known of their personal history with criticisms upon their works, and with such accounts of the ecclesiastical, noble, and royal personages with whom they were chiefly concerned, as may convey a satisfactory knowledge of the state of society in which they laboured and flourished. Thus, when writing the biography of Murillo, he sketches the ordinary studio of the Spanish artist in the following agreeable extract :

"Like Velasquez, Murillo displayed his inclination for art, when yet a boy, by scrawling on his school-books and covering the walls of the school with precocious pencillings. His parents, observing the bent of his disposition, wisely determined to humour it, and therefore placed him, as soon as he had learned to read and write, under the care of the painter Juan del Castillo, who was related to their family. His gentle nature, and his desire to learn, soon made him a favourite with his fellow-scholars, and with his master, who bestowed particular care on his instruction, and taught him all the mechanical parts of his calling, by causing him to grind the colours, prepare the canvasses, and manage the palette and brushes for the school.

"The great artists of Seville, whose genius has given to that city the rank of a metropolis in art, did not live in the days of royal or national academies, nor did they acquire their skill in galleries, furnished forth at the public expense, with copies of the finest statuary of Greece and Rome, and other expensive appliances of study. The dwelling of each master was a school of design, where the pupils or amateurs who resorted thither defrayed the cost of coal and candle, and other moderate expenses, out of a common fund. There, around the brasero in winter, or beneath the patio-awning in summer, they copied the heads or limbs sketched by the master for their use, or the few casts or fragments of sculpture which he had inherited or collected, such as Torrigiano's *mano de la ieta*, or the anatomical models of Becerra. There was always a lay-figure to be covered, as need required, with various draperies, for which the national cloak and the monkish frock afforded ready and excellent materials. Sometimes a living model was obtained, especially if the master were engaged upon any work of importance; or if this were an expense beyond the means of the school, the disciples would strip in turn, and lend an arm, a leg, or a shoulder, to be copied and studied by their fellows. The practice, followed by Velasquez, of painting fruit and vegetables, game and fish, pots and pans, for the sake of gaining experience in the use of colours, obtained in all the schools of Seville. The ambition of the scholars was fired, and their industry spurred, by the emulation which existed between school and school, those of Roelas and Pacheco, Herrera and Castillo; by the hope of winning the favour of the Chapter or the Chartreuse, or of nobles like the Duke of Alcalá; and by exhibitions of their works, at windows and balconies, during the procession of Corpus; or at other festivals, on the steps, *las gradas*, surrounding the Cathedral, when any piece of distinguished merit became the magnet of the throng, the theme of poets, and the talk of the town."

Here, again, is the story of a school of art, enough to make the hair of the worshippers of academic studies stand on end. The scene is the "Feria," a market-place at Seville :

"Indifferent meat, ill-savoured fish, fruit, vegetables, and coarse pottery, old clothes, old mats, and old iron, still cover the ground or load the stalls, as they did on the Thursdays two centuries ago, when the unknown youth stood there amongst gipsies, muleteers, and mendicant friars, selling for a few reals those productions of his early pencil, for which royal collectors are now ready to contend. Few painters are now to be found there,

the demand for religious daubs having declined, both in the Feria of Seville, and in the streets of Santiago at Valladolid, and the Catalans at Naples, once flourishing marts for wares of that kind. In Murillo's time, these street-artists mustered in great numbers. Like the apprentice of Portugal, a Castilian emblem of presumption, who would cut out before he knew how to stitch, they gradually taught themselves the rudiments, by boldly entering the highest walks of painting. Their works were sometimes executed in the open air, and they always kept brushes and colours at hand, ready to make any alteration, on the spot, that customers might suggest, such as changing a St. Onophrius, bristly as the fretful porcupine, into St. Christopher the ferryman, or Our Lady of Carmel into St. Anthony of Padua. Vast quantities of this trash, as well as works of a better class, were bought up by the colonial merchants and shipped off, with great store of relics and indulgences, to adorn and enrich the thousand churches and convents, the gold and silver altars and jewelled shrines, of Transatlantic Spain. The artists who practised this extempore kind of painting, and grappled with the difficulties of the palette before they had learned to draw, are compared by Cean Bermudez to those intrepid students who seek to acquire a foreign language by speaking it, regardless of blunders, and afterwards, if opportunity serves, improve their knowledge of the idiom by means of books. Of the success of this system, which has produced both able painters and excellent linguists, Murillo can hardly be cited as an example; but he doubtless learned to apply the precepts of Castillo, and improved his manual skill, by the rough off-hand practice of the market-place."

Thus, again, he chronicles the anecdotes which remain respecting the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and his love for the arts :

"Of no prince are recorded more sayings which shew a refined taste and a quick eye. The burghers of Antwerp religiously preserve his remark, that the light and soaring spire of their Cathedral deserved to be put under a glass case. Florence has not forgotten how he called her the Queen of the Arno, decked for a perpetual holiday. The Cordobese historians have chronicled his vain regrets on visiting the famous mosque of Abderahman, which had become the Cathedral of their city, for the havoc made in its forest of fairy columns by the erection of the Christian choir, to which, when at a distance, he had himself in an evil hour consented. The citizens of Cordoba had vainly sought to arrest the cruel improvements commenced by the Chapter; and appealed against that Vandalic body to the Emperor; Charles, however, as yet knowing little of the Moors and their works, sided with the churchmen, and an ample clearing was forthwith made in the midst of the long continuities of the aisles. But he came, he saw, and he confessed his error; shifting the blame, however, as was natural and not unjust, upon the broad shoulders of the Chapter. 'Had I wotted of what ye were doing,' said he to the abashed improvers, 'you should have laid no finger on this ancient pile. You have built a something, such as is to be found any where, and you have destroyed a wonder of the world.' The fine speeches which he lavished on Titian are as well known as the more substantial rewards. The painter, happening one day to let fall his brush, the Emperor, who was standing by the easel, picked it up, and gently prevented his apologies by saying, that 'Titian was worthy to be served by Cæsar.' On another occasion, Cæsar having requested Titian to retouch a picture which hung over the door of the chamber, the artist found that he could not reach it from the floor. The Emperor and some of the courtiers moved a table to his aid, but the height proving insufficient, Charles, without more ado, took the table by one corner, and calling on those gentlemen to assist, fairly hoisted Titian aloft with his own imperial hands, saying, 'We must all of us bear up this great man, to shew that his art is empress of all others.' The envy and dis-

pleasure with which the men of pomp and ceremonies viewed such familiarities, which appeared to them as so many breaches made in the divinity that did hedge their king and themselves, only gave their master an opportunity to do fresh honour to his favourite, in that celebrated and cutting rebuke, 'There are many princes; there is but one Titian.' Not less valued, perhaps, by the great painter than his title, orders, and pensions, was the delicate compliment of the Emperor, when he declared that 'no other hand should draw his portrait, since he had thrice received immortality from the pencil of Titian.'"

With a fragment of Mr. Stirling's account of the wonders of the Escorial we must now conclude, lamenting only that so good a book should have the one blot which we have already named.

"It is not until the threshold of the Escorial is crossed that the genius of the architect is fully comprehended. Then as the courts and cloisters successively unfold themselves, it is discerned that Toledo, to a feeling for form fine as Palladio's, united much of the bold spirit of Michael Angelo. Perhaps no collegiate or conventual building in Europe can shew a quadrangle equalling in chaste and solemn grandeur the court of the Evangelists, with its Doric cloisters and stately fountain, embosomed in the massive walls, and shadowed by the great dome, of the Escorial. The church is one of the happiest examples of classical architecture adapted to Christian ends. So admirable are its proportions, that St. Peter's itself—in spite of its unapproached magnitude—does not at first sight impress the mind with a stronger sense of its vastness, or awaken a deeper feeling of awe. The sternness of the Doric design, and the sombre ashy hue of the granite pervading the pavement, the walls, and the overhanging depths of the dome, invest this church with a grave religious air, somewhat like that of a Gothic Cathedral, and never to be found amongst brilliant mosaics and many-coloured marbles, seen by the unsoftened light of day. All the pomp of decoration—the slabs of porphyry and agate, and the capitals and cornices of burnished gold—has been wisely reserved for the high altar and its chapel, placed apart, and raised on many broad steps of dark jasper, 'ascending by degrees magnificent.' There rises the lofty retablo of the four orders, gleaming with statues of gilded bronze and columns of precious marble. And there in marble oratories, on either hand, Charles and Philip, with their consorts and royal children, sculptured in bronze, kneel uncrowned before the holy place, forming a group of historical monuments unsurpassed in interest and in execution, and worthy of a chapel which is perhaps the most splendid and beautiful in the world.

"Minutely to describe the Escorial in its palmy days,

would be to review the elegant arts and manufactures of Philip II., and to enumerate half the products of his superb monarchy—the first that could vaunt that the sun never set on its shores. Italy was ransacked for pictures and statues, models and designs; the mountains of Sicily and Sardinia for jaspers and agate; and every Sierra of Spain furnished its contribution of marble. Madrid, Florence, and Milan, supplied the sculptures of the altars: Guadalajara and Cuenca, gratings and balconies; Zaragoza, the gates of brass; Toledo and the Low Countries, lamps, candelabra, and bells; the New World, the finer woods; and the Indies, both East and West, the gold and gems of the Custodia and the five hundred reliquaries. The tapestries were wrought in Flemish looms; and for the sacerdotal vestments there was scarce a nunnery in the empire, from the rich and noble orders of Brabant and Lombardy to the poor sisterhoods of the Apulian highlands, but sent an offering of needlework to the honoured fathers of the Escorial.

"Of the artists employed in the subordinate parts of the building, Pompeyo Leoni most deserves notice, as the sculptor of the high altar and the royal monuments. Born in Italy, he came to Spain with his father, Leo Leoni, who had been sculptor to Charles V.; he there amassed a fortune, became a patron of art, and died at Madrid in 1610. Giacomo Trezzo, a Milanese, executed, from the designs of Herrera, the glorious Custodia, a domed temple, sixteen feet high, of gilt bronze and agate (for which Arias Montano wrote the Latin inscription)—a work which cost him seven years' labour, and which was demolished in 1808, in half that number of minutes, its metal being mistaken for gold by the French troopers of La Houssaye. The matchless marble crucifix behind the prior's seat, in the choir, was sculptured at Florence, in 1562, by Benvenuto Cellini, and was the offering with which the gallant artist surprised the Grand Duke Cosmo I. and his Duchess when they honoured him with a visit. The Duke afterwards presented it to Philip II. who caused it to be conveyed from Barcelona on men's shoulders. The figure is of life size, finely modelled, and well relieved by the black marble of the cross; the head droops on the shoulder; 'It is finished' has just parted from the lips, the eyes are closed, and the body, with all its muscles and anatomy developed, and still quivering with the last convulsion of the divine agony, hangs heavily on the arms, and settles into the stillness of death. Never was marble shaped into a sublimer image of the great sacrifice for man's atonement. The chaste wood-work of the choir and library was carved by Josef Frecha; and the indifferent colossal statues of St. Lawrence (over the great portal) and the Hebrew kings and Evangelists (in various external parts of the building), were hewn each from a single block of granite, by Juan Bautista Monegro; both of them Spaniards and sculptors of repute."

NEW NOVELS; BAD, GOOD, AND INDIFFERENT.

1. *The Bee-Hunter; or, Oak Openings.* By J. Fenimore Cooper. Bentley.
2. *The Old Convents of Paris.* By Madame Reybaud. Simms and McIntyre.
3. *Mildred Vernon; a Tale of Parisian Life in the last Days of the Monarchy.* By Hamilton Murray. Colburn.
4. *Social Distinction; or, Hearts and Homes.* By Mrs. Ellis. Tallis.

THE instinct of the reader will at once tell him, that, of a batch of novels, good, bad, and indifferent, those of the two latter species must grievously preponderate. The last two or

three months have not reversed the usual judgment of the critic in respect to this most agreeable and most odious form of composition. Of the five stories above specified—(for one of the four titles comprises two separate tales)—two are prosy and dull, one is laboured and dull, two are preachy as well as prosy, two are agreeable and new in subject to the English reader, two are redolent of the flavour of Protestant moralising and dreamy doctrine, one is by a *soi-disant* Catholic, and two are by a Frenchwoman, who looks upon religion from without, and describes its children about as

fairly as could be done by a person of her views and in her circumstances.

Mrs. Ellis and Mr. Cooper fairly compete for the palm of prosiness and preachiness. They are literally never out of breath in the race. Their longwindedness is almost admirable. They are intensely moral, intensely harmless, intensely "scriptural," and, save here and there where sparks fly up amid the clouds of smoke they raise, intensely flat, tiresome, and unnatural. Mr. Hamilton Murray, or whatever be the real name of the author of *Mildred Vernon*, would probably be somewhat discomposed at being classed with these longwinded worthies in the walk of fiction; but, in spite of all his French scenes and characters, and efforts at repartee and brilliancy, we must fain class him among the writers of heavy novels, and describe his tale as being nearly as tedious, and by no means so innocent, as the *Bee-Hunter* and *Social Distinction*. Madame Reybaud, on the contrary, is really a very agreeable writer. She has seen convents, and knows at least what may be termed the externals of their inward life; that is to say, she knows their customs, forms of speech, habit, general religious sentiments, and so forth. At the same time, she does not give us the idea of being personally herself a devout Catholic, though she might so call herself; and consequently her pictures of the Old Convents of Paris are true only so far as they go, as a portrait of certain outward phases of the history of such institutions, and in no way a rendering of the actual life of the cloister. Such as they are, however, they are a very pleasant specimen of the better class of modern French novel. Such are the tales and romances we have now to introduce to our readers a little more in detail.

Mr. Cooper's *Bee-Hunter* reminds us in its subject of some of his earliest novels, when the red man was made to talk to order, and credulous American and English people believed they had before them the very sentiments, actions, and eloquence of the supposed sublime savage. Correct or incorrect, however, as pictures of the native American Indian, Mr. Cooper's stories were clever, interesting, and in certain points true representations of life. We confess that we never liked them ourselves so well as his sea-stories, in which the writer is really at home, and paints men, and not imaginary beings. Of these older charms, the *Bee-Hunter*, unfortunately, has but little. The novel, in all its length of three volumes, is but a single incident spun out by a series of conversations between the Indians and the pale faces, on Christianity and the nature of the whites, and the identity of the ten tribes of the Jews with the red men of America. It is unfortunate for the novel-reader, that our author should latterly have taken to believing himself a theologian, and instead of contenting himself with making Christians talk like Chris-

tians, and men of the world like men of the world, should digress ever and anon into the exposition of a sort of hazy dogmatism, which is nothing better than unmixed and unmeaning twaddle. In the present instance, he introduces a certain crotchety Methodist missionary, who thinks he has a vocation for enlightening the Indians on their relationship to the lost tribes of Israel. "Parson Amen," as he is called, is as great a bore to the English reader as he must have been to the savages themselves; and Mr. Cooper only displays his little knowledge of the true character of those motives which impel men to give their lives in order to preach the Gospel to the heathen, when he makes this tedious individual sacrifice himself to the silly monomania which possesses his brain.

The best thing in the book is the account of the bee-hunter's occupation, and of the scenes amid which he exercised his craft. The "oak openings" he thus describes:

"The region was, in one sense, wild, though it offered a picture that was not without some of the strongest and most pleasing features of civilisation. The country was what is termed 'rolling,' from some fancied resemblance to the surface of the ocean, when it is just undulating with a long 'ground-swell.' Although wooded, it was not as the American forest is wont to grow, with tall straight trees towering towards the light, but with intervals between the low oaks that were scattered profusely over the view, and with much of that air of negligence that one is apt to see in grounds where art is made to assume the character of nature. The trees, with very few exceptions, were what is called the 'burr oak,' a small variety of a very extensive genus; and the spaces between them, always irregular, and often of singular beauty, have obtained the name of 'openings;' the two terms combined giving their appellation to this particular species of native forest, under the name of 'oak openings.'

"These woods, so peculiar to certain districts of country, are not altogether without some variety, though possessing a general character of sameness. The trees were of very uniform size, being little taller than pear-trees, which they resemble a good deal in form; and having trunks that rarely attain two feet in diameter. The variety is produced by their distribution. In places they stand with a regularity resembling that of an orchard; then, again, they are more scattered and less formal, while wide breadths of the land are occasionally seen in which they stand in copses, with vacant spaces, that bear no small affinity to artificial lawns, being covered with verdure. The grasses are supposed to be owing to the fires lighted periodically by the Indians in order to clear their hunting-grounds."

The bee-hunting process is as follows:

"The tools of Ben Buzz, as Gershom had termed these implements of his trade, were neither very numerous nor very complex. They were all contained in a small covered wooden pail, like those that artizans and labourers are accustomed to carry for the purposes of conveying their food from place to place. Uncovering this, le Bourdon had brought his implements to view, previously to the moment when he was first seen by the reader. There was a small covered cup of tin; a wooden box; a sort of plate, or platter, made also of wood; and a common tumbler, of a very inferior, greenish glass. In the year 1812, there was not a pane, nor a vessel, of clear, transparent glass, made in all America! Now, some of the most beautiful manufactures of that sort known to civilisation are abundantly produced among us, in common with a thousand other articles

that are used in domestic economy. The tumbler of Ben Buzz, however, was his countryman in more senses than one. It was not only American, but it came from the part of Pennsylvania of which he was himself a native. Blurred, and of a greenish hue, the glass was the best that Pittsburg could then fabricate, and Ben had bought it only the year before, on the very spot where it had been made.

"An oak, of more size than usual, had stood a little remote from its fellows, or more within the open ground of the glade than the rest of the 'orchard.' Lightning had struck this tree that very summer, twisting off its trunk at a height of about four feet from the ground. Several fragments of the body and branches lay near, and on these the spectators now took their seats, watching attentively the movements of the bee-hunter. Of the stump Ben had made a sort of table, first levelling its splinters with an axe, and on it he placed the several implements of his craft, as he had need of each in succession.

"The wooden platter was first placed on this rude table. Then le Bourdon opened his small box, and took out of it a piece of honey-comb, that was circular in shape, and about an inch and a half in diameter. The little covered tin vessel was next brought into use. Some pure and beautifully clear honey was poured from its spout into the cells of the piece of comb, until each of them was about half-filled. The tumbler was next taken in hand, carefully wiped, and examined, by holding it up before the eyes of the bee-hunter. Certainly, there was little to admire in it, but it was sufficiently transparent to answer his purposes. All he asked was to be able to look through the glass, in order to see what was going on in its interior.

"Having made these preliminary arrangements, Buzzing Ben—for the *sobriquet* was applied to him in this form quite as often as in the other—next turned his attention to the velvet-like covering of the grassy glade. Fire had run over the whole region late that spring, and the grass was now as fresh, and sweet, and short, as if the place were pastured. The white clover, in particular, abounded, and was then just bursting forth into the blossom. Various other flowers had also appeared, and around them were buzzing thousands of bees. These industrious little animals were hard at work, loading themselves with sweets; little foreseeing the robbery contemplated by the craft of man. As le Bourdon moved stealthily among the flowers and their humming visitors, the eyes of the two red men followed his smallest movement, as the cat watches the mouse; but Gershon was less attentive, thinking the whole curious enough, but preferring whisky to all the honey upon earth.

"At length le Bourdon found a bee to his mind, and, watching the moment when the animal was sipping sweets from a head of white clover, he cautiously placed his blurred and green-looking tumbler over it, and made it his prisoner. The moment the bee found itself encircled with the glass, it took wing and attempted to rise. This carried it to the upper part of its prison, when Ben carefully introduced the unoccupied hand beneath the glass, and returned to the stump. Here he set the tumbler down on the platter in a way to bring the piece of honey-comb within its circle.

"So much done successfully, and with very little trouble, Buzzing Ben examined his captive for a moment, to make sure that all was right. Then he took off his cap and placed it over tumbler, platter, honey-comb, and bee. He now waited half a minute, when, cautiously raising the cap again, it was seen that the bee, the moment a darkness like that of its hive came over it, had lighted on the comb, and commenced filling itself with the honey. When Ben took away the cap altogether, the head and half the body of the bee was in one of the cells, its whole attention being bestowed on this unlooked-for hoard of treasure. As this was just what its captor wished, he considered that part of his work accomplished. It now became apparent why a glass was used to take the bee, instead of a vessel of wood or of bark. Transparency was necessary in

order to watch the movements of the captive, as darkness was necessary in order to induce it to cease its efforts to escape, and to settle on the comb.

"As the bee was now intently occupied in filling itself, Buzzing Ben, or le Bourdon, did not hesitate about removing the glass. He even ventured to look around him, and to make another captive, which he placed over the comb, and managed as he had done with the first. In a minute, the second bee was also buried in a cell, and the glass was again removed. Le Bourdon now signed for his companions to draw near.

"There they are, hard at work with the honey," he said, speaking in English, and pointing to the bees. "Little do they think, as they undermine that comb, how near they are to the undermining of their own hive! But so it is with us all! When we think we are in the highest prosperity we may be nearest to a fall, and when we are poorest and humblest, we may be about to be exalted. I often think of these things, here out in the wilderness, when I'm alone, and my thoughts are active." * * *

"The bee first taken had, indeed, filled itself to satiety, and at first seemed to be too heavy to rise on the wing. After a few moments of preparation, however, up it went, circling around the spot, as if uncertain what course to take. The eye of Ben never left it; and when the insect darted off, as it soon did, in an air-line, he saw it for fifty yards after the others had lost sight of it. Ben took the range, and was silent fully a minute while he did so.

"That bee may have lighted in the corner of yonder swamp," he said, pointing, as he spoke, to a bit of low land that sustained a growth of much larger trees than those which grew in the 'opening;' 'or it has crossed the point of the wood and struck across the prairie beyond, and made for a bit of thick forest that is to be found about three miles further. In the last case, I shall have my trouble for nothing.'

"What t'other do?" demanded Elksfoot, with very obvious curiosity.

"Sure enough: the other gentleman must be nearly ready for a start, and we'll see what road *he* travels. 'Tis always an assistance to a bee-hunter to get one creature fairly off, as it helps him to line the next with greater certainty.'

"Ben would say *active*, and *certain*, though he was above saying *creatoore*, or *creatur*. This is the difference between a Pennsylvanian and a Yankee. We shall not stop, however, to note all these little peculiarities in these individuals, but use the proper or the peculiar dialect, as may happen to be most convenient to ourselves.

"But there was no time for disquisition, the second bee being now ready for a start. Like his companion, this insect rose and encircled the stump several times, ere it darted away towards its hive, in an air-line. So small was the object, and so rapid its movement, that no one but the bee-hunter saw the animal after it had begun its journey in earnest. To his disappointment, instead of flying in the same direction as the bee first taken, this little fellow went buzzing off fairly at a right angle! It was consequently clear that there were two hives, and that they lay in very different directions.

"Without wasting his time in useless talk, le Bourdon now caught another bee, which was subjected to the same process as those first taken. When this creature had filled itself, it rose, circled the stump as usual, as if to note the spot for a second visit, and darted away, directly in a line with the bee first taken. Ben noted its flight most accurately, and had his eye on it until it was quite a hundred yards from the stump. This he was enabled to do, by means of a quick sight and long practice.

"We'll move our quarters, friends," said Buzzing Ben, good humouredly, as soon as satisfied with this last observation, and gathering together his traps for a start. "I must angle for that hive, and I fear it will turn out to be across the prairie, and quite beyond my reach for to-day!"

"The prairie alluded to was one of those small natural

meadows, or pastures, that are to be found in Michigan, and may have contained four or five thousand acres of open land. The heavy timber of the swamp mentioned, jutted into it, and the point to be determined was, to ascertain whether the bees had flown over these trees, towards which they had certainly gone in an air-line, or whether they had found their hive among them. In order to settle this material question, a new process was necessary.

"'I must 'angle' for them chaps,' repeated le Bourdon; 'and if you will go with me, strangers, you shall soon see the nicest part of the business of bee-hunting. Many a man who can 'line' a bee can do nothing at an 'angle.'"

"As this was only gibberish to the listeners, no answer was made, but all prepared to follow Ben, who was soon ready to change his ground. The bee-hunter took his way, across the open ground, to a point fully a hundred rods distant from his first position, where he found another stump of a fallen tree, which he converted into a stand. The same process was gone through as before, and le Bourdon was soon watching two bees that had plunged their heads down into the cells of the comb. Nothing could exceed the gravity and attention of the Indians all this time. They had fully comprehended the business of 'lining' the insects towards their hives, but they could not understand the virtue of the 'angle.' The first bore so strong an affinity to their own pursuit of game as to be very obvious to their senses, but the last included a species of information to which they were total strangers. Nor were they much the wiser after le Bourdon had taken his 'angle;' it requiring a sort of induction to which they were not accustomed, in order to put the several parts of his proceedings together and to draw the inference. As for Gershom, he affected to be familiar with all that was going on, though he was just as ignorant as the Indians themselves. This little bit of hypocrisy was the homage he paid to his white blood; it being very unseemly, according to his view of the matter, for a pale-face not to know more than a red-skin.

"The bees were some little time in filling themselves. At length, one of them came out of his cell, and was evidently getting ready for his flight. Ben beckoned to the spectators to stand farther back, in order to give him a fair chance, and just as he had done so the bee rose. After humming around the stump for an instant, away the insect flew, taking a course almost at right angles to that in which le Bourdon had expected to see it fly. It required half a minute for him to recollect that this little creature had gone off in a line nearly parallel to that which had been taken by the second of the bees which he had seen quit his original position. The line led across the neighbouring prairie, and any attempt to follow these bees was hopeless.

"But the second creature was also soon ready, and when it darted away, le Bourdon, to his manifest delight, saw that it held its flight towards the point of the swamp into or over which two of his first captives had also gone. This settled the doubtful matter. Had the hive of these bees been beyond that wood, the angle of intersection would not have been there, but at the hive across the prairie. The reader will understand that creatures which obey an instinct, or such a reason as bees possess, would never make a curvature in their flights without some strong motive for it. Thus, two bees taken from flowers that stood half a mile apart would be certain not to cross each other's tracks in returning home, until they met at the common hive; and wherever the intersecting angle in their respective flights might be, there would that hive be also. As this repository of sweets was the game le Bourdon had in view, it is easy to see how much he was pleased when the direction taken by the last of his bees gave him the necessary assurance that its home would certainly be found in that very point of dense wood."

Two-thirds of the entire story are taken up with the escape of the bee-hunter and his white companions from the Indians, the chief of

whom suddenly becomes a Christian, at the sight of the slaughter of the missionary, and befriends the former objects of his bitterest hatred. The whole lumbers slowly along towards the termination, which is simply *the end*, and nothing more.

The Old Convents of Paris contains two tales, "Gaston de Colobrières" and "Félice," of which the former is the best. The Baron de Colobrières is a decayed French nobleman, who, under the old régime, dwelt in profoundest pride and poverty upon his ancestral estate, which was dwindled down so near to nothingness that the haughty old peer and his family had barely wherewithal to keep body and soul together. In his youth he had married a damsel as poor and proud as himself, whose whole dower consisted of a few trinkets. Fourteen children sprang from the marriage, and reduced the revenues of the household almost to the starvation-point. No new gown had decked the person of the baroness since her wedding-day; she dressed herself and her children with the old stuffs which had formerly garnished the beds of the chateau in its days of grandeur; the little gentlemen figured in relics of family tapestry, while the girls displayed on their frocks the patterns of the window and bed curtains, which were the only portion of their ancestors' wealth that ever reached them.

As the young Colobrières grew up, they were sent into the world, to live in the only fashion which the old régime permitted to a noble house. Seven youths became monks or soldiers, and five daughters sought sustenance in the Paris convent of "Notre Dame de la Miséricorde," where young women of quality were received without a dowry. Two only remained at home, Gaston and his sister Anastasia. The house in which they lived, and their tattered garments, displayed the pinching poverty which ground down even the remains of the family which still clung to the old chateau.

"For the last fifty years no repairs had been made either in the roof or on the exterior wood-work, and, in consequence, the windows were, for the most part, deprived of glass and shutters, and every shower of rain deluged the floors. The apartments on the first story were no longer habitable, and the family had established themselves in the vaulted rooms on the ground-floor, which enjoyed almost the temperature of a cellar, warm in winter, and fresh and cool in the heat of summer.

"The chapel had fallen into a state of complete decay, and for many years the family had gone to hear Mass in the neighbouring village. This was a source of great mortification to the poor baroness, who had nourished but one ambitious dream in her entire lifetime, namely, that of seeing herself mistress of about fifty crowns, in order to repair the chapel, and have Mass said there on Sundays and holidays by some probationer, whom she could afterwards invite to dinner; but there was no appearance of the baron's finances ever being able to furnish the means for such an outlay, and the good lady resigned herself to this hard privation. Every Sunday, whether fine or wet, the family proceeded to church on foot, dressed in a style in which the change of season caused scarcely any variation. The baron on

these occasions wore an old broad-skirted coat, still decent, but whose long and faithful services were attested by the equivocal lustre of the seams. His stockings of coarse yarn, fitting tightly to a limb which in youth had not been ill turned, were lost in a pair of vast shoes, ornamented with buckles, and his almost napless three-cornered hat evidently required to be handled with the greatest caution. Madame de Colobrières followed him, dressed in a petticoat of Tours gingham, a little faded, and a taffeta mantle which dated from her marriage. Their children were adorned only with their healthy features and erect and graceful carriage. The young boy wore, like the peasants, a coat of serge and a broad-brimmed hat, while his sister had a dress of brown printed cotton, a neck handkerchief of figured muslin, and a little *coif* set jauntily upon her hair, which was combed up from her neck. The sole change which, at distant intervals, took place in this humble garb was confined to the ribbon of the *coif*, which she was permitted occasionally to renew. Notwithstanding these straitened circumstances—a hundred times more difficult to support than naked and avowed poverty—cheerful content and harmony, and a sort of habitual serenity, reigned in the family of Colobrières. The young people especially were untroubled with anxious desires or uneasy anticipations, contenting themselves with the little they possessed, and never permitting their spirits to be saddened by the fallen fortunes of their family.

"One Monday, the second festival of Pentecost, after Mass, while the baroness and her children were returning to the chateau, the baron lingered behind for a few moments in the village market-place, where some travelling merchants had erected their stalls. It was the village festival, and great was the demand for brass rings, pinchbeck crosses, and chaplets of coloured glass. The baron purchased a yard of ribbon for his daughter, and asked, with a sigh, the price of a dress of silken stuff, which, however, he did not purchase. The same day, after dinner, he appeared in no hurry to leave the table, as was his usual custom, to take his siesta, but remained leaning back in his chair in an attitude of deep reflection, his eyes fixed on vacancy. Gaston and his sister had retired noiselessly, thinking that their parents had fallen asleep on each side of the table."

Now the baron had a sister, who, in former days, through fear of being forced into a convent by her brother, had married an actual plebeian, one Pierre Maragnon, a merchant, who had turned out a good husband, had made her happy, and was now just dead, leaving only one daughter, and a large fortune to his widow. On the Whitmonday mentioned, the baron had just learnt these tidings, and had heard that his sister would have sent him her regards, if she had dared, for she had been disowned from the moment of her marriage, and her nephew and niece did not even know of her existence.

Poverty, however, at last forced a recognition of there being actually such a person as Madame Maragnon upon earth, and the cold-hearted baron vouchsafed to avail himself of her funds, though he would not suffer her to come near his home. The story thus goes on:

"The baroness reflected all day upon the news which her husband had brought her. She was in a flutter of astonishment and joy, for her indignation against her sister-in-law was long since appeased, and, at the bottom of her heart, she had pardoned her fault. She did not cherish the slightest hope of bringing her husband round to similar sentiments of indulgence, but she said to herself—and to her simple mind it seemed a vast privilege—that, for the future, she could at least dare to

pronounce before him the name of Agatha, and might even yet hear tidings of her.

"That same day after supper, when La Rousse had removed the covers, and when Gaston had gone with his sister to take a stroll by moonlight upon the terrace, the baron once more commenced whistling his martial airs *mezza voce*, beating time to the measure upon the table. This time Madame de Colobrières did not fall asleep; she quietly awaited the communication which she felt would follow this reverie, for she was persuaded that the baron's thoughts were still occupied with his sister Agatha. At the end of about a quarter of an hour he threw himself back in his chair with a deep sigh, and said dejectedly: 'Wife, did you not perceive last night that it rained into our bedroom as if it was the open field?' 'I have perceived that for many years past, whenever the weather has been bad,' replied she, sighing also. The baron reflected again for a few minutes, and then resumed: 'I do not see how it is to be remedied.' 'I see perfectly well,' replied the baroness; 'we must have the sashes freshly glazed and have good new shutters put to the windows.' 'And do you know, also, where the money necessary to pay for all this is to come from?' said the baron, in a tone of irony, and shrugging his shoulders like a man who hears some senseless project proposed.

"A sudden idea at this moment flashed across the mind of the baroness; she shook her head and replied gravely: 'Money? without doubt I could tell you where to find it if you wished—' The baron looked at her in his turn with an air of astonishment, and fancying that he guessed her thoughts, he said to her, with a sort of indignation in his tone, 'Ah, madam, I thought you were too proud to have recourse to this woman's wealth, or ever to dream of contracting the slightest debt of obligation towards her!' 'You have misunderstood me, sir,' replied the baroness, calmly; 'it is she, on the contrary, who would owe us great obligations. This is the idea that occurred to me. Agatha de Colobrières must, by this time, be heartily tired of bearing the plebeian name of Maragnon: to enable her to get rid of it, sell her the tower of Belveser. It is a noble tenure, a true *savonnette*, a *vilain*, as they term it, and Agatha can then call herself Madame de Belveser, and no one will be able to contest her right to bear our thistle sinople upon the panels of her carriage.' 'Sell the tower of Belveser! alienate a property even older in our family than the Château de Colobrières!' cried the baron; 'do you know, madam, that our archives prove that this tower was built by Jehan de Colobrières, called Jeannet-Courte-Jambe, from his having met with an accident to one of his limbs in the memorable expedition of the Count of Provence against the Saracens of Fraixinet?' 'I am aware of it,' replied the baroness quietly, 'and it has always seemed to me that the noble seigneur made a bad choice in the site of his castle—a naked rock surrounded by land which, good year or bad year, produces nothing at all.' 'Formerly it had some fiefs attached to it,' murmured the baron; 'there were good lands appertaining to it, which have passed into other hands.' 'Well, do you, in your turn, get rid of the bad,' returned Madame de Colobrières quickly; 'that will put a little money in your pocket, and it will be a satisfaction to you to think that your sister no longer bears this name of Maragnon; if she should ever present herself before you, you would not, at least, be obliged to call her by it.' 'What! suffer this woman ever to appear before my eyes!' interrupted the baron; 'why, madam, of what can you possibly be dreaming with your suppositions?' 'I suppose nothing,' hastened to reply Madame de Colobrières; 'I retract my observation; it is true that Agatha will never dare to present herself here, nor ought we to see her again; but is that a reason for your refusing what I propose? There is no occasion for us to make overtures directly to her; we could ask the curé to write, as if this idea came from him, and he himself could conclude the affair in your name. The tower of Belveser, I should think, is well worth a thousand crowns?' 'It is worth more,' replied the baron; 'I must confess, nevertheless, that no one in the country would offer me

even a double louis for it.' 'Centuries might pass before a purchaser would present himself!' cried the baroness; 'I am almost tired of reminding you that your late grandfather, pressed by a man from whom he had purchased a horse on credit, offered to give him this property in lieu of payment, and that the latter refused to accept it.' 'That does not astonish me,' replied the baron, with the utmost simplicity. 'I will communicate my idea to M. le Curé,' resumed Madame de Colobrières, feeling that the moment for taking the initiative had come; 'he will be the only one concerned in the matter, for we cannot, I admit, have any direct communication on the subject with the widow of Pierre Maragnon.'"

The widow rejoiced at the suggestion which the good curé, who had always been her friend, now made her, and she speedily became the owner of the barren rock at the price of a thousand crowns. Not long after, the daughter of the widow appeared at her ruthless uncle's abode. Eleanora Maragnon drove up one day to the chateau, to the amazement of the baron, the secret delight of the baroness, and the surprise of her cousins, who then for the first time discovered that such a cousin existed. Young, pretty, lively, and sweet tempered, she speedily won a place in the old baron's heart, who suffered her to stay a single night, during which time a friendship was cemented between herself and Gaston and Anastasia. The baron, however, would not hear of his wife's returning the call and visiting his sister, who now was living in a new house she was building on the estate he had sold her.

As time went on, however, the young folks contrived incessantly to meet half-way between the parental houses, and of course, as nature and novelists will always have it, Gaston and Eleanora fell in love, while Anastasia was equally enchained by and enchained a young plebeian Maragnon, nephew of her aunt's husband. And so they wiled away their days in joy, till the baron's only servant, an uncouth serving-maid, who unconsciously loved her young master Gaston, found out the secret meetings and told the frantic baron. Instantly Gaston was prepared to enter the army, though he declared he would turn Capuchin, and his sister was sent to Paris to join her sisters in the convent of "Notre Dame de la Miséricorde." The picture of the convent-life then begins. On the whole it is pretty fairly represented, with the drawback we have already specified. The following is a sample of Madame Keybaud's descriptions and dialogues:

"The convent of Notre Dame de la Miséricorde was not one of those pious retreats founded by royal personages and enriched by their gifts. A devout lady and a pious priest had commenced the building about the middle of the seventeenth century, and, at length, with the assistance of Providence and the alms of the faithful, were enabled to complete it. It was, in truth, Anne of Austria who had laid the first stone of the church, but her munificence was confined to the gift of some altar ornaments, and the *Maison de Paris* was almost as ill endowed as the other houses of the order, which, although it was not a mendicant order, was one of the poorest in Christendom. The property of the monastery had scarcely increased with time, and the humble flock presided over by La Mère Angélique did not live in the

well-fed indolence of the Benedictines, the Visitandines, and other communities endowed by opulent benefactors. The nuns of La Miséricorde spent less of their time in the choir than in the workroom; they accomplished perfect marvels of needlework, and created in that material *chef-d'œuvre* by the side of which those of the Lydian Arachne would have appeared but abortive attempts. Their lives were spent in creating those delicate embroideries and magnificent pieces of lacework with which the court-ladies loved to deck their persons, and which the *grand seigneurs* wore in the shape of frills and ruffles. Many a furbelow, at which these cloistered workwomen had laboured for a year, left their pious hands to adorn the short petticoat of a *danseuse*; many a pair of ruffles, the almost impalpable threads of which the young novices had barely completed, were forgotten by some *petit-maitre* upon the toilet-table of a marquise, or torn to pieces in a drunken brawl.

"On leaving the parlour, La Mère Angélique led Mademoiselle de Colobrières through a long dark gallery, on one side of which opened about twenty little doors. These were the dormitories of the sisterhood. In the centre was a large clock surmounted by a cross. A few unframed sheets of canvass, daubed with horrible pictures, decorated the walls, the saints whom they represented seeming to mount sentinel at each door, and to lend an ear to the ticking of the clock, the hand of which marked the seconds of their eternity. An icy chill seemed to exude, as it were, from these tattered canvasses, penetrating soul and body. Poor Anastasia again felt the impression she had experienced on passing the cloister-door: she paused, shuddering, and said in a faint voice, 'What darkness! what silence! One might suppose that there was not a creature in the house.'

"The superior smiled, and raised her finger towards the clock, which almost at the same instant struck twelve. The stroke of the hammer was still echoing, when a joyous hum of many voices was heard in the interior of the convent; children's voices were mingled with those of more mature age, and their animated prattle reached even the dormitory-gallery.

"These are our boarders, whose play-hour has arrived,' said La Mère Angélique. 'My dear little lambs are playing in the court-yard, and their gaily spreads through the whole house. You will scarcely ever meet them except in church, my dear daughter; but you will be able to see them laugh and play through the windows of the novices' dormitory; it is an amusement that I will occasionally permit you.' 'Thanks, my dear mother,' replied Anastasia, who began to perceive that in a convent the most trifling amusements are not to be despised.

"It was also the hour at which the nuns took their recreation. They had assembled in a room which was called the winter promenade, and which opened upon the garden. This apartment was even more simply decorated than the superior's parlour; the furniture, which had already served several generations of nuns, was composed of a long massive table, and a few oaken benches disposed along the walls. A species of chair marked the place reserved for the superior; but this peculiar seat was neither softer nor more commodious than the benches appropriated to the nuns, and its occupant could not hope to repose very luxuriously upon this solid stool, which, nevertheless, represented a throne—the throne of an absolute sovereign over her circumscribed empire. The windows were hung with curtains of linen, through which might be perceived the convent-garden. Neither was the prospect on this side more cheerful; the walls, whose height surpassed that of the neighbouring houses, formed a regular enclosure, in the centre of which a basin of stagnant water held the place of a fountain. Two alleys, bordered by stunted and distorted lime-trees, which presented much the appearance of two rows of inverted brooms, extended in parallel lines to the end of the garden, and not a blade of grass could be perceived in the huge square which was dignified by the title of the *parterre*. At equal distances against the cloistral wall were formed niches of pebbles, ornamented with plaster statuettes and garlands of shells; these were

oratories erected by the nuns, who, in spring, decked them with the languishing flowers which budded in their garden.

"When La Mère Angélique appeared at the entrance of the winter promenade, followed by Mademoiselle de Colobrières, all conversation ceased—every eye was turned towards the new-comer with curious interest, and the community, erect and motionless, awaited in respectful silence the words of their superior. The latter advanced slowly to her place, her handsome features wearing an expression of gentle severity, of austere calm, the power of which was irresistible. It might easily be seen that she was conscious of the absolute dominion she exercised over all these minds, whether timid or resolute, depressed or exalted, satisfied or suffering, over all these natures brought into subjection, at least in appearance, by the power of religion.

"My dear sisters," said she in a grave and gentle voice, "behold the new lamb which the Lord has joined to our flock. As my sister by the ties of relationship, as my spiritual daughter, I recommend her to your affection and your prayers." In an instant Anastasia was surrounded by the entire sisterhood. There was something singularly ingenuous in the testimonies of their friendship; and the formula of compliments which they employed bore but slight resemblance to those made use of in the world. "Sweet Saviour! how glad I am!" said one of the younger nuns; "your place will be near me in the refectory, my dear sister. Do you like fruit?" "Yes, sister," replied Anastasia, astonished at the question. "That is delightful!" replied the nun quickly; "with our mother's permission I every day retrench my dessert, in order, by this little mortification, to correct myself of the sin of gluttony, to which I am subject; it is you, my dear sister, who shall eat my apples." "What a joyful day for us, my child, will that be on which you take the veil!" said an old nun, touching with her long yellow fingers the printed cotton dress of Mademoiselle de Colobrières; "but as long as you wear the livery of the world I dare not rejoice—you will not be altogether ours." "How long the time of your probation will appear to us!" added another nun. "There are two doors to the novitiate, as La Mère Perpétue, our former prioress, used always to say: the one is the great door of salvation which leads into the convent, the other the door which the tempter holds half open, and through which he invites us to return to the world. My dear sister, I will recite every day the Psalm, *Deus noster refugium*, in order that Providence may grant you grace to persevere in your vocation." "Come this way, my dear sister; we will shew you how to make the agnus," cried a group of novices, drawing Anastasia towards the table where they had spread out the images, which they amused themselves by cutting out and framing in gold and silken embroideries."

We need not follow the story further, nor anticipate the issue of all the lovers' sorrows, hopes, and fears. With the exception of the winding up, which is rather lamely brought about, the tale runs on pleasantly enough, and leaves an agreeable impression on the mind. Its companion, *Félice*, is a little more forced, painful, and improbable. Such as it is, however, it is a welcome variation in the standard hum-drum topics of English novelists.

Mildred Vernon is, in our judgment, simply a bad book. The author, as we have said, calls himself a Catholic; but what sort of a one he is may be estimated from the fact, that he has taken the trouble to write a novel with the especial object of shewing that the English people, and particularly English Protestants, are mischievously strict in the severity with which they judge women who break the

marriage-tie. We do not say that the book is a plea for the violation of one of the ten commandments; on the contrary, Mr. Murray considers that married women who run away from their husbands, and husbands who are faithless to their wives, ought to be blamed, condemned, and so forth. But he is possessed with the notion, that conjugal infidelity in England is chiefly caused by the harshness with which the injured party visits the sin, whether when completed, or only in prospect, upon the head of the guilty person; and he has published this somewhat stupid book, in order to induce us to think that a little more laxity would be a very good thing.

Mildred Vernon is the wife of a Sir Edward Vernon, who takes her to Paris to see the French world, and is captivated by an unprincipled Parisian beauty. Our author has tried to portray Lady Vernon as a sort of puritanical devotee of cold-hearted virtue, though his portrait is not even a caricature; and to her haughty replies to her husband's brutalities, he would have us attribute the utter depths of wickedness into which he speedily plunges. Mildred herself then falls in love with a young French Duke, but does not run away with him; and, just as he has married another woman, against his will, by a *mariage de convenance*, Sir Edward dies, and there's the end.

Now, we have no wish to pretend that there may not be certain cases in which the severity with which English society, and also all Christian society, visits a woman who has broken the most solemn of all earthly ties, with a perpetual interdict, might not be relaxed, or to allege that there may not be many cases in which injudicious harshness on the part of an injured wife may drive a sinful husband still further into guilt; but we must express our detestation of such a gross perversion of truth, as that which overlooks the fearful extent of depravity into which a woman in the better classes of society is almost invariably plunged by the disruption of the marriage-bond. Our author knows little of human nature and of the heart of a woman, to say nothing of his little knowledge of Christian morality, when he would have us believe that, with repentance, all is to be almost forgotten, as well as forgiven.

The mischief of this book is, that while it finds no difficulty in displaying certain fearful evils in the habits of society, viewed as bound together by mere natural morality, it never introduces any thing like a true Christian view of the question; while, though a certain pious Abbé is brought forward, the friend of the penitent and the foe of the guilty, yet the tone in which every thing is spoken of is as thoroughly that of a mere man of this world, as if the author were a heathen, or one of the lowest species of Protestants, instead of what he professes himself to be.

The story is laid among the most exclusive

of the old French aristocracy, or those who pretend to be such; for the scenes and characters are far from convincing us that the writer knew much more of the really genuine remains of the ancient noblesse, than the bourgeoisie of the Boulevards know of them. However, he would have us conclude that he is "one of them" by introduction, and his incidents are for the most part laid in their salons and chateaux. Now and then he brings us into England, and gives us as dull a piece of imitation of Disraeli's political novels, as aspiring genius ever devised.

An extract from Mr. Murray's preface will be the best quotation we can find from his pages.

"Let no one imagine that, because the following pages profess to treat of 'Paris in the nineteenth century,' the lines I have chosen for my epigraph are addressed to the French nation. They are *not* so, and are meant to be taken precisely in the sense given to them by their illustrious author. The morality or immorality of our continental neighbours is but of small consequence to us; but of great import is it that we should know them better and judge of them more justly. All our faults come from our ignorance, and from our profound contempt of every thing 'foreign.' The travellers of every other nation seek, in the study of each different race, to decipher a fresh page of that endless volume, called the human heart; the English, on the contrary, travel to see sights, or rather to *have seen* them. Some there are who, without looking upon travel as a sort of duty to be performed, wander the world over, in obedience to that uneasy longing for adventure entailed upon them by their Norman origin; but where are they who travel to *observe*? and what are the results of this voluntary ignorance? Ask the victims of it—and they are many.

"We are a race more full of contradictory qualities and defects than perhaps any other that can be named. Formed by nature and by our institutions, both political and social, for the dignified retirement of our own homes, for the guardianship of our own fire-sides, we are, of all others, the most tormented by the unhealthy desire for change, by the ceaseless temptation to go abroad. There would be no harm in this, if we did not persist in carrying our England with us every where; but, as it is, we rush into the thick of the danger, utterly defenceless, literally devoid of every means of resistance, of every arm.

"It is for this reason that I have thought it might not be altogether without utility to put before the public a picture, the original of which, alas! I have but too often seen. Of Sir Edward Vernons, *we know*, the number is not small, for we are *not* more moral than our neighbours, and our ready enthusiasm and so-called 'warm heart' make us an easier prey than most others to arts and wiles we know not of. The type of Madame de Cévèzes is luckily not to be found amongst us; but for that very reason, perhaps, is she doubly dangerous.

"In the education given to young men in England, too much is based upon that falsest of all false doctrines, the attainment of safety by a systematic flight from temptation. If young Englishmen never quitted their own country—if they were content to spend the 'even tenor' of their whole existence between the virtuous monotony of their own homes and the eventual honours attendant on the discussion of sugar duties and railway concessions in the House of Commons, the evils inherent to this system of education might, perhaps, never put forth their fruit; but, on the contrary, the greatest haste is almost universally shewn to separate the victims of these 'shallow devices' from those influences which alone can protect them. Thrown into the very centre of a world to whose ways he is a stranger, of a society against whose arts he has no shield, an Englishman abroad—in France particularly—is placed in the posi-

tion of a man who does not keep pistols for fear they should be turned against himself, and who, attacked by robbers in the night, falls without the possibility of a defence.

"And now, my own dear countrymen, let me put to you, in all good faith and amity, the question whereof the epigraph of this book furnishes the answer. I have watched you abroad (where you do not appear to advantage), I have studied foreigners in *their* homes: you are the kindest, the most honourable, the surest, the most sincere—but *are you the most moral of men?* (I speak here of morality in its purely social sense, as affecting especially the ties of lover to mistress, of husband to wife). Certainly I should astonish, perhaps I might offend you, if I were to answer resolutely in the negative, and tell you that a well-born, well-educated Frenchman is—for all the ends of that worldly dignity, of that official respectability, which serve as the exterior sign of good conduct—a far more moral personage than yourselves. And why is this? Because you are *really* enthusiastic, and *really* full of heart, and that a well-behaved Frenchman has neither heart nor enthusiasm, but looks upon the first as a piece of insanity, and on the second as a piece of bad taste. Where are to be found those who are still, in our prosaic age, capable of committing what on the continent is styled *une folie*? In England, *but nowhere else*. There alone do men offer up every thing on the altar of their inclinations; and actresses, dancers, and some even nameless fair ones, transformed, too often, into the representatives of the first titles of the land, speak sufficiently to the utter contempt felt by Englishmen for whatever obstacle prudence may oppose to passion. Now, this is not to be defended without restriction; for although, in a mere philosophical and speculative sense, it may be a glorious thing to see every worldly consideration sacrificed to a sentiment, yet the reckless kind of feeling which prompts this sacrifice to a legitimate object, may also produce (*as it has done in more than one instance*), an equal sacrifice to an object wholly illegitimate and unworthy. When an Englishman is in love, he forgets every thing; with a Frenchman it is quite the contrary, and the whole is generally to him as much a matter of business as of pleasure, or, in the words of a witty Parisian lady—'*c'est moins une affaire de cœur qu'une affaire*.' The consequence is, that, if there are few *mariages d'inclination*, and still fewer *mésalliances d'amour*, in France, there are, at least, none of those *esclandres* in which passion may account for, though it cannot excuse, public misconduct and a contempt of social laws; or, if such *do* occur, they are visited with a universal reprobation that renders their effect rather beneficial than otherwise. A Frenchman, above all things, respects *les convenances*, and therefore is pretty sure, sooner or later, to return to the track sanctioned by public opinion; whereas, if an Englishman once sets *his heart* upon any object—whilst in every other respect he remains the very soul of uprightness and honour—the chances are as ninety-nine to one that he will overleap every barrier, and trample on every obstacle, to effect the attainment of it."

And now for Mrs. Ellis and her solemnities. Unquestionably she sins not in the way of the author of *Mildred Vernon*; but oh! what a writer is Mrs. Ellis! She is now publishing the novel lying before us, in fortnightly parts; and weary must be the eyes and heads which toil through all the floods of prosy moralising and theological twaddle with which she overlays her pages. It is not that her story itself is bad, or without interest. On the contrary, it begins almost with animation, and her personages have at least a semblance of reality; but then, the digressions and didactics into which she relapses on every possible opportunity; her boundless lengths of descriptions

of people's thoughts and characters; the exquisitely sensible and correct deductions which she draws from all that she tells;—indeed,—indeed, the English reading public must be a most praiseworthy and amiable generation, since by their patronage they induce this most lecturing lady to continue her series of dull moralities, through volume after volume, and story after story.

We have often wondered, indeed, what can be the class of persons who read Mrs. Ellis's productions. We never yet met an individual who could tolerate them. We never encountered a wife, mother, grandmother, daughter, bride, bridesmaid, young woman, old woman, or any other of that omnigenous female species who have been favoured with this lady's advice upon their duties, who did not pronounce her the most unreadable of authoresses, and the most tedious of lecturers. Yet, while ordinary people who insist upon advising others are forced to bribe or to compel their victims to submit to the infliction, here is this worthy lady positively paid to continue her discourses, and she is gradually accumulating almost a new "Standard Library" of small morals, the sole productions of her unaided pen. We can only account for the phenomenon of the success of Mrs. Ellis's writings by the hypothesis that "the women of England," in all their multitudinous varieties, must be vastly more fond of being tutored and scolded than any mortal man, or than any daughter of man,

whom it was ever our lot to encounter. The reading public of this country must, indeed, be sufficiently extensive in its ramifications, when a sale can be found for the periodically issued parts of books so widely different in their very essence as this *Social Distinction*, and such stories as those of Dickens, Thackeray, and Albert Smith.

Social Distinction,—so says the preamble, or address to the public,—is meant to shew that a thirst for *distinction* is a very general thing and a very bad thing. How it will do this in the end we cannot yet say. Hitherto it has not succeeded *à merveille*, though we must confess that it has the elements of what might be a pleasant tale, if Mrs. Ellis had been born an average mortal woman, and not a discourser by the volume. It is rare, indeed, to meet with any one who is so resolute in her didactics, who possesses at the same time any decent amount of cleverness or imaginative talent. Yet doubtless Mrs. Ellis is not without these natural powers, and could she but bring herself to throw into the fire as nearly as possible three quarters of all her lucubrations, the remainder might claim a respectable place in the catalogue of English essayists and novelists. As it is, she may rely upon it, that though the present age may endure and even like her compositions, the butterman's shop and the trunk-maker's manufactory will be their ultimate destination.

THE FAIRFAX CORRESPONDENCE.

The Fairfax Correspondence. Memoirs of the Reign of Charles the First. Edited by G. W. Johnson, Esq. Two Volumes. London, Bentley.

THE title of this book prepared us for a take-in. What could be the real meaning of the juxtaposition of *The Fairfax Correspondence*, and *Memoirs of the Reign of Charles the First*, coupled with the word "edited," immediately following, we could not divine. We only felt sure that the device was ominous of book-making, and that my Lord Fairfax was about to be made a decoy-duck to entrap the ingenuous British public into the purchasing, and possibly the perusing, of some concoction or other of the so-called editor, Mr. G. W. Johnson.

The production altogether, after examination, may be pronounced pre-eminently *cool*. Somebody or other has *done* Mr. Bentley, the publisher, into the purchase of what is magniloquently termed *The Fairfax Correspondence*; and two big volumes are now palmed off upon the reading world, looking like memoirs of the reign of King Charles, mainly founded upon the said correspondence, but being, in reality, a lengthy prosy narrative of the times, compiled

from the old sources, with a few Fairfax letters thrust in here and there, according to their dates. Prefixed is a memoir of the Fairfax family, by an anonymous writer, much given to genealogical lore, who, either in happy ignorance of the rest of the book, or in most audacious impudence, informs us that the succeeding volumes are really compiled from the correspondence itself. How many volumes there are to be in the end does not appear; for as yet but two have been vouchsafed to mankind, and no indication is given as to the length to which the work is to extend. Of this fact, also, a certain mysterious indication is given on the title-page, where, in place of the ordinary, "in two volumes," or "volumes one and two," we have a sibylline oracle thus enounced—"two volumes." We submit to all parties concerned in the affair, that such a form of words savours as little of candour as of good grammar. Such as the volumes are, however, we must proceed to give our readers an account of them.

Those who are not learned in the peerage are perhaps not aware that there exists at present a Lord Fairfax, the descendant of the great man of the same name who fought on

the Parliamentary side against King Charles. The peer, however, is better known to republican America than to aristocratic England; for his only possessions are at Woodburne, Maryland, in the United States. The rest of the family estates have departed with the political glory of the house.

From one of its ancient possessions comes the correspondence now in course of "editing." They were discovered some years ago in Leeds Castle, a house which was bequeathed by one of the Lords Fairfax, who had no children, to the Rev. Denny Martin, whose brother again bequeathed it to its present owner, Mr. F. W. Martin.

What may be the merit of the letters still unrevealed we cannot, of course, say; but hitherto we must confess that they are wholly unworthy of publication. The writer of the introduction tells us, that "the confidential character of these voluminous papers enhances the interest and importance of their disclosures." We fear that the world in general will be disposed to think that there is nothing

worth disclosing in the whole collection, and to join with us in devoutly trusting that there must be some mistake as to its *voluminous* character. If the letters are really as numerous as they are dull, the prospect before us is dreary. Considering that the Fairfax epistles constitute but a small portion of the two volumes before us, if Mr. Johnson is bent upon writing on and on until the whole "vast mass" is exhausted, upon a similar plan of composition, there is no saying how far the work will extend, or what sum of money will be extracted from the pockets of the unwary purchaser of the first instalment, who thinks himself bound to buy on until all is ended.

Mr. Johnson's memoir of the unhappy king's reign presents nothing that is remarkable; yet it is lively in comparison with the letters themselves, which are as flat a collection of documents as ever were written in stirring times. They are stately, dry, and stiff, tell little or nothing that is new, and give but a vague picture of the characters of their writers.

SHORT NOTICES.

L' Anima Amante; or, the Soul loving God.

Translated from the Italian of the Very Rev. J. B. Pagani, Provincial of the Order of Charity in England. London, Burns.

As it was the work of the lamented Dr. Gentili, till the mysterious decree of Providence cut short his labours, to illustrate in his public life and in his preaching the power of that divine love which gives its name to the order to which he belonged; so it is the privilege of the English Provincial of the Institute to awaken the minds of this country to a more fervent and active charity by the example of his silent life, and by the power of his writings. The *Anima Divota* is already known to most English Catholics, as displaying not only the most ardent devotion towards the love of God as manifested in the institution of the holy Eucharist, but also many natural talents, and a cultivated imagination, but too rare amongst us. The *Anima Amante*, now first translated, will, if we mistake not, be better liked even than its predecessor. Dr. Pagani's mind seems to work with more perfect freedom and originality, when he is casting his thoughts into something like a systematic form, than when he writes a simple series of meditations, connected in subject, rather than as forming portions of a philosophical and doctrinal whole.

In the present work the subject is treated in some respects on a plan similar to that of St. Francis de Sales; yet, at the same time, with a very marked difference. It is less metaphysical and more simple than that of the great Bishop of Geneva, and more adapted to the general reader, while, at the same time, it gives a general view of the origin, nature, perfections, and results of that grace, without which there is no true religion in the soul. The style is animated, and falls well into its English dress; a delightful warmth and unction of feeling pervades the whole; and

every sentence shews that the mind of the writer possesses both that complete and—so to call it—scientific comprehension of the system of Christian doctrine, and that striking familiarity with the text and the meaning of holy Scripture, which are the characteristics of the perfect Catholic theologian.

Early Travels in Palestine; comprising the Narratives of Arculf, Willibald, Bernard, Sæwulf, Sigurd, Benjamin of Tudela, Sir John Maundeville, De la Brocquière, and Maundrell. Edited, with Notes, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. (*Bohn's Antiquarian Library*.)

THE title of this republication is sufficiently tempting to those who, like ourselves, are surfeited with the mingled flippancy, idleness, and rash judgments of most modern travellers, and who sigh for a recurrence to a style of writing which simply details facts, and narrates the experiences of people whose journeys were things requiring a singular measure of energy and endurance. To most educated persons, the majority of these works of the old Oriental travellers are still known scarcely by name, and we shall be glad if the publisher completes the subject by a volume or two comprising the writings of the other most renowned pilgrims into the far East. Still further should we be obliged, if a stipulation were made with Mr. Wright, or whoever be the editor, that he abstain from the very silly and obsolete taunts against the Catholic religion and its followers, with which he has disfigured his otherwise interesting preface to the present volume.

The last issued volume of the *Standard Library* of the same publisher, contains a further collection of Milton's political and controversial tracts.

The Little Flower-Garden; or, Tales for the Young. London, Burns.

A PRETTY little packet of pretty little stories for

Catholic children, shewing them how to say the beads, and illustrating other points of Christian doctrine and duty.

Chants for Vespers, as sung by the Juvenile Choir of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Andrew, Westland Row, Dublin. Revised and carefully arranged by P. W. Gormley, Organist. Richardson.

THE author of these Chants must be almost as juvenile as his choir, to publish a set of modified Gregorian tones, expressly adapted to—we hardly know what—unless it be the very enlightened judgment and refined musical tastes of the said “Roman Catholic” juveniles. The “Laudate” is a gem, in its way, as a specimen of harmony.

Compitum; or, the Meeting of the Ways at the Catholic Church. The First Book. London, Dolman.

THIS book has no author's name upon its first page; but the very title of the volume, not to mention the table of contents, is sufficient to suggest its authorship to every one who every opened the *Mores Catholici*. If any should doubt to whose pen it owes its birth, one chapter, or even one paragraph, from the body of the work, will convince him, however sceptical, that Mr. Kennelm Digby is again enriching our Christian literature with one of those singular and delightful books which none but himself could write. Every page displays the same extraordinary memory, the same extensive reading, the same sweet, tender, loving spirit, the same delight in every thing that is most poetic and elevating in the Catholic religion, which Mr. Digby's very numerous readers would unanimously account the characteristics of his writings. There is also that occasional quaintness of thought and expression, that want of method, and what is commonly accounted vigour of style, and that tendency to give a partial in place of a complete view of past ages, which are rather Mr. Digby's peculiarities than his merits. He still gives us a wide and highly elaborated picture of the inner life of religion, as it moulded the hearts of the devout, and shone like a light in the midst of a dark world, rather than any full and philosophical history of other days. Were we to judge by his pages alone, there would be little to love now in the Christian Church, and little to condemn in past times.

Every book, however, must be judged by the end it proposes to accomplish, and therefore we have no right to complain if Mr. Digby's glowing fragments have a little too much tendency to call off the mind from the realities of the living generation to a dreamy contemplation of by-gone days, and to overstate the power which the Church in those Catholic times exercised upon the world. At the same time, we cannot but look upon his present work as a *fairer* and more satisfactory production than his former books, with all their charms. It professes only to give one view of past history, and is no more faulty on that account, than a treatise on the evidences of Christianity would be faulty because it said little or nothing of the sins of individual Christians.

Compitum is a series of delightful reflections, suggestions, anecdotes, and quotations, exemplifying the various modes in which the heart and intellect are attracted to that perennial fount of life and love which springs up in the bosom of the

Church. These come under the following heads: the road of children, the road of youth, the road of the family, the road of servants, the road of hospitality, the road of home, the road of heralds, the road of honour, the road of the schools, and the road of travellers. At the same time, the general treatment of the subject is in no way controversial, the author's object being rather to shew how the heart and intellect of man, whether brought up within or without the Church, finds its full satisfaction in the truths and practices which are to be found within her boundaries alone, than to discuss the matter in the ordinary modern way of argument. Few persons will probably read the whole volume, from the first chapter to the last, for this is not the way that Mr. Digby's writings can be read; but of the many who take it up once, few will not take it up a second time, and a third time, while many will wander over its pages, day after day, as we wile away our hours of relaxation in a garden of odorous flowers and umbrageous paths, where every scent and every glade invites the mind to meditation and repose.

The Catholic School, No. 2. October 1848.

THE second number of this publication of the Catholic Poor-School Committee is as practical, business-like, and sensible as its most sincere well-wishers can desire. All its papers are good, but we would especially recommend the first, entitled “How to establish a School,” to the careful examination of our readers, both lay and clerical. Prefixed to the number is a good sketch and plan for a school by Mr. Wardell the architect. We take the following from the first article:

“The writer of these remarks had occasion, in the course of the past summer, to visit an important city in the west of England. He stayed for a few days in the house of a Protestant gentleman residing a short distance from the town, and thus procured authentic information respecting the affairs of the Established Church in this vicinity. What, then, was the stipend of the master of the Protestant school in this semi-rural parish? Some of our readers will be surprised at the amount: the regular salary paid by the managers of the school was 60*l.* per annum, with a house rent-free, and coals and candles. The master had passed the examination of one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, had obtained a certificate of merit, and was thus in the receipt from the Privy Council of an augmentation of salary amounting to 30*l.* a year. In addition to this, his school had been pronounced a proper training place for pupil-teachers, of whom he had about six or seven to assist him; and for the care bestowed upon these pupil-teachers he received some 20*l.* or 30*l.* a-year also from the Privy Council. So that his entire salary, in addition to a free residence and other perquisites, was not less than 115*l.* per annum.

“In the heart of this same city there is a very respectable Catholic congregation, with a large chapel, served by two accomplished Missioners. One of these excellent and zealous men conferred with the writer upon the state of the Catholic Boys' School. It was not satisfactory to him, he said. He had difficulty about a master. He desired improvement, but could not any where obtain it; for the entire salary given to the schoolmaster was 30*l.* a-year!

“The Protestant schoolmaster was a young man of 22, trained in the Normal School established by Mr. Kay Shuttleworth at Battersea, full of zeal, energy, and intelligence; admirably suited for a situation, which he was filling to the satisfaction of all. The Catholic schoolmaster was what might be expected for a bare 30*l.* a-year.”

Correspondence.

ROOD-SCREENS.

REPLY TO "T. W. M."

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—The question of rood-screens is in itself one of much interest and importance; as what question can be otherwise, which concerns the most appropriate method of placing religion externally before the faithful? But the controversy concerning rood-screens has touched upon one or two principles of a far more fundamental character, and of far more general importance. I hope, then, there is no fear of my appearing to attach an undue and preposterous importance to the mere externals of religion, if (instead of contenting myself with a mere reply to the observations of "T. W. M." in your last number) I take advantage of the enlarged shape of your journal to express, as completely as may be, my feelings on the whole subject.

"T. W. M.," in his last letter, expresses his regret that, in a simple discussion on rood-screens, I have introduced "serious charges" and "solemn admonitions;" but I defend myself by retorting the charge on him. If he and Mr. Pugin contented themselves with earnestly advocating rood-screens, and all the other peculiarities of our ancient Gothic cathedrals, as the most appropriate style of church-building for the present, or for all time, I should indeed widely differ from them, but should consider any such charges or admonitions absolutely indefensible. But they have not contented themselves with this: at least so it seems to me; and if I have misunderstood them, I will most willingly and gladly apologise, and withdraw from this moment all my moral and theological imputations, with sincere regret for having made them. But apart from such disavowal, surely such passages as the following imply on their surface far more than a mere advocacy of rood-screens as being the most beautiful and appropriate arrangement.

For example: "T. W. M." quotes, with expressions of agreement, the sentiment that "the whole Church approves, and all tradition authorises," screens; and that it is "perhaps" in consequence of their destruction that men's "reason has become as bold and rash as their regard." He gives us his own opinion, that they "flourished spontaneously when men were loving and reverent, and that if such times should ever return they will flourish again;"* that the principle of of them "was solemnly accredited and enforced both by the primitive and mediæval Church," and that this "fact" is "sufficiently impressive and significant to decide the whole controversy." And Mr. Pugin says: "*Revive the Catholic faith and devotion, . . . restore the old reverence, and gladly will men welcome old things, arch, and aisle, and pillar, and chancel, and screen.*"

All this surely looks like a good deal more than the mere advocacy of rood-screens; it looks very like "solemn admonitions" and "serious charges"

* "T. W. M." has explained this phrase of his in a less strong sense than that in which I understood it, or in which, as I think, it would naturally be understood. But, taken *with* its explanation, it is fully available for the purpose for which I here introduce it.

against those who dislike them. I, for one, on the contrary, bring no charge whatever against those who admire them ever so warmly; but only against those who begin by bringing charges against all who differ from themselves. "T. W. M." has the matter quite in his own hands, if he wishes me to retract my disparaging remarks. Let him fully admit that the most loyal and obedient son of the Church has no call on him whatever, as such, to admire chancel-screens and the rest; let him admit that such things have no direct and necessary connexion with faith and reverence; and that those Catholics who differ from himself on the subject most widely, have as full a right to their own opinions as he has to his;—and my remarks, so far, will fall to the ground. But if he decline to do so, surely it must be evident to himself, as well as to others, that it is he, and no one else, who is fairly chargeable with the introduction of "solemn admonitions" and "serious charges."

I am unwilling further to enter into controversy with Mr. Pugin, without expressing, in the strongest terms, my sense of his great genius, and of the benefits it has conferred on the whole Catholic body, and my admiration of the generosity, the uprightness of character, and the childlike singleness of purpose, which are especially his characteristics; nor indeed can I believe that either he or "T. W. M." will adhere to their expressions when they come to see how much is involved in them. But having said so much, I will not shrink from adding, that such a doctrine as I understand to be expressed in the above-cited passages, appears to me worthy of very grave reprehension: first, as wanting in reverence to the blessed Saints; and, secondly, as highly disrespectful to the Holy See. Let me explain myself in order on both these heads.

The author of the well-known tale called *Loss and Gain*—if I may attribute to him the opinion which he puts into the mouth of one of his characters—is no enemy to Gothic architecture; on the contrary (p. 254), he "*exceedingly prefers it to classical,*" and "*thinks it the one true child and development of Christianity*;" a position which I am far from disputing. But he "will not," he says, "for that reason discard the Pagan style, which has been sanctified by eighteen centuries, by the exclusive love of many countries, and by the sanction of a host of Saints." It is this last consideration which Mr. Pugin has, so unfortunately for himself, overlooked. In whom did "Catholic faith, devotion, and reverence" ever exist, if not in the blessed Saints of God? What Saint ever lived who did not make earnest and unceasing protest against those contemporary corruptions which hindered in others the growth of such qualities? and yet is there one who can be named, of all the innumerable Saints who have frequented churches with sanctuaries open and exposed, who has so much as hinted that *these* were such corruptions?

Again, Mr. Pugin and "T. W. M." would have us believe, that it is the natural dictate of faith and reverence to veil the blessed Sacrament from the eyes of the faithful; and that to long for a full and unimpeded view of it, argues some espe-

cial deficiency in those high qualities. Now, let the following description of the Quarant' Ore be carefully read; a description written, as is well known, by Dr. Wiseman himself, and therefore, as the true account of an Italian devotion, of the most unimpeachable authenticity; and it will be seen that the very essence of the devotion, as he describes it, is this unveiled and unimpeded view of the blessed Sacrament. Dr. Wiseman indeed says, "that it does one's spirit good even to look again upon such hours, through years of distance and miles of space; it recalls to mind emotions *deeper and tenderer than we may hope for here*; it makes one *almost envious of those whose privilege they are*." Yet, if we may believe Mr. Pugin, those who feel such emotions are deficient in true Catholic faith and reverence. St. Alphonsus, as one instance, is well known to have been in a special manner anxious that this devotion should be widely extended and universally frequented. Is our faith and reverence endangered, when we follow the counsels of St. Alphonsus? or was he deficient in true Catholic adoration of the most Blessed Sacrament, because he saw no impropriety in its being exposed, not only without let or hindrance, but with every circumstance of publicity and splendour, to the worship of the faithful? Is *he* one of those who should have been "content to penetrate the veil of the sanctuary with the eyes of faith?" Mr. Pugin himself seems dimly conscious how the case stands, for he reminds us that "even the Saints have occasionally taken the wrong side in matters not of faith." Assuredly they have; but has it been on questions which directly concern the spirit of faith and devotion, and reverence for the sacred mysteries? If it is a mere matter of taste, as I maintain, well and good; the Saints may have a very bad perception as to beauty of proportion and architectural grace: but if they have *not* a good perception as to *faith and reverence*, who in the world have? Are we to take *our own* perception of such graces, or Mr. Pugin's perception, in preference to theirs? In truth, I cannot doubt that my opponents themselves, when they fairly consider this, will be the first to regret their own language, and apologise for having used it. I am here assuming of course, as I said before, that they *have* meant to impute some deficiency in faith and reverence to the enemies of screens; if they have *not* meant this, it is for *me* to retract *my* charges, and to apologise for having made them.

The passage to which I allude is the following, and is taken from Dr. Wiseman's beautiful paper on "Minor Rites and Offices."

"In large towns, where there are a sufficient number of churches, the entire year is portioned out among them. The church is richly adorned with tapestry and hangings, while the daylight is excluded, not so much to give effect to the brilliant illumination round the altar, as to *concentrate and direct attention towards that which is upon it*, and make it *like the Lamb in heaven, the lamp and sun, the centre of light and glory* to the surrounding sanctuary. After a solemn Mass and procession, the blessed Sacrament is enshrined and enthroned above the altar. . . . Around it is disposed, as it were, a firmament of countless lights, radiating from it, symbolical of the ever-wakeful host of heaven, the spirits of restless life and unfading brightness, that keep watch round the seat of glory above. At the foot of the altar kneel immovable, in silent adoration, the priests of the sanctuary, relieving each other day and night, pouring the prayers of the people, as fragrant odours, before it. But look at the body of the church! No pews, no benches, *or other encumbrances, are there*;

but the flood of radiance from the altar *seems poured out upon the marble pavement, and to stream along the floor*. But not during the day will you see it thus; the whole, except during the hours of repose, is covered with kneeling worshippers. To look at the scene through the eye of memory *comes nearer to the contemplation of a heavenly vision than aught else we know*. It seems to us as though, on these occasions, flesh and blood lost their material grossness, and were spiritualised as they passed the threshold. . . . Before and around are scattered, without order or arrangement, persons . . . all lowly kneeling, all *reflecting upon their prayerful countenances the splendour of the altar*. . . . The little children who come in, led by a mother's hand, *kneel down by her in silence, as she simply points towards the altar*, overawed by the still splendour before them. The hurried passer-by, who merely looks in, cannot resist the impulse to sink, if only in a momentary genuflexion, upon his knee; nay, even the English scoffer, who will face any thing else, will not venture to stalk, as elsewhere, up the nave, heedless of others' sacred feelings, but must needs remain under the shelter of the doorway, or steal behind the shadow of the first pillar, *if he wishes to look on without partaking*. But more forward, or in the recesses of the aisles, how many you will find . . . who *have spent their hours in that heavenly presence, where they seem to breathe the pure air of paradise*."*

My second head is the great disrespectfulness to the Apostolic See of the language I am criticising. This objection I shall be able to express more clearly, if I begin by answering an objection brought by "T. W. M." against my own letters. "T. W. M." complains that I have not attempted to answer the *authorities* he has adduced. Of course, as I began my first letter with the avowal that "I have no pretension to antiquarian knowledge," were I to profess any comment on his authorities, I should be self-convicted of attempting a task to which I am unequal. The real objection, then, must be, that a person destitute of antiquarian knowledge should profess a confident opinion on the subject. This objection I readily answer by an analogous case.

Suppose a Catholic student, either of moral or of physical science, to have arrived at some conclusion in those subjects which is represented to be at variance with sound theology; and suppose some string of passages from the older theologians brought forward, which, at first sight, should appear to countenance such imputation. Would any one in the world think him bound to enter upon a wholly new line of study, for which perhaps he had neither leisure nor inclination, in order that he might ascertain for himself the real meaning of these passages, and the real authority of the writers from whom they were taken? Is there any Catholic living to whom such a reply as the following would not appear abundantly satisfactory? "The conclusions to which you object have been taught," he might say, "by priests at Rome, under the very eye of the authorities, for the last hundred years, without challenge or objection; nay, they are professed by the Pope himself. The Church is a living guide, not an antiquarian abstraction. There can be no possible danger, I will not say of heresy, but of temerariousness or doubtfulness of doctrine, so long as I conform to the teaching of the Roman schools, of the Pope, and the Pope's theological coadjutors." I will venture to say, there is no Catholic living who would not acknowledge such a line of defence to be triumphant. But if this is so even where *doctrine* is the matter in hand,

* *Dublin Review*, No. xxix. pp. 261-4.

a subject essentially unalterable, how incomparably stronger is the case when *discipline* is in question, a subject both essentially variable and constantly varying; a subject on which the voice of one living Pope and one living Congregation of Rites, by plain necessity, absolutely and incomparably outweighs the whole united body of antiquarian and rubrical writers!

Now, if there be one series of ecclesiastical functions more than any other, which both the plain reason of the case, and the common voice of both Catholics and Protestants, proclaim to be eminently representative of the spirit of the Church, it must be those functions in which the Pope himself takes part, at St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel. Even on the extremest Gallican ground, they must, in very shame, be acknowledged free from the very faintest shadow of theological and ecclesiastical blame; for what Bishop in the whole Church has ever protested against them? And what is to be said, then, when Catholics gravely maintain that these functions are in their own nature (not in some of their accidents, *e.g.* the behaviour of Protestants who are present, &c., but in their own nature) objectionable innovations? that they are such as could not maintain their ground if '*true Catholic faith and devotion were revived*?' that they are contrary to what '*the whole Church approves, and all tradition authorises*?' that they tend to make men's reason '*bold and rash*,' and will cease to '*flourish*' if ever men become again loving and reverent? nay, as if to crown the whole, that '*all the authorities are unanimous*' in their disapproval of such functions? Yet such are really the respective allegations of Mr. Pugin and '*T. W. M.*;' to which, surely, it is sufficient to answer, that the Roman authorities may indeed err widely on mere matters of taste; but that the Pope *cannot* be supposed to sanction by his deliberate and long-continued approval, all other Bishops meanwhile looking on in silence, a system of worship the tendency of which is adverse to true faith and devotion. The charge I bring against my opponents is, that they do make this supposition; a supposition, I repeat, grossly disrespectful (that I may say the very least) to the Church and to the Holy See.

I may refer also, under *this* head, to the devotion of the Quarant' Ore; for your correspondent '*S.*,' in your October number, mentions that it is a devotion '*for whose encouragement various pontiffs have granted the most ample indulgences.*' And shall we be told by Catholics, that the principle of this devotion, as carried on under the very eye of those Pontiffs, is unfavourable to true reverence? Mr. Pugin, indeed, in his letter, tells us '*he is well aware that the advocates of pointed ecclesiastical architecture are charged with anti-Roman feeling;*' but replies, '*no period of art and architecture is so associated with devotion to the Holy See as that which we advocate.*' Mr. Pugin here misunderstands the object of my accusation. It is not the mediæval architects, but *him*, Mr. Pugin, that I accuse of disrespect to the Holy See. Let him produce, if he can, one single mediæval writer who brought such charges against any forms of building sanctioned in Rome, as Mr. Pugin brings. No: their '*devotion to the Holy See*' was quite sufficient to keep far from their minds such a thought. In this, as in so many other respects, Mr. Pugin copies the mere outward forms of the middle ages, with a sad neglect of their inward spirit.

'*T. W. M.*' felt the force of this argument, and endeavoured to meet it by saying that the Pope's chapel has a sort of screen, within which none but ecclesiastics are admitted. In the following number of the *Rambler* this was denied as a matter of fact; '*T. W. M.*' having been inadvertently misled: and your correspondent '*S.*,' writing from Rome, repeats the denial. No answer has been made to this contradiction; though I regret that '*T. W. M.*' has not been induced openly to admit his error.

'*T. W. M.*' has drawn my especial attention to his quotation from Benedict XIV. on the subject of Exposition. In this particular case, apart from the general reason of my profound ignorance on antiquarian and archaeological subjects, there was a special cause for my not replying, viz. that I never saw the passage till it appeared in that very number of the *Rambler* which contained my last letter. But to this moment I cannot see what it is brought to prove. No one doubts that at present the Blessed Sacrament is constantly exposed at Rome, by the Pope and others, to the reverent gaze of the people. If the passage in Benedict XIV. be really a prohibition of such a practice (which I cannot help doubting: perhaps some friendly antiquary may throw light on the subject;—but if it be), it follows that so open an exhibition of the Blessed Sacrament was not profitable to Catholics then as is profitable now. I do not see what other inference *can* be drawn; for the only other alternative is, that the Church now sanctions and encourages religious rites which are dangerous to faith and reverence: an inadmissible alternative, for the reasons above given. It may be well at the same time to add here, that even were the present discipline of the Church the same with what '*T. W. M.*' considers it to have been under Benedict XIV., that circumstance could not in any way affect my argument; as I shall shew in the proper place.

As to Dom Martene, the quotations, sir, in your last number from that writer seem to throw rather a new light on the subject. '*T. W. M.*' mentions it as an '*undeniable fact*,' that the principle of rood-screens was '*solemnly accredited and enforced by the primitive*' as well as '*the mediæval Church.*' Martene, on the contrary, mentions that in the time of St. Paulinus express provision was made that the whole body of the faithful might see distinctly the various offices of the Church. I am unwilling to write in the style adopted by '*T. W. M.*;' but, merely *ad hominem*, I will for once adopt his words against himself: I will say, that if such an allegation as that of '*T. W. M.*' '*had been whispered to the great Benedictine*, I fear he would have only thought he had encountered one of those queer people, whose complacent ignorance so often amused him during his learned travels."

I charged '*T. W. M.*' with saying, that '*rood-screens perished at that moment when faith began to be most sorely perilled:*' and I observed upon that expression, that as to faith being perilled *externally* to the Church, it is so at all times; but that to speak of faith being perilled *within* the Church, is what no Catholic can advisedly do, and *remain* a Catholic. He disclaims the sentiment altogether, and is pained at my imputing it to him. I most willingly accept such disclaimer as a full proof that he never intended to convey any such idea; and I regret, indeed,

that I did not express more strongly in my letter the conviction which I felt, that he did *not* really intend it. Merely to protect myself from the charge of misrepresentation, however, I will quote "T. W. M.'s" own words; which do in themselves unquestionably express what he is naturally so pained at any one supposing him to hold. His words were these: Rood-screens "having flourished so long as Christian art derived its inspiration from *Christian Faith*, they perished precisely at the moment when *the one began to be most sorely perilled*, and the other to exist only in the monuments of the past."

I do hope, then, we shall soon see the last of a habit that has been of late painfully prevalent; the habit, I mean, of discussing both architectural and musical questions, not on their own ground, but on some alleged principle of exclusive sacredness. When Catholics contemplate the Church's solemn services, as conducted in Rome her metropolis, by the Pope her sovereign Pontiff, and fix their eyes on those services as the model to which they would fain see the English services in all respects conformed, they may or may not be greatly mistaken on a question of taste, they may or may not err in not sufficiently taking into account differences of national character; but at least they must be safe as regards the essentials of faith and devotion: and it is most unseemly in any Catholic to speak as though the case were otherwise. Certainly, for one, I hope no one can be more tolerant than I am of mere differences of taste: and I should indeed be ashamed of myself were I to throw the shadow of an imputation upon any brother Catholic, on the ground of his cordial admiration for rood-screens or plain-chant masses; most unsuitable as I think both for the expression of religious feeling at the present day. But so long as the authorised functions at Rome are represented as being repugnant, not to mere taste, but to the true idea of faith and devotion, so long I should be ashamed of myself, on the contrary, if, by *withholding* my "serious charges" and "solemn admonitions" when I write upon the subject, I should appear to acquiesce in a notion which every Catholic is bound indignantly to repudiate.

But when it is once conceded that the present controversy turns, not on essentials, but on a mere matter of taste, one or two important conclusions immediately follow. For instance, true though it be that there is such a thing as good taste and bad taste, it is also true that there is no infallible judge to decide between them; and it is contrary to all propriety that any particular class of persons should endeavour to force their own private tastes on the acceptance of the whole Church. It is for this reason that all for which I pleaded in my first letter was, that there should be *many* churches without screens, not that *all* should be so; though I think quite as unfavourably of the tastes of those who advocate screens as they can be of mine. Even in cases where all educated persons agree in regarding the popular taste as mistaken, the Church never makes it a direct and primary object to elevate taste, but to win men to religion *through* their taste, whatever that may be. All of us admit, *e.g.* that many of the images and other objects which are cherished with peculiar devotion by the Belgian or the Italian peasant, are utterly worthless as works of art; yet what Catholic would be so cruel as to dream of forbidding their use on that ground?

And in like manner, to take the lowest position, were it ever so bad taste in a people to prefer, during Mass, a sight of the Church ceremonies to a sight of the large painted rood (myself, of course, I think the bad taste altogether on the other side), still if it *be* their taste, it is most cruel, most un-Catholic, to thwart it. And this involves the whole practical conclusion for which I contend. The effect of open screens is, as I said once before, to hide the functions of the Church, not from the rich, but from the poor; and surely it is not going too far, if we earnestly petition our priests not to expose them to this privation, in case it should be found, on careful inquiry, that they feel it *as* a privation. I am convinced that, consciously or unconsciously, they do so feel it.

And another question to be considered is the expense. Money is wanted in the Catholic body for purposes the most inexpressibly important. You were drawing our attention, sir, in your September number, to the statement of the Poor-school Committee, that out of 40,000 Catholic poor children, the number we educate is 5,000, the number we neglect is 35,000. An awful and appalling fact, which may almost haunt us in our dreams! Is this a time, then, to expend money on questionable accidents of worship, when the very essentials are so grievously in need of it? Nay, even of money which *does* go to architectural purposes, which would any man of taste prefer, that St. George's, *e.g.* should be in its present state, or that the money expended on its screen should have gone to increase its height? A screen, if wanted, might have been added at a future time; the disproportioned height is an evil now irremediable.

To leave, however, such incidental and temporary matter, and enter directly on the merits of the question, the first allegation that comes before us is the opinion, so often maintained by Mr. Pugin and others, that Catholics generally were more devout in the middle ages than now. "If," says Mr. Pugin, "the mass of the Catholics of the nineteenth century possessed the same zeal, devotion, reverence, and fear of God as those of the thirteenth," we should have none but Gothic churches with rood-screens. The wild extravagance of this sort of language has a great tendency to produce a reaction on the other side; it tends to make us undervalue that period which is so absurdly elevated at the expense of others: a tendency this against which it behoves us to be carefully on our guard. We may be quite safe, however, in laying down such propositions as the following:

The Church in every age is pure and spotless in herself and in her doctrines; in every age, so far as her voice is heard, she is the one purifying and leavening principle of the world; in every age also, her efforts are grievously thwarted by the perversity and lukewarmness of many among her children. Again: to say, as Protestants say, that the type and pattern of Christian holiness which she holds up to the admiration of her children, is purer and more perfect in one age than in another, this is a doctrine which, of course, no Catholic can consciously hold, and which I am far from imputing to any of my opponents. The deep and mysterious identity of the saintly character in every age is among the most conspicuous and unmistakable facts of the past. On the other hand, it is equally plain and undeniable that there have been several periods in the Church's history during which corruption and worldliness have

been unusually dominant, and that each of such periods has been succeeded by a wonderful revival of earnestness and devotion. The period dating from St. Gregory VII. was such a season of revival; the great burst of Catholic devotion in the sixteenth century (a century which produced more Saints than any other before or since) was another such season; perhaps we are ourselves living in another. But to compare the earnestness and devotion of such periods, not with the dreary times immediately preceding, but *with each other*; to discuss, *e.g.* the question whether faith were more lively among Catholics in the thirteenth century or the sixteenth; this is at once among the most impracticable and the most unprofitable of tasks. The most impracticable, because it requires a far more intimate knowledge of the course of daily life in these respective periods than it is possible at this distance to acquire; and the most unprofitable, for reasons which I shall immediately proceed to give.

Since, however, (what I must take the liberty of calling) this *romantic* idea of the middle ages, when it seizes men's imagination, leads them occasionally to rather extravagant opinions on the practical questions of the day, merely as an episode, I will call Mr. Pugin's attention to one little chapter from the history of that thirteenth century which he so invidiously extols; the scene shall be this England of ours, and the time the reign of King John. The quotations are from the *Life of Stephen Langton*;* the author of it writes in a spirit of the most profound reverence for the Church of the time, and founds, moreover, his whole history on the study of contemporary documents, which are largely cited at the foot of every page. First, as to the Bishops: of them a contemporary, William of Newburgh, thus expresses his opinion:

"To the Bishops of our time, the world is not crucified, but clings most closely. They say not, with the prophet, 'Woe is me that the days of my sojourn here are prolonged!' but even a long enjoyment of their eminence seems to them short. Keen is their sorrow when they must perforce take leave of their riches and enjoyments." (P. 57.)

But far darker is the picture presented in this little work of the parochial clergy.

"In spite of all efforts, the Bishops had never been able to bring the parish clergy in England to observe continence. The abuse was partially reformed from time to time, but a relapse soon followed. The *secular priests at this time seem to have been living generally through the country in a state of concubinage*. In Wales this was the case even with the secular chapters. All these *focariæ* were now, by the King's order, seized and imprisoned. They could not complain of this. The Pope would not help them here. Their own canons condemned them. And so the priests were put to the shame and cost of buying them off at heavy ransoms." (P. 42.)

Such were the scenes of the thirteenth century, and such the priests who were separated off from the people by thick and impervious rood-screens. With due deference to Mr. Pugin, clerical morality has a fairer title than "architecture" to be regarded as "the barometer of the Church;" and we English laymen would hardly have had so edifying an example in those days of "arch, and aisle, and pillar, and chancel, and screen," and

* In the series of *Saints' Lives* published by Toovey, London.

"campanile," and "vaulting," and "clustered shafts," as we now obtain from priests who offer up the holy Sacrifice in what "T. W. M." contemptuously calls, "such noble fanes as Warwick Street Chapel." A pure and continent priesthood, Mr. Pugin may depend on it, is a fact beyond any possible comparison more tending to edification and to the diffusion of true faith and devotion, than all the Gothic cathedrals ever built.

I have said, however, that such a comparison as is sometimes made between the middle ages and the present is quite unprofitable, were it ever so practicable; and for this reason, that those characteristics of the middle ages which are the cause of so much admiration, will be admitted by all zealous Catholics to be very admirable characteristics, and most worthy of our imitation, so far as altered circumstances will permit. On the practical part of the question, then, we all agree; our differences regard a mere historical speculation. For the ideal which the middle ages are considered in an especial manner to hold up for our love and reverence is, I suppose, such as the following:—the absolute and undisputed supremacy of the Church over the moral, the intellectual, and the political world. It would not be denied, for instance, that there was very much gross wickedness in those ages; but it would be urged that earnestness and sincerity, where they *did* exist, manifested themselves in a humble following of the Church, instead of, as now, carving out for themselves so many divergent and self-chosen paths. In like manner, all confess that then, even more than now, there was a vast amount of intellectual torpor; but we are reminded both that the highest gifts of intellect *were* then possessed by the highest minds, and also that such gifts were felt to be most highly honoured when they were kept in the strictest subjection to the Church. In intellectual, as in moral matters, no one held private judgment as a *principle*; or if any one did, he was shamed and put to silence by the common voice of Christendom. Lastly, it is undeniable that proud, tyrannical, and licentious monarchs abounded in those ages, who set Popes and Bishops at defiance: but then it is equally undeniable that public opinion utterly condemned them for doing so; and that the Church's political supremacy was an universally acknowledged principle, though far from an universally existing fact. In one word, it may be said that in those ages men went wrong indeed from *passion*, but that now they also go wrong on *principle*; that then, amidst much darkness, there was one clear steady light in the world, but that now, in so many cases, the very light within men has become darkness.

Now I think, as I said just now, that no practical difference should ensue between those admirable persons who, on such grounds as these, regard the mediæval period of the Church as possessing a marked superiority over all other periods, and those other equally zealous Catholics who *cannot* recognise any such superiority. There cannot be a fairer ideal at which to aim than such as has just been sketched: that earnestness and piety, wherever it exists, should be drawn by a sweet attraction from its various eccentric orbits into the one centre of light and warmth, the Visible Body of Christ; that each new field of intellectual exertion, the philosophy, the science, the historical criticism of the day, should be brought into subjection, and that, as

tributaries, they should offer their choicest treasures at the feet of Revelation; that governments and peoples should be so humbly and loyally disposed to the Catholic Church, that they shall be led more and more to accept her as the umpire and arbitrator of their dissensions:—such a picture may indeed call forth some of the highest aspirations of the devout soul. We cannot do wrong in looking to such a result as to an ultimate end, great room as there may be for difference as to the means of attaining it.

Nor is this merely an ultimate and remote end, in such sense as that we may not fully hope to see, by God's mercy, even in our own time, a perceptible approach to its attainment. So far as any of us, (1) by the unobtrusive piety of our own demeanour, and by deep considerateness for others, lead even one well-intentioned and pious soul, who errs in ignorance from the true fold, to suspect, and finally to perceive, his true home of peace and happiness; or, (2) enter upon the field of metaphysical, or political, or physical study, with the very object of reclaiming it into subjection to Christian principles; or, (3) feel ourselves, and lead others to feel, how incomparably more sacred and more dear are those bonds which unite us to the Church than to the State; how incomparably dearer to us is the spiritual than the earthly republic of which we are members; how incomparably higher a principle is Catholicism than nationality;—so far we do undoubtedly tend to the mediæval ideal. Take, for instance,—though I am far from wishing to specify them invidiously, and at the expense of others,—but take, merely as an instance, the illustrious Society of Jesus. As to the first of the three particulars, what nobler contribution has ever been made than St. Ignatius's 'Spiritual Exercises,' "that treasure of spirituality," as Dr. Wiseman designates it; "that store-house of devotion that none can rival." As to the second, it is well known how extensively the members of that Society have prosecuted their researches into every branch of modern science, insomuch that, on the statement of their very enemies (see, for instance, the correspondent of the *Daily News*), their departure from Rome left a blank in almost every department of instruction. And for the third, so notorious is the fact that they have cherished far more the ties which bound them to their Church than to their country, that their recent European unpopularity has been accounted for by some on the very ground that, having made themselves citizens of no European country, no European country has cared to protect them. The Jesuits, then, like very many other zealous Catholics of modern times, have been in an eminent degree upholders of true mediæval principles; but it certainly has not been by means of building Gothic churches, and running up high screens.

For let us suppose that, money and men being at our disposal, and our object being to promote, in a greatly increased degree, an imitation of the thirteenth century, we were to take a different course from the above; suppose that, neglecting the external world, and leaving it to prosecute theology, science, and politics, after its own fashion, we were to expend our resources in building up large cathedrals, and placing in them a due proportion of canons, and chanting the whole Office every day; what sort of parallel to the middle ages should we have succeeded in effecting? And yet there would be a certain

greatness and magnificence of idea in such a scheme as that, which must be felt as a redeeming feature. But as for Mr. Pugin and his followers, *their* plan of imitating the middle ages is, to build up screens where there are no clerics to go behind them; and to proscribe all forms of devotion, and all development of art, which date later than the thirteenth century.

Certain it is, that had the thirteenth century itself acted on this principle, those magnificent edifices, which Mr. Pugin regards with such merited enthusiasm, would never have been erected: we should have had nothing but basilicas to this very day. Mr. Pugin and his friends appeal to antiquity: let us, then, appeal to antiquity, not to its mere outward forms, but to its inward spirit. Can Mr. Pugin point to one single period when Christian architecture was of the nature of a *revival*? There have been, as I lately said, various periods of spiritual revival; but in every instance they have developed, by a sort of instinct, into appropriate forms of their own. For example, I am told by a friend who is familiar with the character of what is called modern classical architecture, that the Italian architecture of the sixteenth century was as far as possible from being a revival of the old Greek and Roman styles, in the sense in which Mr. Pugin and others would *revive* the Gothic styles of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The great Italian artists, such as Brunelleschi, Bramante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Bernini, and Palladio, employed the peculiarities of the antique school in a spirit essentially different from that of the old Greeks and Romans. They built for the peculiar wants, both spiritual and secular, of their own time; and the result is, I am assured, that the *spirit* of their buildings is as different as possible from that of pagan antiquity, and that no two things can be more practically unlike than an Italian church at Genoa and a heathen temple at Pompeii. In truth, antiquarianism is so transcendently interesting a study, precisely because art has never *been* an antiquarianism. The unspeakable charm and interest which the remains of the past possess for us arises from the very fact, that those remains are so far more truly and deeply characteristic of each successive period, than any recital of external events can possibly be; because we trace in each particular the genuine outpouring of the spirit of the age, and the attempt to supply its genuine needs. The study of a Gothic cathedral will serve better than hundreds of books to teach us the spiritual habits and tastes of that time.

But let us only suppose for a moment (what I thankfully believe to be an impossibility), that Mr. Pugin were to succeed in his insane attempts to make architecture an antiquarianism,—what interest *then* would our buildings have for future ages? An inquirer, having traced the history of the past by help of its architectural and other remains, would stumble on the fact, that many churches of the nineteenth century possessed a strange and unaccountable identity with those of the fourteenth. He might turn for an explanation of this circumstance to one more learned than himself, and inquire of what phenomena, which had wholly escaped historians, this strange fact is indicative; and he would receive for answer, that the nineteenth century was noted above all others for a singular and unique Vandalism: for that it was the century in which, through absence of all high

creative genius, an unaccountable mania seized on the whole English Catholic body, to make their churches, in all their details, servile imitations of an earlier age.

I conclude, therefore, that our true way of imitating, whether the middle or the earlier ages of the Church, is to build according to our own spiritual needs, and not according to theirs. And having gone so far, I will the less trouble myself to enter into the various particulars in which screens are unsuitable to our present needs, because I really think, for their own sake, they will find but few defenders. I really think, if their advocates get rid of two notions, viz. (1) that screens are the natural and almost necessary adjuncts of faith and reverence, and, (2) that an adoption of the general principles of Gothic architecture naturally involves an imitation in detail of mediæval Gothic churches—which are the two notions I have been hitherto combating,—I really think, I say, that if their advocates in general get rid of these ideas, they will fairly change their minds, and abandon their position. I really think that, apart from those other grounds, the very proposal of building up a screen between the people and the sanctuary, and erecting thereon a large painted crucifix, would appear (I am not using the words offensively, but only wishing to express what is in my mind), would appear, I say, so grotesque and unmeaning, such an absurd and extravagant way of squandering money which might be otherwise so unspeakably better employed, that no one would give it a moment's hearing. I shall therefore content myself, on this last division of my subject, with doing little more than repeat arguments which I have used in my former letters, and to which no answer has been attempted.

Indeed, so undeniable is it that there is no present purpose of utility or of devotion which a screen can serve, that its very advocates cannot agree what its object is. "T. W. M." lays stress on the fact, that screens may be so built as not to intercept the sight; Mr. Pugin does not conceal his opinion, that, in a good state of things, men will be "content to penetrate the veil of the sanctuary with the eyes of faith." I drew attention to this discrepancy in my last letter, and challenged a plain answer to a plain question,—For what purpose are rood-screens desirable? No answer is forthcoming; nor do I expect any answer will be given. So plain is it, that it is not the perception of a practical want which has led to their advocacy, but merely the spirit of servile adherence to certain ancient and self-chosen models.

This conclusion is strengthened by another circumstance, to which it may be worth while to advert. To read Mr. Pugin's letter, one would suppose, at all events, that one great object sought by screens is to "temper" the sacred ceremonies of the Church to minds not fitted for a full sight of them. Now, if there be any class of Catholics of whom this may truly be said (of course, I earnestly maintain there is *no* such class; but if there is), it would be the young lay-students of our colleges, who have neither age on the one hand, nor a prospect of ordination on the other, to sober and subdue their minds. Now one at least, to my own knowledge, of the screens to which Mr. Pugin refers with gratulation in

his letter, is expressly intended, not to exclude, but to include these lay-students; and is therefore *toto cælo* opposite, in its whole effect and intention, from *e.g.* the St. George's screen. And yet Mr. Pugin refers with unmixed satisfaction to this screen, and to his hope that it "will scarcely be inferior to any that remain in Europe." So plain is it that it is an architectural, and not any moral, effect which has really possession of his mind.

"T. W. M." says that my "avowal that I find screens an impediment rather than an assistance to devotion, is neither an authority nor an argument;" and then, as if by an after-thought, he adds, "at least, it is not a conclusive one." Of course, no individual's single experience is a *conclusive* argument; but as surely it is *an* argument. If the most humble Catholic living expresses, as a matter of his personal experience, that a particular method of church-arrangement is injurious to his devotion, such an objection has a claim to the most deferential and anxious consideration. Still more would this be the case if it is possible that he may be one of a class who feel similarly; and, in matter of fact, I did mention the instance of a whole congregation abroad, in deference to whose feelings the canons of one of the largest cathedrals abandoned their intention (an intention founded on reasons of personal convenience) of building a screen; and I will gladly, if "T. W. M." wishes, mention to him privately the name of the canon who was my informant, that he may satisfy himself that I have not over-stated the matter. Now it is this spirit against which I would earnestly protest; the spirit of making that secondary which should be primary, and of sacrificing what ought to be the one paramount object of all ecclesiastical architecture,—I mean, the gratification of the people's devotion and spiritual taste,—to the dictates of what I must be allowed to call pedantic antiquarianism.

1. I observed in my first letter, that the effect of such open screens as are just now Mr. Pugin's fashion, is (under the present circumstances of our churches) to admit the rich to a sight of the ceremonies of the Church, and to exclude therefrom the poor. This is another reason why I would earnestly entreat any priest, to whom it may be a practical question, to test the feelings of the *poor* on the subject. They are the sufferers by screens; and some who kneel in front may not unnaturally, in their admiration of Mr. Pugin's beautiful screen-work, fail clearly to realise and place before their minds its effect on the poor. And, at all events, I trust that those who are eloquent in favour of that habit of mind which would make Catholics comparatively indifferent to a sight of the ceremonies, will evince their sincerity by always taking up their own position at the farther end of the church.

To this "T. W. M." has offered no reply; and the only argument I have heard of in answer is, that open screens do *not* interfere with the sight even of those who are at the farther end of the church. But they *do*, at least indirectly, produce this effect in churches of any considerable size; because, in such churches, it is impossible that those who are not in front can see, unless the altar be *very considerably raised*—an arrangement which the screen prevents. Indeed, I would suggest whether the object at which, as I maintain, architects have to aim at the present day, namely, a reverent exhibition of the sacred functions, would not be better attained in this than

* This word is used in this connexion by "T. W. M."

in any other way,—I mean, by elevating the high altar very considerably.

2. I asked, "Who are to go within the screen?" and commented on the intense absurdity of marking off the chancel so pointedly from the nave, and then admitting into the chancel persons of the very same class with those in the nave. This idea has been carried out into some length by a writer in the *Tablet*, who signs himself a Catholic Priest; and has elicited a reply from Mr. Lambert, a gentleman well known for his zeal and pious munificence. But this reply of Mr. Lambert's, himself an advocate for screens, has, as it seems to me, for ever exploded the theory of those who consider that screens were built in the middle ages for reverential and symbolical reasons; maintaining, as he does, that throughout those ages married laymen were admitted within the screen to sing plain chant. To say that none were considered morally fit for a clear and uninterrupted view of the holy mysteries except clerics, widely as I differ from it, is yet a clear and intelligible statement; but to say there were two classes who alone were morally fitted for so high a privilege, namely, (1) clerics, and (2) laymen who had good voices or understood music, is really too preposterous.

Another fact has been mentioned to me as undoubted, by a most ardent admirer of Mr. Pugin's principles, namely, that throughout the middle ages all laymen in authority, such as governors, mayors, magistrates, &c. took their place in the chancel. Now, let any one fairly compare this fact with Mr. Pugin's allegations. One can quite understand the opinion, as I just now said, however widely one may dissent from it, that clerics, who were carefully instructed in theology, whose associations and habits of mind were spiritual and ecclesiastical, and who were bound by ties of strict discipline,—that these were accounted fit to see the sacred mysteries; but that the body of laymen, who had none of these advantages, were considered likely to incur peril to their souls by the enjoyment of such a privilege. But such an opinion is absolutely refuted by the facts of the case; seeing that mayors and magistrates were neither specially instructed in theology, nor possessed of specially spiritual tastes, nor subjected to ecclesiastical discipline. It is plain, then, that a place in the chancel was a position of *dignity*, and no more; and the notion of symbolical or moral meaning in the screen falls hopelessly to the ground. What should we think at the present day, if the ceremonies in the church were shrouded indeed in mystery, as too awful for the public gaze, but the curtain were freely lifted up for the admission within the veil of—county magistrates and mayors of towns?

3. The whole practice of keeping the Blessed Sacrament at a side-altar for the express purpose of its being "visited" by the people, and the whole practice of celebrating Masses at altars extending down both sides of the church, requires in consistency a marked architectural change. The "emphasis" with which rood-screens "mark off the sanctuary" is certainly "exaggerated," whatever "T. W. M." may say to the contrary, from the moment that Masses are said outside the sanctuary as well as inside; and from the moment that the most sacred spot in the whole church, the very Tabernacle of the Most Holy, is outside the sanctuary also.

No one will doubt that the direct tendency of the old Gothic buildings in general, and of that

feature in them, the rood-screen, in particular, is to mark off the high altar as the one most sacred portion of the church; and there is just as little question that it is not the high altar, but the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, which is really the most sacred.

4. I now come to the Quarant' Ore. Let any one read Dr. Wiseman's beautiful description of it, which I quoted towards the beginning of my letter, and he will see that an exposition behind a screen would absolutely change the character of the whole solemnity. The Blessed Sacrament being, "like the Lamb in heaven, the lamp and the sun, the centre of light and glory to the surrounding sanctuary;" the "attention" of all being "concentrated and directed towards it;" "the mother as she enters simply and silently pointing towards the altar, overawed by the still splendour before her;" "the people reflecting upon their prayerful countenances the splendour of the altar;"—such are the constituents of the picture, as Dr. Wiseman describes it: and it is hardly necessary to add a word to shew, what is so very obvious, that the whole character of the scene would be radically revolutionised by the interposition of a screen. This was, indeed, admitted by your correspondent "Q.;" and so far we have his testimony distinctly and unequivocally in our favour. He did feel that his taste for screens made him naturally averse to such a worship as the Quarant' Ore; and he was led, in consequence, to depreciate this devotion itself as an "ultra-Italian innovation." We cannot, indeed, be surprised at the observation made by "S." in your last number (who says that both himself and many others in Rome read "Q.'s" remarks with very sincere pain), that "if rood-screens cannot be defended without deprecating such a devotion as this, most people would not hesitate as to which could be most easily dispensed with."

The experiment has, in fact, been tried at St. George's, of having the Quarant' Ore with the Blessed Sacrament placed behind the screen. Of course, it would be most unfair to ground any argument on the fact, that the devotion did not excite any very lively interest in the mass of the people; because, under any circumstances, that might be the case at first. But I will gladly stake the justice of the whole views I have been stating on the issue, whether the Forty-hours' Exposition will ever become a popular devotion in England, so long as the Exposition is behind a screen. The whole imposing and subduing effect, so touchingly described by Dr. Wiseman, is completely lost when there is no general impression, no atmosphere, as it were, which pervades the whole church, and when the people have to go half-way along the nave before they so much as see that any thing unusual is in progress: the whole idea of a great act of public homage to the enthroned Lamb is completely abandoned when the Lamb is *not* enthroned in high and conspicuous state, but half-concealed behind a screen.

This consideration furnishes a sufficient reply to those who urge, with one of your correspondents, that a sight of the sacramental species in no way ministers to devotion; and again, to "T. W. M.," even granting, for argument's sake, his extraordinary idea, that the *present* discipline of the Church is unfavourable to the people's unimpeded view of the Blessed Sacrament. But, to carry on Dr. Wiseman's beautiful figure, it is not that the Lamb Himself

should be the object of our fixed gaze, but that *His Throne* should be the one prominent and conspicuous object from every part of the church, which seems the essential idea of this devotion; that every part of the church should be pervaded with the *idea* of the solemn act which is going on; that the very casual intruder should at once be struck with awe as he crosses the sacred threshold. All this would remain, even were the Blessed Sacrament covered with a veil; but all is at once swept away by the rude and cruel interposition of a screen between the people and the Object of their adoration.

I cannot, however, admit that there are no minds in which a sight of the sacramental species ministers to devotion; in my own, certainly, it does so to a very high degree. In this, as in ten thousand other instances, we must learn the necessary lesson, so thoroughly implied in the whole discipline of the Church, that we must not try to thrust our tastes down other people's throats. Why am I, for example, to lose that which does kindle my devotion, because Mr. Pugin finds it does *not* kindle his? Do I wish to drag him, against his will, *into* the presence of these sacred objects? then why does he wish to shut me out *from* them against *my* will? On the present subject it might surely be objected, in a parallel way, that the sight of our Blessed Lord in his human form would not be an object of awful and transcending interest; for that form itself would not *display* to us the Divine nature. Yet surely there are many who, for one sight of that Gracious Countenance, would gladly, were it permitted them, make a pilgrimage to the farthest ends of the earth; for though the Countenance itself would not display God, yet is it the Countenance of Him *whom they know to be God*. And a feeling not dissimilar in kind may be experienced by many, in looking upon That which they know to be the Very Body of God Incarnate, little as the sacramental species themselves may impress this fact on their imagination. I have been told by a person who travelled in the Tyrol, and mixed a good deal with the peasants there, that their devotion especially takes this shape; insomuch that, during Benediction, even at the moment when the Blessed Sacrament is elevated, it is never their custom to bow the head, but to keep their eyes fixed in reverent and intent gaze upon their Saviour's Body.

To return, however, to the incompatibility of the Quarant' Ore with a screen. Whether or no it was from some feeling of this nature, I know not; but I observed in the *Tablet*, that a month or so afterwards, when Holy Cross-day came round, and a fragment of the True Cross was exposed in great splendour for the veneration of the faithful, a temporary altar was constructed for the purpose *in front of the screen*, and High Mass there celebrated. It was added, I think, that *this ceremony did* excite a very lively interest among the poor.

5. Immediately after Dr. Wiseman's description of the Quarant' Ore, which he characterises as "the Church's direct uninterrupted worship of her Lord and Saviour on his altar-throne," he speaks of "Benediction" as being a service which "*in part attains the same object*." "We know places," he adds, "where several conversions are attributable to its solemn celebration, and others where not a little has been effected by it towards exciting a thoroughly Catholic spirit and keep-

ing fervour alive." Precisely the same remarks apply to this devotion as to the former; its whole character is revolutionised by the interposition of a screen. I once witnessed Benediction in St. George's, and since I have been a Catholic never have been present at what was to me so lifeless and unedifying a devotion. Instead of one united and solemn adoration of the enthroned Lamb, the only "throne" was an altar raised, I think, but one step, and buried in a deep recess. More than half the congregation were quite unable to see what was going on, and several were stretching their necks very far to catch what glimpse they could. It is not, perhaps, unnatural that Dr. Doyle should be prepossessed in favour of every detail of that magnificent church, which owes its existence to his untiring zeal, hopefulness, and public spirit; but if my humble voice could induce him to try the experiment of placing the Blessed Sacrament during Benediction in some lofty and conspicuous position, so that all present might unite in one act of lowly worship and prostration before the Incarnate Word, and if he would take pains to discover which arrangement gave the greater edification to his pious and exemplary poor, I am convinced he never would fall back upon the present custom.

The same gentleman whom I have already mentioned as a very warm admirer of Mr. Pugin's principles, told me that he had asked several of the poor of St. George's whether they would like to see the screen destroyed, and that they had all been shocked at the idea. But, in the first place, it is not clear (as I have already observed) that a mere destruction of the screen *would* afford a better view of the functions, unless the altar were either brought forward or else considerably elevated. And, in the second place, one cannot expect poor people to follow a hypothetical case into its consequences, and understand, by an effort of imagination, what would be the general result; they take the particular case just as it is put before them, and, of course, shrink from the idea of the destruction of what they feel to be a beautiful and ornamental object. The only fair way to test their feelings is what I ventured to propose,—placing bodily before them each of the two alternatives, between which they are to decide. When High Mass was said *in front* of the screen, did any express any feeling of dissatisfaction? because we know, from the account in the *Tablet*, that, on the other hand, great numbers were interested and edified by that service in an unusual degree. Indeed, I would earnestly beg those whom it concerns, to ask themselves this question: Are any services at St. George's, as yet, heartily and joyously entered into by the poor, *except* those where no screen interposes; as, e.g. the Litany on the Saturday evenings, when the procession walks round the church?

In answer to "X," who laid stress on the incompatibility of Benediction with screens, "T. W. M." replied, that at the very time when the Church introduced that rite, the screens were becoming thicker and more impenetrable than before. This allegation startled me a little; for though, as I have more than once said, I am no antiquarian, I had been told by one who is, I suppose, the best authority in England upon such subjects, that the rite of Benediction is not more than two hundred years old; and that even to this day it is hardly at all in use among Catholics of the Greek rite. But it is plain, from his very words,

that "T. W. M." alludes to some other rite, and not to the modern "Benediction;" because the very fact of impenetrable screens being universally contemporary, shews that such a rite as *he* speaks of did not involve, as the modern Benediction almost universally does, a public exaltation of the Blessed Sacrament, for the purpose of its being adored by all the faithful.

In order to strengthen my argument, I alleged in my last letter, "Even in churches abroad, where rood-screens remain, I believe I am correct in saying that Benediction is never given from behind them; at least, I am quite certain that it is far more common to give it from one of the side-altars." The *former* part of the statement (though not the latter) "Y." contradicts, and that on the ground of his own personal experience: he admits that Benediction from behind a screen is comparatively rare; he denies that it is unexampled. I therefore retract what I said, and regret my mistake. I have only been on the continent for a fortnight myself; but I consulted others who had been there much longer, and whose impression was as I have stated. However, the practice which "Y." mentions, of giving Benediction *coram populo* on week-days, and hiding it from them by a thick screen on Sundays, is so obviously anomalous, that no one, on either side, could wish to see it adopted in England.

6. Another argument most justly urged by "X." was, the present diffusion of education among the people. What two characters can present a greater contrast as to cultivation and versatility of mind than a mediæval layman and, for instance, a mechanic in one of our large towns? Nothing is more probable than that, to the former, especially if the magistrates and other authorities were not among them, but in the chancel, a contemplation of the large rood during Mass would be a far more pious and edifying object than a sight of the ceremonies, which might only bewilder and perplex him. But at the present day, as "X." most truly observed, English Catholics are commonly brought up to follow with interest the different parts of the Mass, and adapt their devotions to them. As an instance of the mediæval period, Dr. Lingard tells us that the Anglo-Saxons "were ignorant of the art of reading, and therefore could not acquire the knowledge of any set manner of vocal prayer, unless it were by committing it to memory. From men in such circumstances it was held sufficient to require a correct knowledge of the Apostles' Creed and of the Lord's Prayer." "When he is present at Mass," so ran the injunction, "let there be no dispute, or quarrel, or discord, but let him, with peaceful mind during the holy Office, *intercede with his prayers and his alms*, both for himself and for all the people of God, and after the holy service let him return home."* Let it be further remembered also, that, in those days, if any layman was led to seek further knowledge of his religion and of letters, almost as a matter of course he became a cleric: how vast and significant a contrast to our present habits!

It is very obvious, one would have thought, that a multiplicity and intricacy of ceremonial, such as the Catholic, is a far more edifying and attractive object to those who can be taught to understand its meaning than to those who cannot; and may very probably, therefore, have been

uninteresting to the untaught laity of the 11th or 13th century, while it is certainly full of absorbing interest to great numbers among the more intelligent laity of the 19th. Yet, for some cause or other, "T. W. M." is very merry over this argument of "X.'s," and says, that "if it proves nothing else, it proves very clearly that the objector had nothing better to say;" to which I may reply, with equal pertinence, that if this answer of "T. W. M.'s" proves nothing else, it proves he has no better answer to give.

Let it not be supposed, from what I have said, that I am indifferent to the ecclesiastical character of our buildings, or that I would wish the Warwick-street or Moorfields Chapel to be a model for all time. I confess, indeed, that there seems to me a certain amount of exaggerated declamation in the tone sometimes taken as to those chapels. Where there is a Catholic altar, with all its decent ornaments, and a tabernacle, and in that tabernacle the Christian's Great Treasure, the effect to my mind is necessarily in a high degree devotional, be the architecture what it may. Add to which, that a certain touching interest is connected with these chapels, as memorials of the humble and retiring position into which Catholicism has, for so long past in England, been driven. Still, most gladly would I see the day when Catholics in general should talk not of "chapel" but "church;" when they should have the privilege not merely of coming in a crowd, after the Protestant fashion, to attend some one service, and then in a crowd going out again, but of haunting, as it were, and frequenting God's house as their happy home; when the interior of the building should be filled with every various memorial of Catholic devotion—here an image of our Most Blessed Lady, surrounded through the day with kneeling suppliants—there, within that solemn inclosure, the Tabernacle of the Most Holy, with lamp burning before it, the chief and first attraction to all incomers, the one sacred spot whence flows forth sanctity and blessing to the whole building;—there an altar, dedicated say to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, adorned with every appropriate emblem, the favourite resort of the Confraternity enrolled under that sweet symbol, and the site of their stated and joint devotions;—in another place, an enclosed mortuary chapel, where the Holy Mass is offered and prayers put up for the soul of some loved and revered public benefactor;—in another direction the Via Crucis, with its fourteen stations illustrated by striking pictures of the scenes commemorated, trodden through the day by many a solitary worshipper, and in common also, from time to time, by priest and flock together;—and so on with a thousand other particulars. In truth, one reason why I feel so strongly against the introduction of screens is, that, in consequence of the stiffness and technicality which they both cause and symbolise, they are adverse to the growth of such sweet and affectionate forms of devotion as I have described; that they introduce a harsh and dry uniformity, where all should be the genuine outpouring of individual feeling. Say what you please, our people, with their present habits, *will* feel it a cruelty to be shut out from witnessing the exquisitely beautiful functions of the Church; nor will they easily love as their home a structure, however beautiful, which *does so* shut them out.

In truth, I cannot help thinking that, in all our

* History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, vol. i. pp. 317, 312.

arguments, we lay less stress than we should on the unspeakable importance of making church a sweet and happy home to the poor. It is no exaggeration to say, that this object is, in importance, inferior only to that first of all spiritual necessities—their careful education in the Faith. Were it only that such and such music, or such and such architectural arrangements, afford them an innocent recreation; only consider for one moment the inestimable value, in their case, of innocent recreation. Frequent want, importunate anxiety, corroding care, these are their appointed lot; every thing around solicits them to sin; they fight their forlorn battle in the midst of a hostile world as best they may. Think, ye who are yourselves exempted from such woes, think of the fearful attractiveness with which such circumstances as these invest every opportunity for unlawful enjoyment; think of the temptation which assails them to forget, were it only for a moment, the miseries of life in the intoxication of some momentary, and feverish, and forbidden pleasure;—think of this, and say, can we easily exaggerate the importance of that one thing—*innocent recreation*? But, in truth, if a church is so much as this, it must of necessity be much more: it must be a stay and support in time of sorrow or temptation; a foretaste and a pledge of heaven, shining forth as a most blessed light in contrast with the exterior darkness of this world's misery.

I end, then, with the same practical suggestion with which I began. I would most humbly, yet most earnestly, solicit those priests who are in doubt concerning this or any other similar question on which the Church herself is silent, to consider, not mainly what some learned men dictate, or some rich men patronise, but what the poor of Christ feel and desire.—I remain, Sir, your obedient servant, H.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—Some of the readers of the *Rambler* may perhaps be interested in a report of the proceedings at the last meeting of the Architectural Association.

The members of the society, now numbering amongst its subscribers upwards of one hundred gentlemen of the architectural profession, held

their opening conversazione for the session at their rooms, Lyon's-Inn Hall, on Friday evening, October 6th. Nearly two hundred gentlemen were present, of whom Professor Donaldson, Mr. Scoles, Messrs. Billings, Bell, Dwyer, Pappworth, C. H. Smith, Dollman, and other distinguished architects and amateurs, attended as visitors. The Secretary read a very favourable report of last year's proceedings, followed by an able address from the new President, which elicited an animated discussion. The walls and tables of the hall were covered with a profusion of architectural drawings, by Messrs. Wyatt, Dwyer, Deane, Power, Sayer, Seddon, Young, Goodwin, Kerr, Bailey, Collman, Clarke, and others, which, unfortunately, limited as they were to a single evening's exhibition, in a crowded suite of rooms, it is impossible for us to particularise, further than to notice favourably, in common with Professor Donaldson, an extensive series of sketches by the School of Design formed during last session among the junior members of the Association, and a very faithful and spirited interior view of St. George's Church, Lambeth, looking towards the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, but shewing, by the bye, the chancel-screen in its present undecorated state. It is the joint production of Mr. W. W. Deane and Mr. Bouchier, two of the Society's members, and is, we are glad to hear, likely to be engraved for publication. We would suggest, in this case (as colour may possibly be introduced in the engraving), the addition of Mr. Pugin's really intended decoration of the rood-loft. The proceedings of the meeting closed at a late hour, and were characterised by a heartily-expressed determination, by all present, to agitate for *three* especial objects, viz. the establishment of a good architectural library in the metropolis, an annual public exhibition exclusively architectural (to be, at least, an improvement upon that annually afforded by the Royal Academy), and an amelioration of the present most anomalous system of architectural competition. Mr. Scoles, alluding to this last object, adverted to the initiatory steps taken by his colleagues of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and intimated, on behalf of that body, his willingness to assist the Association in its endeavour to bring about a more satisfactory mode of conducting public competition.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A CATHOLIC ARCHITECT.

Ecclesiastical Register.

SWITZERLAND.

THE fears entertained by the Catholics of Switzerland as to the spirit and intention of the new Constitution, and the way in which the disproportionate power will be used that it confers on the Protestant section of the Confederation, are every day verified by what is occurring during the preliminary proceedings. The discontent of the Catholics grows stronger; and as the dominant party meet remonstrance with menaces of armed occupation, something will probably soon occur to draw European attention to the despotic way in which the principle of religious liberty is set at nought in the so-called Swiss Republic. When that time comes, our readers will be glad to have on record the following details, though they now trench somewhat on our space, that they may be enabled to correct the gross misrepres-

entations, as to the relative conduct of the two parties, that will be then industriously set afloat. We owe it also to the admirable courage and piety of Monseigneur Marilley, the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, to exhibit to the world this example of calm and dignified resistance to the oppressive abuse of power lodged in vulgar and insolent hands. The conduct of this excellent prelate will shew the enemies of the Church that now, as heretofore, her Bishops are ready to suffer all for the maintenance of her independence and liberty.

At a time when all the functionaries of the canton of Fribourg were about to be called on to take an oath to the new Constitution, the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva thought it necessary, in a circular intended to be read from the pulpit in every church in the canton, to remind his flock of the doctrine of the Church on

oaths. This circular the Fribourg Government forbade to be made public, and threatened to call in the federal troops to support their interdiction; asserting that the circular was of a nature to deter Catholics from taking the required oath. It is clear that if the Constitution contains nothing contrary to religion, the circular must have been inoffensive; but, on the contrary, if the Constitution contains anti-Catholic clauses, the circular was perfectly requisite, and the Bishop was rigorously bound to issue it.

The circular, which is dated "Fribourg, 18th September 1848," commences by thus assigning the reason for its promulgation,—“In pursuance of the changes brought about in the constitutional and administrative organisation of this canton, a large number of Catholics have been, or will be, called on to take part in a religious act of high importance,—an act involving a great responsibility before God and man. This religious act is the solemn pledge of an oath required from every member of the new administration. On such an occasion we think it our duty to remind the faithful committed to our care of what the Church teaches on the sanctity, the conditions, and the effects of an oath.”

We wish we could spare room for the whole of this admirable document; but certainly it would be impossible for the executive to find fault with the first division, on the Sanctity of an Oath, for it enforces, in simple and solemn phrases, that which must form the basis of all administration of the law. The second section, “On the Conditions of an Oath,” is that alone which could concern the Government, and this we give in full, that our readers may discover for themselves, if they can, the cause of offence.

“To be just and holy, any oath whatsoever must necessarily unite three essential conditions—truth, justice, and discernment. The taking an oath destitute of these conditions would be a formal violation of God’s Second Commandment, which forbids the profanation of his holy name.

“First condition of an oath—*Truth*. He who takes an oath to attest a fact, should be certain of the truth of the fact he affirms, or on which he is interrogated. If he has not this certainty, and, still more, if he is certain of the contrary, or even if he has doubts on the truth of the fact, and notwithstanding takes the oath, that oath is a perjury, a false oath.

“Second condition of an oath—*Justice*. He who takes an oath to confirm a promise made, or required of him, should be sure that the promise is just; that is to say, that it contains nothing, and binds to nothing, contrary to the commandments of God and the Church, according to which we shall be all judged. Before promising anything by oath, it is necessary therefore to examine if that promise contains anything, or binds to anything, contrary to the commandments of God and the Church, which a Christian is bound to observe on pain of eternal damnation.

“If this examination, made in the presence of God, discloses to us in the promise demanded something contrary to the duties we have to discharge as Christians, children of God and the holy Catholic Church—duties for which we shall be called to account by the Supreme Judge of the living and the dead—that promise must thence be looked on as unlawful, because it is not permitted to offend God by violating any point soever of his law. To make such a promise would be to become guilty before God. To fulfil it after having made it would be to commit a fresh sin. To corroborate it by an oath, would be a perjury, a false oath; because it is no more permitted to invoke God as the witness and surety for an unlawful oath than to invoke Him as witness and surety for a lie.

“If the promise demanded of us, and which we are to confirm by an oath, embraces at once things permitted and things not permitted, we ought to declare, before pledging the oath, that we engage ourselves to respect that promise and the oath required only in the things permitted. As to things not permitted, the law of God forbids us to promise them; and if we have promised them, even by oath, the law of God forbids the fulfil-

ment; because an oath, according to the rules of morality, can never become a bond of iniquity: *Juramentum non est vinculum iniquitatis*.

“An oath taken without restriction, in confirmation of a promise including something contrary to the duties of religion or justice,—such an oath, we say, would be a serious violation of the law of God; a violation always causing great scandal, and sometimes considerable injury to one’s neighbour. This violation of the law of God, if we wish to obtain pardon for it, must be expiated by sincere penitence, and by reparation of the scandal given, as well as of the injury done. Such reparation is a rigorous obligation.

“Third and last condition of an oath—*Discernment*. Even when *truth* and *justice* are not wanting, we ought not to make oath but on grave and important matters, when there is a necessity. This necessity exists when the oath is required by public authority, but always supposing that *truth* and *justice* are not wanting.”

The third section, “On the Effects of an Oath,” teaches that the obligation of an oath “cannot be limited by any mental or internal reservation, but only by reservations explicitly and clearly explained.”

The Bishop concludes by ordering this circular to be read from the pulpit, *without comment*, on Sunday the 24th of September, in every parish church throughout the canton. On the 21st, the Council of State of Fribourg announced to the Prefect of the district of Sarine, that they have been “indirectly informed that the Bishop has broached a publication, tending, among other things, to cause a refusal of the oath to the Constitution of the canton, by declaring it heretical;” and they order the Prefect to summon “this titular” immediately to withdraw every publication or instruction of the kind, and to forbid *his publishing any thing whatsoever without their previous authority*.

On the 22d, the Bishop replies to the Prefect as follows:—

“Monsieur le Préfet—These are the declarations I have to make to you on the subject of the mission you discharged towards me last evening on the part of the Council of State.

“1. The supposed fact of a circular *declaring the Constitution heretical, and tending to cause a refusal of the oath to that Constitution*, is denied as utterly without foundation.

“2. A circular PURELY DOCTRINAL, on oaths, has been addressed to the curés of this canton, to be read in every parish on Sunday next, the 24th instant. An oath being a religious act, I think I have the right as Bishop, and am even bound, to make known to my diocese the teaching of the Church on this important act. If I were shackled in the exercise of this right, I should look on those shackles as a formal violation of the federal pact of the cantonal Constitution, which guarantees both religious liberty and the exercise of the Catholic religion, Apostolic and Roman, embracing necessarily the free preaching of the truths and duties of religion; and lastly, of the liberty of the press, to the exclusion of censorship, or any preventive measure.—(Const. art. 2, 9, 94.)

“3. These principles admitted, I am the still more unable to withdraw the said circular, that its occasion is plainly justified by the received practice in this canton, of frequently sending to the curés, to be instructed on the oath, witnesses or other persons summoned before the tribunals, and by the considerable number of the faithful belonging to every parish who have been, or will be, required to take the oath.

“4. As to the prohibition given me *not to publish any thing soever without the previous authority of the Council of State*, I cannot, and must not, in any wise submit to it, because such a prohibition is contrary to my duties as a Bishop, and to my rights as a citizen. Receive, &c.

✠ STEPHEN,

“Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva.”

On the same day, the President of the Council of State and the Chancellor addressed the Bishop, formally forbidding the publication of the circular, and warning him, that if, from “an obstinate refusal on his part,

troubles should arise, and those troubles should compel them to make use of the reiterated offers of assistance of their confederates, the disastrous consequences that would be the result should not fall upon the people, but rather on those who should once more provoke the military occupation of the canton." In his reply, the Bishop explained the care he had taken to prevent the possibility of offence:—

"In the fear that words imprudent in themselves, or susceptible of unfavourable interpretation, might escape individual priests, we ourselves summed up the rules of morality on the point, in a circular to be read *without comment*. In thus instructing the faithful by writing, as in doing it *viva voce*, we discharge a duty, and make use of a right inherent in the episcopacy. In such a manner of acting there is nothing improper, nothing unusual, nothing that can give occasion for the slightest excitement. On the other hand, we cannot comprehend, according to the fundamental notions of Catholicism, how the action of a Government can or ought to intervene in religious and moral instruction. Such an intervention would be a violation of religious liberty, and dangerous to the integrity of the faith. If there should, then, arise collision or irritation among the Catholic population, that would be, not by reason of the religious truths we have called to their mind, but on account of the obstacles thrown by the civil power in the way of the free enunciation of those truths. The responsibility, then, in this view, would rest not on the Bishop, who, as we have said, employs a right and discharges a duty, but on the civil authority, which would have overstepped the limit of its attributes."

The President and the Chancellor then intimate that they have forbidden "all curés and chaplains to make any extraordinary publication without having obtained the previous authority of their respective *Préfets*;"* and inform the Bishop, that if he should persist, and if, in consequence of that publication, and the fictitious scruples it sought to excite, they should fail in constituting the communal officials, the authorities would find themselves compelled to proceed to military measures. *But in that case it would not be the citizens of Fribourg that would be called to arms—we can place little reliance on men to whom the infernal secret of tampering with their consciences has been explained and insinuated—but we shall have recourse to the federal troops.* The Directory is informed of what is passing in our canton, and at the first signal it will be a second time inundated with troops."

To these threats the Bishop thus nobly replied:

"We cannot submit to the prohibition you have intimated to us, against making public a circular designed to remind the faithful confided to our care of the teaching of the faith on an important point of Catholic morality. In a Catholic canton, under a Constitution guaranteeing the exercise of the Catholic religion, such a prohibition is arbitrary, illegal, and anti-Catholic. There is an end to the liberty of Catholicism in this canton, if the civil power can at its pleasure control and interdict the preaching of the truths and duties of religion. The Jewish synagogue would have arrogated to themselves the right with respect to the Apostles (see Acts of the Apostles c. iv. and v.); but the Apostles, who felt the true spirit of Christianity, did not hesitate to reply, '*We ought to obey God rather than men.*' They did not suffer themselves to be shaken either by menaces or insults, or even by the array of a violent death. Like the Apostles, we are bound to maintain the liberty of preaching the gospel; we have, as Bishop, the same duties to discharge, the same answer to make to you. Should their fate be reserved for us, we shall gladly suffer to the death, if it be necessary, rather than subscribe to the bondage, the degradation, and the ruin of the Catholic religion. You have the power to persecute, gentlemen; our life, and those of our clergy in this canton, are in your hands. We shall oppose to your violence only the weapons of patience and forgiveness. But remember, gentlemen, that persecution honours those

* The *Préfet* of the very district of Sarine is a Protestant.

who endure it, and dishonours those who make themselves its authors or accomplices."

The Council of State replied to this truly episcopal letter by a missive full of fury and abuse, some extracts from which we shall transplant to our columns, to mark, once for all, the calibre and breeding of Swiss anti-Catholicism:

"The people will not suffer themselves to be led away by *hypocritical language*; but the Government knows where to take its stand, and you will not bring it to a change by the *criminal intentions* of your circular. They are clearly manifest from the attending circumstances, and above all from the conduct you have hitherto pursued. We shall not recall all that you did for the interest of the Sonderbund, nor the constant sympathy you have always expressed on the side of the foreigner and of reaction. *If you had been in the least accessible to remorse or shame*, you would have reflected on your conduct: you would have endeavoured, by acts more in accordance with your sacred ministry, to have buried in oblivion, if possible, all the wicked attempts committed under your influence. Far from that, left standing alone on the ruins of a factious minority, you think of being able to support its pretensions, and render them triumphant, through the advantages afforded you by the authority of the priestly office. It is time to repress these culpable proceedings, to tear off the veil you cover them with, to disabuse the diocese one way or the other, and to save it at any price from the snares you are spreading for it. *The five cantons composing it are already agreed on this matter, and the Confederation is at hand to assist us in case of need.* But then, woe to those who shall have provoked a new military occupation! Woe to the intriguers who have conspired against the country! They alone will be responsible for the consequences. Do not imagine, though, that the justice that shall be exercised will afford you a martyr's palm. You affect the patience of a persecuted Apostle; but, far from being an Apostle, you set yourself in rebellion against the law of God and man, against every precept of the Gospel. Far from being subject to a synagogue of Jews, and to the persecution of an emperor, you have the happiness of living under the law of Catholic Christians, deeply attached to the faith of their fathers, but as deeply imbued with their rights and liberties; under the law of Catholic Christians, faithful to their oaths and to the duties they have sworn to discharge for the order and tranquillity of your country. When your conduct constrains them to exercise against you an act of justice, that justice will not strike the Church, or the Bishop of the Church; it will strike the criminal. It will not strike the Bishop in the sanctity of his priesthood, and in the respect due to his ministry; it will reach the Bishop who, forgetful of all his duties, raised the standard of revolt; *the felon priest and the foe to the Gospel*, who, to satisfy vain ideas of ambition and domination, hesitated not to draw on a whole country the horrors of war, ruin, and desolation. Deceive yourself no longer either as to the credulity of your subordinates or the long-suffering of power. The canton shall be enlightened; but for its enemies it shall be by the flash that accompanies the thunderbolt. Accept, Right Reverend Sir, the assurance of our consideration.

"SCHALLER, President.

"DR. BERCHTOLD, Chancellor."

Monseigneur Marilley has had the consoling satisfaction of being worthily supported by his clergy and flock. The *Observateur* of Geneva gives the following from Fribourg:—

"We had yesterday the election of Communal Councillors, when they were to take the oath. You have doubtless heard of the circular Monseigneur has issued, on the subject of the oath. All our curés read it from the pulpit on Sunday, except two. The Government sent them all a letter of prohibition, but they read it notwithstanding. Our good country-people all came with the intention of not taking the oath but on the condition that religion was in no way attacked. More than half refused it. M. M——, at their head, in the name of the meeting, addressed the *Préfet*, declaring that they

took the oath to the Government to support the interests of the commune only so far as it commanded nothing contrary to the commands of God and the Church. The Préfet told him that a terrible responsibility rested on him and those who refused the oath: let those who refused come forward and sign their names. M. M—— advanced the first, and all the others followed him. The recusants will have to pay a fine of fifty francs, and will be liable to imprisonment."

The *Journal of Geneva* says: "The Préfet, with four gendarmes, has just made a search at the Bishop's residence in his absence. But they found neither the concealed arms nor the correspondence they suspected. They found only the shame attaching to such an audacious violation of the law."

We must now revert to circumstances but a little antecedent in point of time, which will shew that the Government had already matured and given a kind of publicity to a draught of instructions or resolutions, which, if carried into execution, would have been a most schismatic and tyrannical usurpation on the Catholic Church. A conference, whose sittings were secret, had been held at Fribourg by seven individuals, who arrogated to themselves the mission of reorganising the diocese of Lausanne and Geneva, without troubling the Sovereign Pontiff or the Bishop at all in the matter. These individuals were said to be delegates from the Protestant governments of Berne, Neuchâtel, and Vaud, and from Geneva and Fribourg. The clergy of Geneva immediately addressed their Bishop on the subject of this document, which was entitled "Instructions for the conference between the five cantons interested in the affairs of the diocese of Lausanne and Geneva;" and drew up a protest against the draught of a law on the subject of theological instruction, laid before the Grand Council of Fribourg on the 11th August last, which, besides its general invasion of Catholic rights, is specially unjust to the canton of Geneva; inasmuch as it is a direct infringement of the treaties of Vienna, Paris, and Turin, by which certain districts were ceded to the canton by France and Sardinia, Catholic liberties being guaranteed.

The Bishop has himself addressed *Reclamations* on this subject to the Grand Council, which are equally distinguished by Christian moderation and the firmness of tone proper to the citizen of a free state. He concludes by demanding "that the law on public instruction should allow the ecclesiastical authority its share of action and surveillance in the various parts of education, and over the persons charged with it. That the law should offer no impediment to the religious instruction which the clergy are under an obligation to give to the faithful entrusted to their care. That the said law should allow the Bishop of the diocese that full liberty which he ought to enjoy, for instruction in theology, for the administration and direction of the grand seminary, as well as for the creation of a petit seminary devoted to the instruction of young men desirous of embracing the ecclesiastical state."

Fribourg, however, is not the only canton in which religious persecution is raging. The *Armonia* of Turin says: Scandalous judgments are multiplying at Lucerne. After the condemnation of four curés, guilty of having refused absolution to certain members of the Government who had voted for the suppression of the monasteries of the canton, came the turn of M. Bossart, the ex-president of the tribunal of appeal. This respectable magistrate was accused of having published a little work on the illegality of the confiscation of the property of the monasteries. He has been condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment and costs. The judgment assigns for its reason, that "considering the present policy of the Diet, it can no longer be permitted to any Swiss citizen to offer a word of blame against what the said Diet approves." One of M. Bossart's advocates, accused by the Public Minister of having made use of two unbecoming expressions, has been condemned by the Radical tribunal of Hochdorf to three months' hard labour and the deprivation of the rights of a citizen for ten

years. The Public Minister only asked for a fine of 48 francs.

The canton of the Valais adds its quota to the catalogue of persecution. The city of Sion has for eleven years possessed a community of Ursulines, who kept a boarding-school for young people, and classes for the young ladies of the place. Every one was satisfied with these skilful and pious instructresses. At the reiterated instance of the magistrates, the Government seemed disposed to preserve them; but two members of the executive unexpectedly presented themselves at the establishment, and announced to the Superior that the executive power had decided on the dissolution of their congregation, and that they were, moreover, to quit the canton by the 10th October; and that recourse would be had to force if they refused to obey. On the 28th September, the President of the Council of State went in person to take inventory of the sorry movables of the new victims of the humanity of radicalism, giving them to understand that they were not to take away their goods. The news of this expulsion spread consternation through the city of Sion, which loses instructresses whom it will be difficult to replace. It seems that the two governments of Fribourg and the Valais have agreed on sharing the spoils, for the house these ladies occupied was built at their own expense, many of them having sacrificed their dowries to that purpose. These poor creatures, some of whom are in infirm health, after having given up their strength and fortunes to the education of youth, now find themselves driven from their home just at the beginning of the winter, without knowing what is to become of them, for they are aware that the same fate is reserved for the Ursulines of Fribourg, of whom they were a dependence.

The convent of Ensiedeln has undertaken to pay the half of what the canton of Schwytz still owes to the Confederation for the expenses of the war.

By a letter from the Vicar-General, under the date of "Fribourg, 12th October," we rejoice to find that the firmness and moderation of the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva have shamed the Government into the appearance of a more conciliatory course. The Bishop summoned a conference of his clergy, for their advice and council as to what could be done for the interests of religion and the re-establishment of amicable relations between himself and the Government. His Lordship sent two members of this conference to M. Schaller, President of the Council, to know if the Council would consent to a conference between parties delegated on both sides, to prepare the way for a friendly understanding. The Council consented to this, on certain conditions, which the Vicar-General does not state.

THE HOLY SEE.

A RESCRIPT, of which the following is a translation, has been sent to the four Archbishops of the Irish Church, confirming the condemnation of the "godless" Colleges of the Government, which was promulgated last year:

Most Illustrious and Rev. Lord,—Some extracts from the statutes which are compiled for the new Colleges in Ireland, as well as the suffrages given by the Bishops regarding them, have afforded the Sacred Congregation an occasion of again treating of the aforesaid Colleges, chiefly under that respect, and of weighing diligently and maturely what reply should be made for the spiritual interests of the Catholic people of Ireland. For though the aforesaid statutes are in such form that it is difficult to judge what may be their authority considering the constitution of the English realm, still, all things maturely weighed, the Sacred Congregation could not be induced, on account of the grievous and intrinsic dangers of the said Colleges, to mitigate the decision passed on them, and, with the authority of our Most Holy Lord, promulgated to the four Metropolitans on the 9th of October last year.

But since it is manifest with what zeal the clergy and the entire people labour for those things which have for

their object to promote the good of the Church, the Most Eminent Fathers judged that the erection of a Catholic University should not be despaired of; nay, they have again and again recommended a project of this sort, in order that all may lend their best endeavours towards its execution, and that thus sufficient provision be made for giving the Catholics more ample instruction, without their religion thence suffering any danger.

This decision of the Sacred Congregation, our Most Holy Lord having, with all maturity and prudence, strictly examined, he resolved to sanction and ratify it with all the weight of his authority; and signified his wish that it should be sent to the four Archbishops respectively, by them to be communicated to their Suffragans.

But whilst I perform this duty, I ought also to signify that it is the peculiar desire of the Sacred Congregation, nay, also of our Most Holy Lord, that sacerdotal concord be preserved, and that you have at heart to cultivate that unity of spirit which the sacred Gospels attest to have been so greatly commended by Christ our Lord to his Apostles. And, since I am addressing Prelates who are well versed in the history of the Church, and the excellent admonitions of the holy Fathers, I deem it indeed superfluous to quote them, or to mention what benefits the union of Bishops has conferred on the Church, and what evils, on the other hand, have flowed from their dissensions; and whereas you have all unanimously and anxiously wished for this union, it will not be amiss to remind you to choose and cheerfully to apply the most seasonable means towards securing it. These are prominent in the Sacred Canons and in the other rules of ecclesiastical discipline, which, if you will faithfully follow in your ministry, and if in your doubts you will apply to the Apostolical See, in order that, through it, you may safely know what you should do, the aforesaid union will become more and more firm and lasting. Amongst other things the Sacred Congregation deem it right to remind you, with the sanction of our Most Holy Lord, that sacerdotal meetings shall henceforward be held in due order, and according to the path chalked out by the Canons and Liturgical books. Otherwise, difference of opinions will daily increase; and from meetings of this kind, which may rather wear a secular than a religious appearance, no good will result towards regulating ecclesiastical discipline, to which alone they should be subservient; and therefore it will be most useful to transmit the acts of the Synods to the Apostolical See, as also to write, at certain times, concerning the state of your Churches, as has been ordained, in order that you may receive from hence seasonable answers.

But those things are signified to you, not that any doubt arises regarding your submission to the Apostolical See, since it has been proved to the whole world how fervent and constant it is, and a fresh testimony has been borne to it by your letters, written on the aforesaid subject of the Colleges; but that by those manifestations it may again be proved. And when reference on the more weighty concerns is accurately made to that Church from whence sacerdotal union is derived, the same unity will by this means the more easily abide among yourselves.

In the mean time, I pray God long to preserve your Grace in health.

Your Grace's most obedient, &c.

J. PH. FRANSONI, *Prefect.*

ALEXANDER BARNABO, *Secretary.*

It will be recollected that, in the course of last April, the Holy Father consented to permit the hypothecation of the property of certain religious congregations to guarantee an issue of bonds of the Pontifical Treasury, on the express condition that the State would give an equivalent in a consolidated stock. The troubles of the times have not improved the condition of the Papal Treasury, and the Holy Father was profoundly grieved to see the property of these congregations liable to forced sale. In this extremity, His Holiness has appealed to the Clergy, secular and regular. This appeal appears in a circular of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars,

dated the 28th of September. His Eminence Cardinal Orioli, Prefect of the Congregation, after reciting the facts, adds:—"His Holiness is certain that the Clergy, secular and regular, will understand the imperious necessity of the circumstances, and will eagerly impose on themselves a slender contribution for the first payment due on the Treasury Bonds (1st January, 1849)."

"Sick of solitary dinners, the etiquette of several hundred years with his predecessors," writes the correspondent of a morning journal, "the Pope gave a banquet at the Quirinal Palace on the 13th inst., to Count Rossi, inviting to meet him Cardinals Orioli, Soglia, Patrizi, and Vannicelli, Monsignors Piccolomini, Borromeo, Stella, and della Porta, Count Mastai (his own brother), the ambassador Duc di Rignano, with Prince Altieri, Colonel of the Noble Guard. This is not the least startling innovation for which the memory of Pio Nono will be famous in future ages."

We have already announced that Mgr. Fornari, Nuncio at Paris, is to be promoted to the Cardinalate. We can now state, from a sure source, that the Consistory will take place in the month of November, and that, besides Mgr. Fornari, Mgr. Roberti and the Abbé Rosmini will be appointed Cardinals. The Abbé Rosmini has already been nominated Consultor of the Congregations of the Holy Office and of the Index. Mgr. Bazilli is to represent the Holy See at the Swiss Confederation.

His Holiness has deigned to admit the Cardinals Joseph Bofondi, James Antonelli, and Charles Vizzardelli, among the members of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS.—On the 17th September, Mgr. Louis Orfei, Bishop of Cesena; and on the 21st, Mgr. Francis Brouznoli, Bishop of Fiesole.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

PASTORAL OF THE RIGHT REV. THE VICAR-APOSTOLIC OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT.

WILLIAM, by the Grace of God, and the favour of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Ariopolis, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District of England; to our beloved flock, the Clergy and Laity of the Eastern District, Health and Benediction in the Lord.

"Redeeming the time, for the days are evil."—*Ephes. v. 8.*

Dear! Beloved,—At all times it is our duty to be deeply sensible of our total dependence on Almighty God; to cast ourselves, with all our hopes and cares, upon his divine mercy; and to sue for that mercy at the foot of the Cross, in devout and fervent prayer.

But there are times of especial exigence—there are days of trial, and gloom, and anxiety, and sad foreboding—when the clouds of adversity seem to lower, and the hand of divine justice seems about to strike. And such, dearly beloved, it would seem, are the days in which we live. For, if we look around us among the nations of the earth, and take a view of the public horizon, whether in a religious, political, or social point of view, what do we behold but subjects of grief, and alarm, and anxiety? For an overwhelming torrent of irreligion and infidelity—an almost utter want of Christian principle and practice—a deep-laid plot for the extermination of Catholic faith and piety—an independence of all lawful authority, whether spiritual or temporal—and a most lamentable state of open and unblushing profligacy of manners, are uprooting the foundations of society, and precipitating Christendom into a state of moral degradation that would disgrace paganism; and which fully warrant us in repeating that awful and significant question of our Divine Saviour, "Think ye that the Son of Man, when He cometh, shall find faith on the earth?"—(*Luke xviii. 8.*)

And while spiritual authority is despised—while the Church of God is despoiled and persecuted—while religion has to weep over a wide-spreading torrent of ignorance, infidelity, and vice, what prospect does the political aspect of the world afford us? Alas! little else but the wildest anarchy and confusion. Some of

the fairest portions of Europe are at this moment a prey to civil war and all its attendant horrors. Rebellion and revolution, in every form, are exciting the most awful commotion, arming brother against brother, nation against nation; bidding fair to destroy every principle of order and social comfort, and making humanity shudder at the atrocious cruelties and bloodshed which everywhere mark their progress. And unless these evil days be shortened, no flesh shall be saved; unless the servants of God, by humiliation, prayer, and penance, endeavour to stay the hand of divine vengeance, we may well nigh apprehend the extermination of the human race.

For, in addition to the evils already named, the destroying Angel is passing through the earth, pouring forth the vial of God's wrath upon mankind, in the form of a most awful pestilence. Our unfortunate Sister Isle has, indeed, for a long time past been a prey to famine and contagion; but now a more universal, a more mysterious, and most fatal stranger is at our own doors; from whose insidious influence and fatal grasp no class seems privileged to escape. Whether this desolating scourge is to reap its dreadful harvest amongst us in thousands and tens of thousands, no mortal can foresee. But if it be true that poverty and luxury, privation and excess, are equally predisposing causes, where is cholera likely to range more fearfully than in our crowded cities and dense masses of population, where the poor are most destitute and the rich most luxurious?

These appalling evils and impending dangers of a public nature, not to mention the thousand ills of human life, which are daily increasing and aggravating the burden of human misery, through every class of society, loudly call upon us, dearly beloved, to humble ourselves before God, to acknowledge our total dependence on His mercy, and to seek for that mercy by deep contrition for our numberless transgressions, and by the frequent exercise of devout and fervent prayer.

We earnestly and affectionately exhort you, then, dear Christians, to join us in most fervent supplications before the throne of grace for the three following intentions: 1st. That Almighty God may protect and defend his true Church through every danger, giving light, and grace, and strength to her visible head on earth, our holy father Pope Pius IX., to guide and support him under the trials and perplexities that surround him. 2d. That the blessings of peace and social order may be restored among the nations of the earth. And, 3d, that the scourges of famine and pestilence may be removed and averted from an unworthy but repentant people.

For these three purposes, we request and direct that throughout our Eastern District, in every Mass, the collect, secret, and post-communion *pro quacunque tribulatione* be added; and that, on all Sundays and holidays of obligation, before or after every public Mass, both Priest and people recite the "Miserere" Psalm, and the first five prayers after the Litany of the Saints.

That your devout petitions may find acceptance before the throne of grace, and procure blessings, both temporal and spiritual, for yourselves and your suffering fellow-creatures, shall be the object of our daily and fervent prayer.—Yours affectionately in Christ.

✠ WILLIAM, Bishop of Ariopolis,
V.A. of the Eastern District.

Given at Northampton,
Feast of St. John of Beverley, 1848.

INDULT OF HIS HOLINESS TO THE DIOCESE OF YORK.—The Right Reverend Dr. Briggs, V.A., has issued the following announcement to his clergy, dated October 5: Reverend dear Sir—Anxious more and more to increase the devotion of our beloved people towards those Saints of God who formerly by their virtues shed a lustre over this country, we have humbly solicited His Holiness, and, by an Indult dated September 5, 1848, His Holiness has most graciously acceded to our petition, and granted to the district of York a plenary Indulgence (applicable to the souls in purgatory) on the following Festivals, viz. the 10th of October, the Festival of St. Paulinus, first Archbishop of York; on the

12th of October, the Festival of St. Wilfrid, Bishop of York; on the 25th of October, the Festival of St. John of Beverley, Archbishop of York; on the 2d of March, the Festival of St. Chad, Bishop of York; and, on the 8th of June, the Festival of St. William, Archbishop of York. The conditions for gaining each of these indulgences are as follow: I. That the faithful should confess their sins, with a sincere repentance, to a priest approved of by the Bishop. II. That they should devoutly and worthily receive the Holy Communion. III. That, during any time of each of these indulgences, they should visit some church or public chapel in Yorkshire, and there offer up their prayers for the peace and welfare of God's Church. The indulgences commence with the first vespers, and continue to the sunset of each of these Festivals. You will please, Rev. dear Sir, on Sunday next (Oct. 8th), to announce to your people the above indult of His Holiness, and earnestly urge them to avail themselves of its benefits. I am, Reverend dear Sir, with kind regards, affectionately yours in Christ,
✠ JOHN BRIGGS.

CLIFTON.—OPENING OF THE CHURCH OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.—On Thursday, Sept. 21, the Feast of Saint Matthew the Apostle, the Church of the Twelve Apostles was solemnly opened at Clifton, the residence of the Bishop of the Western District. There had been long wanting a church large enough for the Catholic inhabitants; and about fourteen years ago an edifice was begun upon a sufficiently large scale after an Italian model, but owing to the situation proving insecure, a very large additional outlay was required for the security of the foundation, and the result was, that the funds were exhausted, and finally the building was abandoned. At last, Bishop Ullathorne, coming to reside in Bristol, and being in want of a church sufficiently large for the decent performance of the Episcopal functions, determined, with the limited means at his disposal, to take the ruin in hand and put a roof upon the walls as they stood, without reference to the completion of the original plan. The exterior appearance, therefore, is that of an unfinished building covered-in in a temporary manner. Within it has a better appearance, and all who enter feel at once that they are within a Christian church. The completion of it was undertaken at the earnest request of the Bishop by C. Hansom, Esq.; and praise is certainly due to the architect for having, for the good of religion, in some degree perilled with the thoughtless and the mere talker his character as a lover of pure Gothic art, by taking in hand so difficult a task as that of converting this ruin into a Christian church, not such as either he or the Bishop would have rejoiced to see, but such a one as circumstances permitted. On the Feast of St. Matthew, then, the Church of the Twelve Apostles was opened, being first blessed by the Right Rev. Bishop Hendren. Solemn High Mass was sung in the presence of Bishop Hendren by Bishop Ullathorne, who also preached. In the procession, the Reverend E. Kenny bore the cross, followed by sixteen acolytes, thirty priests, and Bishops Hendren and Ullathorne. The Reverend Mr. Shattock officiated as assistant-priest, and the Rev. H. Woollet as master of the ceremonies. There were present, amongst others, the Very Rev. Dr. Brindle and Dr. Rooker, Rev. Messrs. Fisher, Milward, Proctor, Jenkins, Norrington, Lewis, Mahon, Bampton, Platt, Fanning, Parfitt, &c. In the evening, solemn vespers were sung, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Crowe, of Bath. The church was crowded to excess at both services.

ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE.—A succession of solemn dedications, unprecedented in England within the memory of man, has conducted us to the opening of the new chapel at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, which yields in importance to no similar event in the closing ecclesiastical year. It cannot but be matter of deepest interest to the Church that St. Cuthbert's College has exhibited proof so splendidly manifest of the spirit which pervades its academical system; a proof that glorious as are our new churches, we have, and shall continue to have, ecclesiastics not inferior to them. We must con-

sider it a most happy incident in the career of Dr. Hogarth that his first public episcopal act has been one so well calculated to perpetuate in the Northern District a true ecclesiastical spirit, by furnishing it with Missioners accustomed day by day to witness the services of the Church performed, as she would have them performed, with becoming splendour. Half-past ten was the time fixed for the commencement of the ceremonies of Wednesday the 11th October, and shortly after that hour the procession advanced into the chapel, led by the thurifer, cross-bearer, and acolytes, followed by the quire in cassocks, and about one hundred ecclesiastics in vestments proper to their several parts in the functions of the day. The long array terminated with four Bishops, namely, Dr. Briggs, of York; Dr. Brown, of Wales; Dr. Chanche, of Natchez; and Dr. Hogarth, the Vicar-Apostolic of the District, who celebrated Pontifical High Mass. After the Gospel had been chanted, Bp. Wiseman preached a feeling and eloquent sermon from Psalm xxvi., 7, 8, 9:—"Unam petii a Domino, hanc requiram, ut inhabitem in domo Domini omnibus diebus vitæ meæ: ut videam voluptatem Domini, et visitem templum ejus. Quoniam abscondit me in tabernaculo suo: in die malorum protexit me in abscondito tabernaculi sui." The usual Indulgence was proclaimed after the Sermon, and the Sacred Mysteries proceeded to a conclusion, the procession leaving the chapel in the same order as before. The music selected for the occasion was composed by the respected President, Dr. Newsham. The chapel, which is in the geometrical decorated style, was designed by Mr. Pugin; and the ornamental fittings, whether of glass or metal, were supplied by Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham. A richly-bound and gorgeously-illuminated book—the new *Liber Vitæ* of St. Cuthbert—to be laid up for ever near the high altar, records in its pages the names of all the benefactors who have assisted Dr. Newsham in accomplishing his laudable plans.

MANCHESTER.—The new and richly-decorated church of St. Mary, in Mulberry Street, was reopened and solemnly dedicated to Divine worship, on Thursday, the 19th October; on which occasion the Right Rev. George Brown, D.D., Lord Bishop of Tloa, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Lancashire District, celebrated a Pontifical High Mass; and the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, Lord Bishop of Trachis, and Vicar-Apostolic of the York District, delivered the Dedication Sermon. The chapel was originally erected in 1794, on land purchased from the late John Leaf, Esq., of Pendleton, and was partly rebuilt in 1835; but in the August of that year the roof fell in, and having been replaced by a temporary one only, it was determined, in September 1847, to pull down the whole fabric, and substitute a more eligible building. The cost of the erection, using the old materials as far as available (and including the interior decorations), has been about 3500*l.*; and the church is capable of seating about 800 people. The architects are Messrs. Weightman and Hadfield, of Sheffield. Mr. Taylor Bulmer is the artist in whose able hands the decorations have been carried out. The builder is Mr. Hollins, of Hardman Street; the stone-carving by Mr. Cox, of Wakefield. To the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. Mr. Formby the Catholics of Manchester are indebted for this very beautiful church, aided as he has been by the munificent benefactions of several of the wealthy members of their community. Amongst the principal contributors are, Daniel Lee, the Messrs. Leeming, T. W. Baldwin, Esq., John Lavery, Esq., P. Butterly, Esq., Miss Boardman, &c. &c.

LIVERPOOL.—A warehouse has been purchased at the corner of Chadwick Street in Great Howard Street, for the site of a new church, to be dedicated to St. Augustin, and to be erected in memory of the late lamented priests of St. Mary's congregation, the Revs. T. Fisher, W. Dale, and T. Gilbert, to whom that part of the town is already consecrated by their apostolic labours, and by the sacrifice of their lives. A public meeting in support of this excellent design was held on the 12th Oct., the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson in the chair; and amongst the gentlemen present were the Rev. Messrs.

Cooper, Burke, Lane, Glazebrook, Cook, and Phillips of Woolton; Mr. John Yates, jun., Mr. Finney, Mr. Mullin, Dr. Kelly, Mr. Patrick Neill, Mr. Morris Dalton, Mr. Patrick Doyle, &c. Mr. J. Taylor, jun., the secretary, stated that on the 17th of February, in the present year, the society of St. Augustine had been formed. Prior to that time, 52*l.* had been collected for a testimonial to the departed priests; 314*l.* had been since gathered, and the total funds in hand amounted to 367*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* The Catholics in that particular district are estimated at 10,000. The attendance at the meeting was numerous, and a number of subscriptions were handed in.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE IRISH BISHOPS was held in the second week of the past month; the attendance of Prelates was very large, and never was so great an amount of important business got through in so short a time, with such perfect unanimity. The absence of the Bishop of Derry, from ill health, was much regretted. The meeting was adjourned on Wednesday, the 11th of October, to the corresponding week in the ensuing year. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Moved by the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, Archbishop of Cashel, and seconded by the Right Rev. Dr. Foran, Bishop of Waterford.

"Resolved—That we contemplate with grief, anxiety, and alarm, the impending famine, and the miseries which another year of destitution must necessarily entail on our already impoverished people, many of whom will inevitably perish of want during the approaching season, if some general and comprehensive measure for their relief be not adopted without delay.

"2. That whilst we tenderly sympathise with our flocks in their afflictions, and exhort them to patience and resignation under the heavy calamities which Providence permits to befall them, we deem ourselves bound, as Christian Bishops, to raise our voices in behalf of the poor of Christ, and to impress earnestly, but respectfully, the performance of what the highest authority in this land has already declared to be 'the sacred and paramount duty of Government, the preservation of human life.'

"3. That the poor of Ireland having been again deprived, by the failure of the potato crop, of the food which alone they could reserve for their support, and an amount of destitution having thus been created, to meet which experience has proved that all existing legal and administrative means of relief are inadequate, we implore the Government to take all such other steps as the alarming condition of the country demands; to employ, for the immediate relief of the poor, all the resources at its disposal, and to use all its influence to effect such an equitable adjustment of the relations between landlords and tenants as shall stimulate an outlay of capital, ensure the employment of the able-bodied, and increase the agricultural products of the soil.

"4. That having observed that a notice has been given of a Parliamentary motion regarding a state provision for the Catholic Clergy of Ireland, we deprecate such a proceeding. That, having shared in the prosperity of their flocks, the Clergy of Ireland are willing to share in their privations, and are determined to resist a measure calculated to create vast discontent—to sever the people from their pastors, and ultimately to endanger Catholicity in this country."

Moved by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Kilmore; and seconded by the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, Archbishop of Armagh:

"5. Resolved—That we and our Clergy will continue to promote the peace, the concord, and the happiness of our country by the performance of the social and Christian duties which our ministry imposes on us."

Moved by the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Bishop of Meath; and seconded by the Right Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Elphin:

"6. Resolved—That we deeply regret the many difficulties with which our Holy Father Pope Pius IX. has had to contend; that we lament the ungenerous attempt of evil-minded persons to interfere with the due exercise

of that sovereign authority which His Holiness, with equal wisdom and goodness, has, since his elevation to the Pontifical Throne, uniformly directed to promote the welfare and happiness of his people; that we enter our solemn protest against this unjust invasion of his rights; that we tender to His Holiness the expression of our warmest sympathy; that we recommend our faithful people to unite their prayers with ours in his behalf, and we therefore direct that in our respective dioceses the collect '*Deus Omnium Fidelium*,' for the Pope, be added in the Mass to the other orations of the day."

✠ D. MURRAY, *Chairman*.
✠ JOHN DERRY, Bp. of Clonsfert, *Sec.*

THE LATE VERY REV. DR. GENTILI.—We are indebted for "a short account of the life and death of our so much beloved, esteemed, and lamented brother," to a communication which has appeared from the Very Rev. Dr. Pagani, Provincial of the Order of Charity, who could well estimate his pious value, and now deeply deplores his loss:

"The Rev. Aloysius Gentili was born in Rome, on the 14th July, 1801. His parents, Joseph Gentili and Anna Guaccarini, took great care in training him in the fear of God, and imbuing him with sublime sentiments of piety and religion, from his earliest age. Neither was their labour in vain; for the youth, corresponding faithfully to their paternal solicitude, was seen to increase every day more and more in spiritual knowledge and piety. At the age of eleven years he entered upon the course of Humanities, which he performed in Rome *nelle scuole regionarie*. Having completed the study of Rhetoric, he applied himself to that of Philosophy, in the Gregorian University. At the age of seventeen he began to study Civil and Canonical Law, and after the space of four years he took the degree of Doctor in both faculties. During the course of his studies he was very much beloved and admired by his professors and companions for his gentleness, his talents, his amiability, his fervent and tender piety, and, above all, for his extraordinary devotion to our Lady.

"At the age of twenty-seven, disgusted with the world, he resolved to abandon his secular pursuits, and devote himself to God in religion. At the age of twenty-eight he made acquaintance with Father Rosmini, the founder of the Institute of Charity, who happened to be at Rome at that time, having been called there by the Pope. His acquaintance with this great man drew him to admire at first his wonderful talents, wisdom, and piety; and afterwards to resolve upon entering the Institute which he had recently founded, and which had not as yet received the solemn sanction of the Church. After having taken this resolution, he studied Dogmatic Theology, under the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and Moral Divinity in the Irish College, where he spent two years. At the age of twenty-nine he was promoted by degrees to the Sacred Orders as far as the Priesthood. At the age of thirty he executed his resolution of devoting himself to God in the Institute of Charity; and for this purpose left Rome for the Calvary of Domodossola, in the diocese of Novara, in Piedmont, where he was taken into the Noviciate by Father Rosmini, and commenced it under his care. During the space of four years that he remained in the north of Italy, he discharged the office of Master of Novices, preached several Missions to the people throughout the diocese, gave Spiritual Retreats to Clerics and Priests, and studied Philosophy in the works of Father Rosmini and under his direction. At the age of thirty-four he was destined by Father Rosmini for the Mission of England. According to his destination, he first presented himself to the Sovereign Pontiff Gregory XVI., to implore his Apostolic blessing, and then started for England with two companions, and reached Prior Park at the end of June 1835. At Prior Park he was employed particularly in teaching Philosophy, in preaching, and hearing confessions; and for two years he was charged with the office of President of both colleges.

"In the year 1839, the Holy See having given a so-

lemn sanction to the Institute of Charity, he returned to Italy with some of his brethren, and went to Rome, where, besides the essential vows of religion, he took, with Father Rosmini and six others of his religious brethren, the solemn vow of obedience to the Pope for Foreign Missions. After this he returned with Father Rosmini to the north of Italy, where he remained for nearly a year, continuing his studies of Philosophy under his direction.

"In the month of May 1840, he returned to England, and undertook the Mission of Grace Dieu Manor, supported by A. L. Phillippo, Esq., in the central district. In a short time, by his Apostolic labour and zeal, he succeeded in spreading the knowledge of Catholicity to various villages in the neighbourhood of Grace Dieu, and particularly at Sheepshead, where there is at present a regular congregation, with a beautiful Gothic chapel and resident priests. In the year 1842 he began to give Retreats generally to the Nuns and to the Clergy. In the year 1844 he commenced preaching the Missions throughout England, and continued in this most useful and laborious work, together with Father Furlong, for four years. At the end of April 1848, he passed to Dublin, where, after having preached two Missions to the people, given the Spiritual Retreat to one Convent, and begun a new Mission to the people in the Augustinian Chapel, he was taken ill of fever, caught in the Confessional, on the 16th of September; and on the 26th of the same month, in the forty-seventh year of his age, calmly slept in the Lord, to the great sorrow of his friends, and particularly of his dearly-beloved brethren and sisters in religion, who will continue to feel for a long time the severe loss which they have sustained by his death."

A short life of the Doctor has just been published by Battersby of Dublin, from materials principally supplied by his fellow-labourer and brother-missioner, the Rev. Moses Furlong. From it we learn that, by the maternal side, he was connected with the country which was the scene of his latter labours and the object of his fondest love, his grandmother having been an Irishwoman. The religious honours paid to his remains shew how ardently Ireland returned his affection. On the day of his death, and on the morrow, his remains were laid out with pious solemnity, and visited by multitudes in the Church of St. Augustine, where on both days there were solemn High Mass, Dirge, and Requiem for the eternal repose of his soul. On Wednesday evening his remains were conveyed to the Church of St. Audeon's, High Street—the scene of his first public mission in Dublin—and to which he was greatly attached on account of its altar, and singular devotion to the Immaculate Conception of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary; on which he wrote, a short time before his death, certain prayers, which he earnestly recommended to the use of the faithful. On Friday, Sept. 29, the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, in the same church, solemn High Mass, Office, Dirge, and Requiem were offered for his eternal repose; and the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty delivered his funeral oration. The attendance of the Clergy was most numerous; and that of the faithful beyond all calculation. After the solemn service, the remains of this truly great and apostolic man were conveyed to the public cemetery at Glasnevin, where thousands gave the most convincing proofs of how dearly they loved and respected the renowned and holy Gentili.

DEATH OF DEAN O'SHAUGHNESSY.—It is with feelings of deep reverence for his sanctified memory, says the *Clare Journal*, we record the death of the Very Rev. Terence O'Shaughnessy, Catholic Dean of the Diocese of Killaloe, which took place on Wednesday, the 4th October, at his parochial residence in Ennis. Although the advanced age of eighty-five years, and an exhausting illness of several months, have prevented the demise of this venerable ecclesiastic from being either premature or unexpected, the event, notwithstanding, is affectingly felt as a melancholy bereavement to his family and friends, and as an overwhelming loss to his flock and to religion. Lineally descended from the ancient Gort

family, Dean O'Shaughnessy was born in 1763, and left Ireland at a very early age, to seek in a foreign land that cultivation of his good talents which barbarous laws denied him in his own. Destined for the Church, he entered the University of Louis le Grand in Paris, where he unremittently pursued and successfully completed a long course of ecclesiastical studies, and was ordained priest in 1788. He fearlessly continued in France and witnessed the bloody scenes of the Revolution, attended with what, with emphatic horror, he always designated "the King's foul murder," was the companion and friend of many a martyr, and returned to Ireland in 1795. He was for many years the zealous and valued parish priest of Kilrush, and in 1820 was removed to Ennis and appointed Dean of the Diocese. His heroic labours in 1832, when cholera made Ennis a charnel-house, are upon indelible record: he has raised to himself in the town a lasting monument in the magnificent cathedral which he began in 1836, and in which he had the happiness to officiate for the last two years. Beloved by his friends, valued and venerated by all, he descends to his grave full of years and full of honour, the good and faithful servant invited to enter into the joy of his Lord.

THE EAST INDIES.—The *Madras Expositor* contains the following letter from his Holiness to Bp. Whelan, V. A. of Bombay, on the subject of the new Vicariates Apostolic, and on the pretensions of the Portuguese schismatics, which, as may be seen from what has occurred at Secunderabad, have lately produced great scandal to the Church, and a disturbance of the civil peace:

Venerable Brother—Health and Apostolic Benediction.

That singular care was studiously taken by the Apostolic See to guard the interest of the Catholic religion in the East Indies, is well known to you, Venerable Brother, who have long sojourned in those countries, and who have been for some time, even whilst your predecessor was yet alive, a sharer in the administration of the Vicariate-Apostolic of Bombay.

These things being so, it is not necessary for us, writing this letter, to explain to you in detail upon what account it was arranged that the said countries, which were formerly governed either by the Archbishop of Goa, or the Bishop of Cranganore, Cochin, and Meliapore, or St. Thomé, with ordinary episcopal power, should now constitute many Vicariates-Apostolic, and be governed by Vicars-Apostolic established by and depending immediately upon the Apostolic See, and exercising the proper jurisdiction of Ordinaries.

It is moreover manifest to you, Venerable Brother, what grave reasons induced the Holy See to decree the institution of this form of ecclesiastical government in those countries, although formerly, in times greatly different and distinct from the present state and condition of affairs, a privilege was given to the Most Faithful Kings of Portugal of nominating the Bishops who were to be elected to those sees.

For if, in those by-gone times, the concession of this privilege was made for the purpose of providing against the long vacancy of those episcopal sees, and in order that Bishops might be sent opportunely to those places, and, in fine, that the Prelates might be supplied with suitable maintenance, in accordance with their dignity; it is now notorious to all, that on account of the public vicissitudes of affairs, and especially after the change of political power in those countries, those objects could not for a long time back be secured or obtained.

These things are treated at large in Apostolic letters of our predecessors, Roman Pontiffs, and particularly of Gregory XVI., of happy memory, in his letter of the 24th April, 1838, which commences *Multa præclare*, and we are not ignorant that you are fully acquainted with them.

But now, when you are about to return to the island of Bombay, there to enter upon the discharge of the duties of Vicar-Apostolic, we have judged it opportune, Venerable Brother, to signify to you that we lately received a letter, written in that island on the 1st Fe-

bruary, 1848, in the Portuguese language, and subscribed by about two hundred and twenty-five Catholics, in which they complain very much of the erection of Vicariates-Apostolic in the East Indies, and especially of the above-mentioned Letter-Apostolic *Multa præclare*, and they implore the restoration of concord, which they lament to have been destroyed after the promulgation of that Apostolic Brief.

We wish those Catholics, in whose name that epistle was written, to be informed by you that we received it, and accurately weighed its contents; that we indeed embrace them in Apostolic charity, and cordially impart to them the benediction of Almighty God; but, at the same time, we have not been able hitherto to find out any reason for satisfying their wishes for the recovery of concord, unless they obey Saint Peter, speaking through the Roman Pontiff, and put an end to resisting what the Holy See has decreed in support of religion. We desire them to remark, that the circumstances are not changed which moved the Apostolic See, after diligent consideration, to take the advice of which there is mention in the so often-quoted Letter-Apostolic *Multa præclare*.

We recollect that we ourselves wrote a letter to the same effect to the Venerable Brother Joseph D'Silva Torres, Archbishop of Goa, and that we set before his eyes the great importance of avoiding every occasion of exciting schism. In fine, we hope that they will second our wishes, and will bring great cause of consolation to us by their Christian docility.

But we recommend to you, Venerable Brother, to treat them, as far as you are able, with gentleness and benignity, and be careful to remove every thing which may afford them reasonable ground for grief and displeasure. In the mean time, we most lovingly impart to you the Apostolic Benediction.

Dated at Rome, at St. Mary Major's, the 2d day of April, 1848, in the second year of our Pontificate.

PIUS IX.

A letter from a Protestant gentleman, quoted by a Ceylon paper, states that an affray occurred at Secunderabad, on the 12th July last, originating in an attempt on the part of the schismatic priests of Goa and their adherents to intrude themselves into the Catholic chapel of the 8th regiment of Native Infantry. The chapel in question was erected some five or six years ago by one of the Irish priests, with the aid and co-operation of the 36th Native Infantry, which then occupied the lines wherein the 8th regiment are now located. Some of the Catholics of the 8th have attached themselves to the Goa priests at Secunderabad, and claim the right of introducing them into the chapel, such being, as they alleged, in their lines and in their possession. To prevent the intrusion of the Goa priest, the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy ordered that the chapel should be locked. The Superintendent of Police and the Brigadier ordered the lock to be removed, notwithstanding they were informed that Dr. Murphy was about to forward a presentation to Government, and declined giving up the key only pending the reference. The consequence was that some of the men of the 48th, in conjunction with such of the 8th Native Infantry as were unfavourable to the pretensions of the Goa priest, demolished the building which was the cause of dispute. The Rev. Mr. M'Sweeny and the Rev. Dr. Quinn lost no time in hastening to the spot, but were too late to prevent the work of demolition.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney was presented, in April last, with an address of congratulation upon his safe return from Europe, and with a service of plate, purchased by subscriptions from members of the Catholic body, as a slight token of the esteem and affection which they entertain towards their chief Pastor. The Archbishop accepted the gift, and expressed his intention to "transmit it to his successors in the archiepiscopal office, as the cherished evidence of a people's love." The plate cost about 300*l.*; but the articles were most of them bought at a comparatively low rate, and the service is therefore more complete than could have been expected.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.—A communication to the

Tablet, from E. J. Willson, Esq., the Bishop's brother, informs us that the Right Rev. Dr. Willson, Bishop of Hobart Town, landed there on Wednesday in Holy Week, 19th of April, after a prosperous voyage of 101 days from the time of leaving the Downs. About three weeks afterwards, there was an execution of four criminals at Oatlands, about fifty miles from Hobart Town, at which the Bishop attended; the priest who had previously assisted the prisoners not having ever seen an execution. They had been desperate characters—three of them Bushrangers; but religion happily produced its benign effects on these unhappy men, who all submitted to death with great penitence and in fervent prayer. All the Catholic Clergy in the colony are full of zeal and activity, hoping to see this infant Church increase in virtue and numbers. A priest is to be sent soon to Norfolk Island, which the Bishop was about to visit. Three or four more clergymen are much wanted in Van Dieman's Land.

FOREIGN.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, Mgr. Sibour, was installed in his cathedral of Notre Dame on the 16th October. We grieve that the demands on our space for this month prevent our giving any portions of his Pastoral Letter, or of the discourse the Most Reverend Prelate delivered on the day of his installation. On the 23d, the Archbishop made a pious pilgrimage to the spot where his predecessor received his death-wound; to the house to which the martyr was taken, kissing with emotion the linen and the mattress stained with blood, and religiously preserved with the veneration due to such affecting relics; then to the Presbytery of St. Antoine, where Mgr. Affre received the Sacraments of the Church; and lastly, retracing the path his predecessor had pursued, back to the palace. Immense crowds followed the pilgrim, and never were seen such eagerness, such respect, and such enthusiasm.

It may interest some of our readers to know, that the Bull forwarded to the President of the Republic, in connexion with the forms of institution, was thus addressed: "Dilecto filio Eugenio Cavaignac, honorabili viro, gubernio Reipublicæ Gallicanæ præposito."

NEW FRENCH BISHOPS.—M. Meyrieu has been nominated to the bishopric of Digne, vacant by the removal of Mgr. Sibour to Paris; Mgr. Debelay, Bishop of Troyes, to the Archiepiscopate of Avignon; and the Abbé Cœur, to the see of Troyes.

BELGIUM.—The Abbé Malou, Professor in the University of Louvain, has been named to the King and the Sovereign Pontiff, for the see of Bruges, by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, and the Bishops of Liège, Tournay, Namur, and Gand. This vacancy was caused by the death of Mgr. Boussen, who surrendered his soul to God on the 1st October, after a long illness, borne with holy resignation and edifying courage.

CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. SPALDING.—Sunday, Sept. 10 (says a correspondent of the *New York Freeman's Journal*), was a great day for old Kentucky. It saw one of her most distinguished sons crowned with the mitre and invested with the episcopal crosier. The Venerable Bishop Flaget was able to preside at the Consecration. He was assisted by the Right Rev. Bishops Kenrick, of Philadelphia, and Miles, of Nashville; and the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, delivered a very able and interesting discourse on the nature and method of perpetuating the Apostolate of the Church. Forty priests were present in chasubles or surplice.—There have been several late arrivals of American priests from the Propaganda at Rome, says the same journal. Within the last week we have had the pleasure of seeing the Rev. Messrs. Rodden, of the diocese of Boston; Brown, of the diocese of Nashville; Carr, of the diocese of Charleston. They left Rome on the Festival of St. John the Baptist, and, notwithstanding the pressure of political events just then transpiring at Rome, His Holiness granted them an unusually long and affectionate interview at the Quirinal. The Holy Father thus testified his interest in the American mission, and his satisfaction with their virtuous and excellent behaviour during their course in the Propaganda.

Historic Chronicle.

HOME AND COLONIAL.

October 1st.—Her Majesty arrived at Buckingham Palace, on her return from Scotland. The voyage by sea was abandoned on account of the weather, and the royal party landed again at Aberdeen, and proceeded to town by railway, through Perth to Crew in Lancashire, and thence to town.

2d. The trials of the Chartist prisoners at the Central Criminal Court concluded this day. Dowling, Cuffey, Lacey, Fay, and Ritchie, were sentenced to be transported for life; fifteen were condemned to various terms of imprisonment under two years, and to the payment of fines; and upwards of a score of others were liberated on their own recognisances.

6th. The *London Gazette* contained a long notification on the prevention of cholera, issued by the General Board of Health. Cases of Asiatic cholera had been reported during the week at Hull, Sunderland, and Edinburgh. The London Common Council came to a resolution to appoint a medical officer of health.

A long correspondence has been published between the Education Committee of the Privy Council and the National Society, on the management clauses to be inserted in the trust-deeds of the National Society schools. In cases where arbitration was required, the Society stood out that where one-third of the local promoters of the school desired it, the matters in dispute should be referred to the Bishop of the diocese. To this the Privy Council would not assent. A general meeting

of the Bishops of the Established Church, and of the members of the Society, is to be called this month to decide on the course to adopt.

A singular use has been made of a late medical discovery, from which only the most beneficial effects were looked for. Several street-robberies have been committed, apparently by the aid of chloroform applied to the nostrils of the sufferer, who becomes unconscious and passive in the hands of the thieves.

7th. The trial of Mr. Smith O'Brien, before the Special Commission at Clonmel, on the 28th of September, concluded this day. The Jury found him Guilty, with an earnest recommendation to the merciful consideration of the Government, being unanimously of opinion that, for many reasons, his life should be spared. Mr. Smith O'Brien was defended by Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Fitzgerald, who argued that the overt acts were not intended as a levying of war against the Queen, but simply an endeavour to save the prisoner from the arrest which he feared, after the passing of the late Act conferring extraordinary powers on the Irish Executive. On Monday, Lord Chief Justice Blackburn sentenced Mr. O'Brien to be hanged. Public meetings of all classes of the community—Catholics and Orangemen, nobility and mobility—were speedily held in Dublin and other parts of Ireland, to memorialise the Lord-Lieutenant against the infliction of the capital punishment.

Major-General William Napier was summoned as a witness for Mr. O'Brien's defence, and produced a letter,

which was not admitted as evidence by the Judges on the ground of irrelevancy. This letter afterwards appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, and is addressed by Mr. Thomas Young, then Secretary to Lord Melbourne, to the Major-General, dated "25th June, 1832." The writer informs the General, "that in the event of a fight, he was to have been invited to take the command at Birmingham." This letter, of which much has been whispered for years past, has been the subject of severe comment; but the expressions are trivial, and all depends on the spirit with which it was then written or is now read.

10th. The Revenue accounts to the 10th October shew an increase on the quarter of 772,296*l.*, and a decrease on the year of 308,183*l.* The increase on the Customs and Excise for the quarter, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year, is more than 1,300,000*l.*; but this arises from certain duties, on public carriages, having been transferred to the Excise from the department of Stamps, which, therefore, shews a decrease of nearly 250,000*l.*

The Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police Force have issued orders to the superintendent of each division, that the men should make reports of the various nuisances in their respective beats; each complaint to be followed by a caution to the offending party, and if that is not attended to, by legal proceedings.

23d. The Special Commission closed its sittings at Clonmel, when Messrs. Meagher, M'Manus, and O'Donoghue, who had been severally tried after Mr. O'Brien, and found guilty, received a similar sentence to that passed on him. The juries had each strongly recommended the prisoners to mercy; the character of a principal witness for the Crown, one Dobbin, a base spy, powerfully enlisting sympathy in favour of mitigation of punishment.

26th. The greater number of the French National Guards, who, to the amount of some hundreds, have been paying a visit to London this week, left on their return. This incident is worthy of notice, as being the first, on a large scale, of a series of international visits that cannot but have the best effect on the feelings of both nations.

The Earl of Carlisle died at Castle Howard on the 7th October, in his 76th year. His death creates a vacancy in the Order of the Garter, and by the advancement of Lord Morpeth to the House of Peers will occasion an election for the West Riding of Yorkshire.

The Rev. Dr. Hinds, Rector of Castle Knock, and chaplain to Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, has been nominated to the Deanery of Carlisle.

In regular rotation, Sir James Duke has been chosen Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year.

The result of this year's census of the Wesleyan connexion gives the following numbers: In Great Britain, 338,861; in Ireland, 20,742; in missions, 97,451; total, 459,454; decrease during the year, 4,861. The profits of the book-room had also fallen, so that the Committee diminished some of their grants.

INDIA.—The first overland mail brought papers from Bombay to the 31st August, Calcutta the 22d, and Madras the 23d. Six thousand five hundred troops and thirty pieces of cannon were on their way to Moultan. There had been an outbreak among the Sikhs in the Hazareh country, in which Colonel Canara, a European of the Durbar service, was murdered. An attempt to seize the fort of Attock had been frustrated by the vigilance of Major Lawrence, who sent a timely reinforcement.

Later advices bring nothing decisive from Moultan. The final blow is postponed till the arrival of the siege-train, expected to get to its destination about the middle of September. The Dewan boasts that he has the bravest Sikhs under his standard, and is putting his fortress in an excellent state of defence.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—On the 17th July, the emigrant Boers, under Andreas Pretorius, were again in open revolt on the North-eastern frontier. Major Warden, the Resident at Bloem Fontein, narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by a party of armed Boers, who lay in wait for him. Pretorius had addressed a strange let-

ter to Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, counting on his sympathy, and detailing all the plans of the rebels. It is needless to say that the letter was immediately forwarded to Sir Harry Smith. Sir Harry had offered a reward of 1000*l.* for the capture of Pretorius, and had despatched his forces to the frontier, starting himself on the 29th July to take the command.

Major Warden's whole force at Bloem Fontein consisted of fifty-seven soldiers, and about fifty civilians; and on being summoned to surrender by Pretorius, he felt himself compelled to accept the terms offered, of retiring beyond the Orange River, taking with him all public and private property belonging to British subjects.

Aug. 29th.—Sir Harry Smith came up with the Boers at a place called Boem Plants, and, after a sharp contest, drove them before him with great loss. The loss of the Boers cannot be estimated; our own was eight men killed, and thirty-nine wounded. The officers suffered severely, no less than seven being wounded out of a small force. Captain Murray, of the Rifles, is since dead from his wound. Our Griqua auxiliaries behaved exceedingly well.

WEST INDIES.—The mail, which arrived on the 5th October, brought the news of a dangerous accident which had occurred to Sir Charles Edward Grey, the Governor-General of Jamaica, by a fall from his mule on the 5th Sept. At the time of the steamer's departure, his life was despaired of. The riots against the collection of taxes in the parish of St. Mary's had been suppressed; they had at one time assumed a formidable appearance. The Danish islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix were again in fear of a revolt of the Black population.

The second mail has brought word that Sir Charles Grey has almost entirely recovered. Jamaica is described as downright beggared, with numbers of estates going out of cultivation.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.—On the 26th September, the National Assembly decided unanimously that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte should be admitted to take his seat as Representative for the Department of the Yonne. The newly-admitted Deputy immediately claimed to be heard, and, in a short speech, announced himself as a man firmly devoted to order and the safety of the Republic. The Government thought it necessary to take precautions against any overt manifestations of Imperialism that might be excited by the arrival of Louis Napoleon, and some suspected regiments were removed from Paris, and replaced by others. The Assembly admitted the validity of M. V. Raspail's return for the Department of the Seine, but resolved unanimously to authorise the continuance of the state prosecution against him, and the continuance of his imprisonment.

Sept. 27.—The Assembly came to a vote on the 20th article of the Constitution—"The French people delegates the legislative power to one Assembly;" which they affirmed, negating M. Duvergier d'Hauranne's amendment in favour of two Assemblies—one to be called the Chamber of Representatives, and the other the Council of Ancients—by 530 votes to 289.

30th.—A stormy discussion took place in the Assembly, arising from an interpellation addressed to the Government by M. Denjoy, in reference to a banquet which had taken place at Toulouse. He denounced this as one of a series of banquets resolved on by the Red Republicans, to be held in the different large towns; and questioned the Ministers as to the fact of the presence of the authorities at the Toulouse meeting. The Left became furious at the straightforward language of M. Denjoy, and a scene of great excitement, threatening to end in numerous personal conflicts, ensued. M. Senard, for the Ministry, hesitated in his reply; but Gen. Lamoriciere stated that he sent a telegraphic despatch, forbidding the presence of the general commanding there at the dinner. The despatch, however, arrived too late.

Louis Napoleon decided to sit for the Department of

the Seine, one of the five Departments for which he had been simultaneously elected. M. Laissac was elected for L'Hérault, and not M. de Genoude, as stated in last month's *Rambler*.

Oct. 2d.—The monthly election of Presidents and Secretaries for the Bureaux indicates a marked change in the feeling of the majority of the Assembly. Last month all the persons elected were decided Democrats; now, for the fifteen bureaux, only three Republicans of the *Vielle* were elected Presidents. Among the others are found the names of MM. Molé, Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Leon de Malleville, De Rémusat, Dufaure, and Duvergier d'Hauranne.

9th.—The 43d article of the Constitution was affirmed by 627 votes against 130, enacting that the President shall be elected by universal suffrage, by ballot, and by an absolute majority of the persons voting. An amendment having been moved by M. Thourret, excluding from the Presidency all members of families who had ever reigned in France, Louis Napoleon ascended the tribune, "to disavow the appellation of 'Pretender.'" As a speaker, he made an utter failure, and actually descended from the tribune from sheer inability to go on. The German accent, the confusion, the vagueness and inanity of the words spoken, had a marked effect on the Assembly, and M. Thourret withdrew his amendment, in a few concise words of contempt. Louis Napoleon's chance of the Presidency appeared to be suicidally destroyed. The *Univers* hints, though, that it would be as well to know whether the failure was not purposely to reassure the fears of his enemies.

The election of the Councils-General throughout France has exhibited some remarkable reactionary indications, in the triumph of Conservatives over Republicans. In the department of the Eure, the Duc de Broglie, ex-Minister of Louis Philippe, was returned in opposition to M. Dupont de l'Eure, the Nestor of the Assembly.

14th.—The *Moniteur* of to-day announced the retirement of MM. Senard, Recurt, and Vaulabelle, from the Ministries of the Interior, Public Works, and Public Instruction; and the succession of MM. Dufaure, Vivien, and Freslon to their places. These changes are looked on as a pledge of moderation and regular government. On Monday, the new Ministry asked for a vote of secret service money, as a mode of obtaining a vote of confidence. M. Dufaure said that Ministers would labour to seat the Republic on the solid basis of liberty, society, family, and property. General Cavaignac, in a decidedly successful speech, explained that, finding the late Ministry weakened, he saw it was his duty to seek amongst the majority for the elements of a strong, determined government; he considered his present Ministry a decided act of conciliation.

M. Ducoux, the Prefect of Police, also resigned, the new Ministry being, in his eyes, the personification of the counter-revolution. This feeling is indicative of that of his party, the extreme Left.

18th.—The Assembly unanimously revoked the decree establishing the state of siege, the Committee on the subject having reported that there was nothing to be apprehended that could not be repressed by the ordinary powers of the Government.

23d.—The last article of the Constitution was agreed to, and the whole draught passed its first reading. The debate began on the 4th September, but the sittings only amounted to thirty.

25th.—M. Goudchaux, the Minister of Finance, has resigned, and is succeeded by M. Trouvé Chauvel.

26th.—The election of the President of the Republic is fixed for the 10th December, by a majority of 587 to 232. The extremes of the Paris press regard this resolution as fraught with danger, and would have the election adjourned for some months.

GERMANY.—The late insurrection at Frankfort was the signal for movement elsewhere. Gustavus Struve crossed the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Baden at the head of about 1500 men, with two field-pieces; the Imperial troops came up with him on the 24th, at the little

town of Staufen, and completely routed the Republicans, Struve himself being taken prisoner.

Sept. 26th.—M. Simon, Deputy for Trèves, proposed to the Assembly at Frankfort to declare the ratification of the armistice of Malmoe to be null; the Assembly refused to declare the proposition urgent.

Count Keller has been despatched by the Frankfort Government into the disturbed districts of Southern Germany, with troops and plenary powers. The Regent has addressed a decree to the German Governments, informing them of his intention to appoint Commissioners of the empire as special delegates in the various camps that have been formed for the repression of anarchical movements.

In consequence of popular disturbances in the little principalities of Waldeck and Sigmaringen, the reigning princes have fled their territories.

Oct. 16th.—The Minister Schmerling being interrogated in the Assembly on the position of Austria, said that the Cabinet had ordered two Commissioners to proceed thither, and judge and act for themselves.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor, by a manifesto dated the 25th September, appointed Count Lamberg Commander-in-chief of all the troops and armed bodies, of whatever denomination, then in Hungary, including those under the orders of the Ban of Croatia, with a view to re-establish order, and to prevent the threatened contest between the Hungarians and Croatians. Jellachich, the Ban, is said to have arrived at Pesth on this date. His successes are now beyond all doubt, though the Hungarian journals have constantly been treating the world to victories in which the Ban has been ever the vanquished.

Sept. 28th.—The Emperor has issued a manifesto to his Lombardo-Venetian subjects, in which he says, that the inhabitants of his Lombardo-Venetian kingdom shall possess a Constitution conformable to their nationalities and the wants of their country; and that as soon as peace is restored, there shall be convoked an assembly of representatives, freely elected by all the provinces.

29th.—Count Lamberg, the Imperial Commissary, was slain by the populace at Buda, and his disfigured body dragged by the maddened mob through the streets. Previously to his arrival, the Hungarian Diet had resolved that the Commission by which he was appointed was illegal, and that all persons obeying him would commit high treason to Hungary. Jellachich is reported to have suffered a check at Stuhlweissenberg, but his army retired slowly, directing their march in the high road to Vienna.

30th.—Vienna was in a state of high excitement on the subject of letters from the Ban to Latour, the Austrian Secretary at War, which had been intercepted and published. Jellachich speaks of large sums received from the Imperial Government, and of a promise that his troops once in Hungary, they should receive pay. He speaks of autograph letters from the Emperor, to which he could not unfortunately conform, and says, "I must act for his Highness, and even in spite of him." This correspondence compromises the Archduke Francis Charles and his consort even more than the Minister Latour.

Oct. 3d.—By an Imperial decree, "our Ban of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, Lieutenant Field-Marshal Baron Joseph Jellachich" is appointed to the command over all the troops in Hungary; martial law is declared there, and Jellachich is further appointed Commissary Plenipotentiary, with full and unlimited powers. On the 1st, the two brothers, Counts Odeon and Eugene Zichy, were hanged as traitors in the Hungarian camp, having been discovered in secret correspondence with the Ban.

6th.—Another and successful insurrection took place at Vienna. A regiment called the German Grenadiers were ordered to march into Hungary. The people, excited by the Emperor's proclamation against the Hungarians, which they considered to be a link in a chain of reaction, prevented their departure by taking up a portion of the railway. The Grenadiers fraternised with the National Guards and the Academical Legion, and a bloody conflict ensued between these united bodies

and the Government troops, which ended in the complete triumph of the people by the morning of the 7th. Count Latour, the Minister of War, was dragged from a place in which he had concealed himself, and murdered in the street with blows from axes and sledge-hammers. The naked corpse was afterwards hung on a gibbet, and made a target of. The Emperor and the Imperial family quitted Vienna early in the morning of the 7th, leaving a sealed proclamation to be communicated to the Assembly; in which, after recounting what he had done for his subjects since March, he said that he now left the vicinity of his capital, to find means to bring aid to his oppressed people. The Assembly then invested itself with both the deliberative and executive powers, and ordered the Ministers Doblhoff, Hornbostl, and Kraus, to lay before his Majesty, as soon as possible, a list of the new Ministry.

8th.—The Emperor issued a proclamation to the people of his German hereditary provinces, repeating the substance of his proclamation to the Viennese. He also wrote to the Minister Hornbostl to join him, to countersign all the necessary acts. Hornbostl overtook the Emperor at Hadersdorf, and presented a requisition from the Diet, that Jellachich should be placed under its orders. The Emperor refused, and Hornbostl tendered his resignation. The Emperor persisted in refusing the Diet's wish, but would not allow his Ministers to resign.

9th.—Count Auersperg was summoned by the Diet, to bring his troops into barracks in the city, and to support its authority. Auersperg replied, that the orders of the late Minister of War would not allow him to do so; he would obey a new Minister of War as soon as one was appointed.

10th.—Jellachich sent a written answer to the remonstrances of the Diet, stating that "the motives of his advance were his duties as a servant of the state, and a soldier. As a servant of the state, it was his duty to put down anarchy; and as a soldier, the noise of the guns had pointed out his route." On the 11th, his troops arrived close to the city; Auersperg retreated from his strong position; an Hungarian army was advancing against the Ban; and Windischgratz was said to be advancing with a large army from Prague, probably to the Ban's support. Vienna appeared likely to become the battle-field of the Hungaro-Croatian question, and the bone of contest to four different armies, representing, perhaps, antagonist principles, though nominally the subjects of one master.

15th.—The Viennese were strengthening the defences of their city; the Hungarians had come so close, that frequent out-post affairs had taken place between them and Jellachich's men. More correspondence had passed between the Diet and the Ban. The latter begged them not to be uneasy; he was ready to protect the free institutions of his fatherland, and to restore order in Vienna; and he cautioned them not to make the city the scene of a bloody contest. The Diet returned the caution, and declared itself competent to maintain order.

16th.—The Emperor issued a new manifesto, appointing Field-Marshal Prince Windischgratz to the command of all the troops throughout his dominions, with the exception of those serving in Italy under Radetzky. After peace is restored, it would be the task of the Ministers, in unison with the Diet, to secure authority and respect to the laws, by regulations respecting the press,

the right of association, and popular armament. On the 18th, the Hungarian army suddenly withdrew to their own territory, in pursuance of a resolution of the Hungarian Diet.

20th.—Vienna was completely blockaded, and provisions had become scarce. The Emperor had issued a proclamation, announcing that he would not acknowledge the decrees adopted by the Diet, unsigned by a responsible Minister.

PRUSSIA.—A popular assembly was held, on the 25th September, at Cologne, though it had been forbidden by the authorities. Violent speeches were delivered, the National Guards refused to act against the people, and barricades were erected. On the next day, the garrison restored order; the Commandant declared the city in a state of siege, forbade public meetings, and suppressed several journals.

The Poles in Posen and other places are quietly working for the restoration of their nationality. At a species of congress, held in Samter, the Poles resolved to discontinue for the future all intercourse with the Germans, whether Christians or Jews, and to deal only with their own countrymen.

Oct. 5th.—The motion of M. Rodbertus, which throws Prussia hand-bound to the Frankfort Government, was carried in the Berlin Assembly, by 275 votes to 17. The motion demanded an assurance that the Government would co-operate with the Central Power as regarded the complications of the Danish question.

11th.—The discussion on the Constitution commenced. The two articles determining the King's titles occupied the whole day. On a division, it was resolved, by 217 votes to 134, that the words, "by the grace of God, King," should be struck out; but the feudal title "King of Prussia" was retained in preference to "King of the Prussians."

15th.—The King celebrated the anniversary of his birthday; but his answers to the various addresses were any thing but conciliatory. Disturbances took place on the 16th and 17th; barricades were erected, and some lives lost; but order was restored by the Burgher Guard assisting to put down what was in fact a labour-riot, principally directed against machinery.

SPAIN.—The Duchesse de Montpensier gave birth to a daughter, at Seville, on the 20th September, after a very difficult accouchement.

The *Constitucional*, a Barcelona Opposition paper, represents Cabrera's forces as improving in organisation, discipline, and number; they overrun the districts in columns of 300, 400, 600, and even 1000 infantry, with a few cavalry in their company; they pay the peasantry for what they take, but subject the towns to a regular contribution. The republican bands of Amettler and the Carlist followers of Cabrera are acting in unison.

WALACHIA.—On the 27th September, the Turks, under Fuad Effendi, entered Bucharest, after a dreadful slaughter of its defenders. The Turks have abolished the constitution, and re-established the old order of things.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

•• A pressure of matter compels the Editor reluctantly to postpone the "Second Report of the Lincoln's Inn Fields District Poor-Schools," the continuation of "Letters on Lebanon," and other articles, which are in type.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.